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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919

No. X

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OCTOBER

1919



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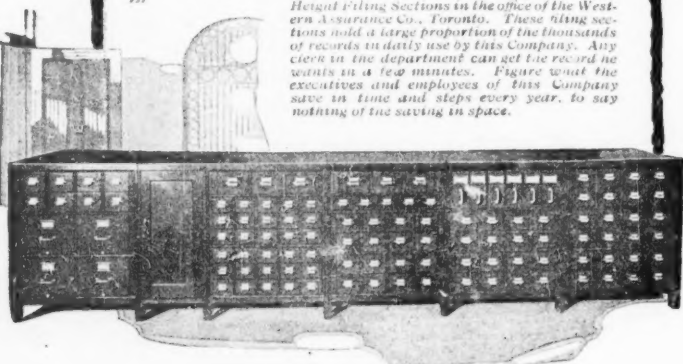
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Lower illustration shows battery of Counter Height Filing Sections in the office of the Western Assurance Co., Toronto. These filing sections hold a large proportion of the thousands of records in daily use by this Company. Any clerk in the department can get the record he wants in a few minutes. Figure what the executives and employees of this Company save in time and steps every year, to say nothing of the saving in space.



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The girl on the cover is Miss Alice Joyce.

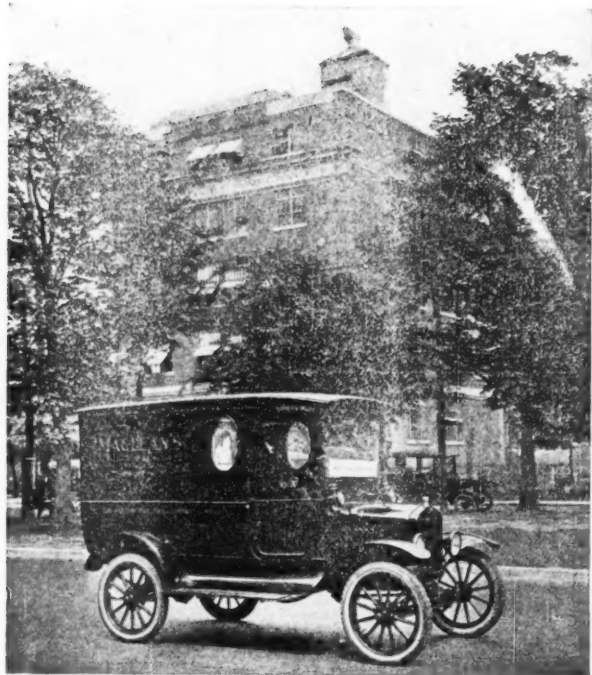
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A glimpse of one corner of the building where MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE is produced. Also a view of the truck that distributes the magazine to the newstands in Toronto.

MacLean's will be Issued Twice a Month

BEGINNING February 1st, 1920, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will be issued semi-monthly—on the first and fifteenth of each month. This important step has been decided upon, after very careful consideration, in the belief that MACLEAN'S can play a still more important part in Canadian affairs by its more frequent appearances and become of more value to its readers. The ultimate aim is to develop MACLEAN'S into a Canadian national weekly. If the progress that has been made for the past two years can be maintained it will not be long before this high ambition will have been attained.

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George Pearson
Arthur E. McFarlane
L. M. Montgomery, etc.,

are very familiar to the readers of MACLEAN'S. During the coming year all these writers will continue to appear, we hope. It is very gratifying to be able to announce also that illustrious additions are being made to the contributors' roster.

Ralph Connor is preparing a series of three articles which will start in an early issue.

Basil King, the noted Canadian, whose books, "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart" and "The Inner Shrine" have been so successful, has placed with MACLEAN'S the serial publication of his latest novel, "The Thread of Flame." It starts in the December issue.

Space does not permit of a detailed statement of coming features. Suffice it to say that the magazine will be kept on the upgrade and that the reader who likes vigorous and fearless treatment of public affairs will find MACLEAN'S to his taste.

During the coming year MACLEAN'S is going to really show the people of Canada what can be done in the way of producing a national magazine. All that is asked is—your attention.

Get, and keep, the Twice-a-Month Habit.



Basil King, whose latest novel "The Thread of Flame" starts in December MACLEAN'S.

The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

Buy the 15-year Victory Loan Bonds

BEFORE another issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE reaches its readers the new Government loan campaign will be in full swing. It will be in order, then, to deal with this in the present issue, even although many important details have not, as yet, been made known.

It is certain, however, that the new bond will bear 5½ per cent. interest, and that it will be issued in two maturities, five and fifteen years. For the average investor we would urge the longer term bond as the better. On the analogy of the 1917 and 1918 Victory bonds the 15-year bond of 1919 should rise above par within a year at most, while the five-year bond seems likely to remain within a fraction of a point above or below. That is on the assumption that the issue will be made at 100. The long-term (20 year) issue of 1917, which was issued at 98.66, rose to 107½, although at present it is around 105; and the 15-year bond of 1918 (1933 maturity) rose to a high of 106½, although it has eased off to around 104. On the other hand, the five-year issues did not go higher than 102½, and for months have been selling at a shade above par.

The new 5-year issue may be taken up by some corporations that may feel they want only a short-term investment, and be willing to carry the bonds for five years instead of unloading before they mature, as they might for various reasons be compelled to do with a 15-year issue. Thus at the end of five years they would get par for the issue. Or those who are familiar with 5-year mortgage issues may prefer a similar term bond. But for the majority of readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE I would strongly urge the 15-year bond, for the reason that in a year or so it is likely to be selling above the price paid for it. And to continue to rise in value to the peak five years from now, for a bond is usually at its height about ten years from maturity. After the peak is reached naturally it begins to ease off towards the par value of which the Government will redeem it in 1934. The 5-year bond, under all conditions, seems unlikely to rise much above the last price; in Victory bonds the 15 year at one time was selling over 4½ points above the 5-year, and the 20 year over 5½ points above 5—and soon should do so again. Even now the long term bonds are worth \$4 to \$5 per \$100 more than the short term.

Ought To Go Over Par

How far above cost will the 15-year bond rise? That is a question that is puzzling the expert bond dealers at this time. One of the uncertain factors is the taxable form of the new issue. This means much greater reduction under the 1919 scale of Income Tax than it would have one year ago. There is the 4 per cent. tax on salaries under \$6,000 applying to interest earned by the Government bond. Where the full \$5.50 would come in from the Victory bond of \$100, there would be a reduction of 22 cents in the taxable bond, or a net yield of \$5.28 or 5.28 per cent. instead of 5½ per cent. In cases where the purchaser has a salary of \$6,000 or over, the reduction would be 8 per cent. or 44 cents, leaving the net return 5.06 per cent., or just about equal to the yield of a Victory bond of 1917 or 1918 selling around 104. Where incomes run much higher and already amount to \$50,000, the investment of additional funds would reduce the net yield from 5½ per cent. to 3.74 per cent. for \$100,000 taxable income, the net return would be 2.20 per cent.; and for a taxable income of \$200,000, the return would fall to 1.76 per cent. But this

is a contrast only with tax-exempt bonds: with any other investment, stocks, municipal or industrial bonds, etc., the same tax would apply in the case of wealthy citizens of Canada, and the 5½ per cent. Dominion bond, that is taxable, must rank as one of the highest grade 5½ per cent. investments in the country.

The net result would appear to be: That the outstanding tax-exempt Victory bonds are in a class by themselves. That liquidation to prepare for the demands of the new issue, as well as a certain amount of bonds being thrown on the market through strikes and other labor troubles; as well as New York unloading with the more favorable new issue over there, added to a normal summer lack of demand, have united to depreciate about 2 points the Victory bonds of 1917 and 1918. But it seems certain that these will, probably within a year, regain the high marks they held before, and will go even higher in the next three or four years.

That for many months, perhaps a year or more, the new issue of 1919, until it is distributed and "locked up," may show little tendency to rise much above the cost price, but that when it has become "digested," and the floating supply has vanished, the 15-year issue is likely to rise well above par, although never to the heights of the tax-exempt bonds.

Why should the 15-year issue that you will subscribe to, not go to a considerable premium? Municipal issues have been selling well, not only where they have yielded 5½ per cent., but 5.4, 5.3, 5.2 per cent. and even lower. All these are taxable; why, then, should not the Government bonds sell at a premium? The Government borrowed at 3½ per cent. before the war. To-day it is giving 5½ to 5.9 per cent. If, and when, money again becomes cheaper and it can borrow at 4½ per cent., what would a bond, paying interest of 5½ per cent., with 10 years to run, be worth? Bond tables say 107.98, or practically 108. Or if the 4½ per cent. rate seems too low, make it 5 per cent. Then these bonds, bearing 5½ per cent. interest, would sell at about 105, a premium of \$5 per \$100 over par.

Thus I would urge strongly: Hold your Victory bonds, for they are due for much higher values, and invest in the new 15-year issue, for this, too, should be a most satisfactory investment.

Conversion Privileges

There is another side to the question: Should not the Government provide for a conversion of the tax-exempt bonds into the new issues? This suggestion has already been made, I understand, to the Minister of Finance by a well-known bond dealer, one of the younger group. It is urged on behalf of this proposal that it is to the interests of the country at large that as much as possible of the 1917 and 1918 issues should be redeemed by the Government in order that as much as possible of the loans should be left subject to taxation.

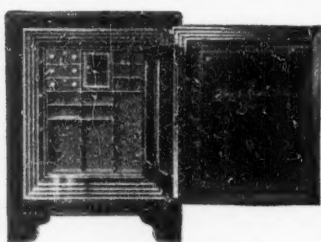
This proposal let me commend as cordially as possible. To put it bluntly: hundreds of millions of dollars' worth have been taken up by men of wealth who are thus saved from contributing to income taxation. This applies as well to the excess profits tax from corporations holding these bonds. But, outside of what both these classes hold now and are likely to continue holding, there are huge sums in the hands of those of smaller salaries who personally do not benefit to any great extent by the tax-exempt feature and might be content to have the Government take the

Continued on page 6

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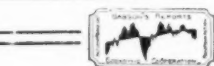
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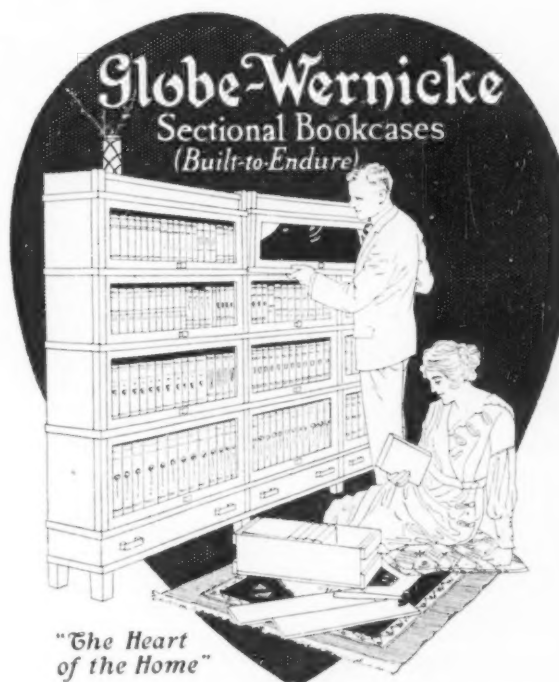
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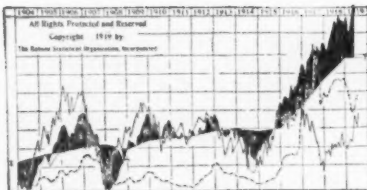
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The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

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AT this time of year the great factor in gauging probable conditions is the crop, on which reasonably reliable figures are at last available. It is with a certain degree of satisfaction that one scans the crop statistics. After a long season of pessimistic reports emanating from all parts of the West at various intervals it has finally developed that the Western crops are fair. The most reliable of Western estimations have fixed the probable total of the wheat yield at something slightly in excess of 160,000,000 bushels, which is rather cheering after the continuous reports which came through of blue ruin in so many parts of the West. Other grains are showing up well in the West, and the Eastern provinces have had uniformly big crops.

It is now quite safe to assert that the value of the total field crops of the Dominion will be equal to the total for 1918, perhaps even a little in excess of it. Which means that Canada will have a solid foundation on which to build up a prosperous year's business.

THE one disturbing factor is still the labor situation. Although at the time of writing there is somewhat of a lull in the storm, no one who has followed labor developments believes that this portends the end of the period of unrest. It is only too clear that the real period of stress and trouble is still ahead of us. Labor is not satisfied. Unless something very tangible develops out of the congress now being held in Ottawa, in the way of new regulations acceptable both to labor and capital, it can be marked down as certain that the systematic campaign of the unions will be carried on.

Winnipeg, which has been the storm centre at all stages, is anticipating trouble during the coming winter. The general strike lasted long enough to paralyze the building industry for the year; and all industries subsidiary to building have suffered. Men ordinarily employed in the building trades have not been able as usual to build up a reserve during the summer to see them through the winter months. There will be grave distress in Winnipeg this winter and that the labor agitation will assume again a serious aspect as a result is not a far fetched conclusion. The same applies in some degree at least to other parts of the West.

The returned soldier problem is also one that promises to complicate the situation. Up to the time of writing, the returned men have been absorbed back into civil life—all that desired work, at least—without seriously upsetting conditions. It is a fact, however, that a large number have been content to take a long holiday with their gratuities to see them through and some time during the fall and early winter these men who number unfortunately many thousands will be looking for work. It is not at all certain that the demand for jobs will exceed the supply except in certain localities, but the situation has elements of danger. If the veterans find that jobs are not awaiting them they will be dissatisfied to a serious degree and this, on top of the resentment engendered by the demand for a \$2,000 gratuity and its refusal, might create the situation that far-sighted men have feared. The returned men literally hold the balance of power in the country. If they stand for law and order no power under the sun could turn the country over to the forces of unrest. But if a sufficiently large number of the veterans become dissatisfied and unsettled, the situation will be hard to handle.

It is a fact that in many points, particularly in Ontario, there is a

dearth of labor. A manufacturer who requires a highly skilled grade of employee informed the writer a few days ago that he was sadly handicapped by lack of help.

"I could use three hundred men right away," he declared, "but they are not available. Arrangements had been made for 140 men from England to come out and I had my plans laid for a big extension of operations on the strength of it. But the order of the British Government prohibiting immigration nipped this in the bud. As far as I can see these men are not able to get suitable employment in the Old Country, but they are not allowed to leave."

Unquestionably there is still plenty of elasticity in the matter of employment in all manufacturing centres and industry is capable of absorbing more men. One need not feel guilty of over optimism in predicting that business will continue brisk for at least another year.

The Investment Situation

Continued from page 4

bonds off their hands at current prices, and re-invest in the taxable bonds, receiving \$4 or \$5 per \$100 more than they paid for the bonds or from 8 to 9½ per cent. interest on their money in the one or two years they have held the bonds. This would enormously curtail the available supply of tax-exempt bonds in case many wealthy holders planned to invest still more heavily to escape taxation. Just what proportion of an outstanding indebtedness is covered by these tax-exempt bonds may be seen by recalling the actual subscriptions. In 1917, \$419,289,000 (of which \$398,000,000 was allotted), and last year a total of \$695,390,250, or between the two over one billion dollars.

Several months ago the point was raised here, as a caution in investing in common stocks, that the profits of the majority of concerns were likely to be curtailed now that the war was over. The chief reason advanced for this was that keener competition must soon again be met, with production restraints lightened, and shipments more easily arranged. Moreover it was argued that public sentiment would make it difficult for "war profits" to be maintained, and that only increased output could compensate to secure the former aggregate of net profits. Labor troubles, on a scale never dreamed of a few months ago, have worked in the same direction. To-day, at length, an aroused public sentiment against increasingly high prices has resulted in the constitution for Canada of a Board of Commerce. After an inquiry into costs and supplies of sugar, prices were fixed, and a similar course will extend to many other lines of foodstuffs, and perhaps later on, to clothing. This limitation of prices and profits is not an ideal arrangement; it offends seriously our sense of justice to invested capital, but it must be accepted, temporarily, as probably the only expedient that can be applied to temper prevailing feelings of unrest. It is probably, under all the circumstances, as wise a compromise as could be made. But, under its operation, directors will hesitate to make large increases in dividend allotments. Probably in these unsettled conditions there is no special industrial department that promises better—perhaps as well—than the pulp and paper securities. I shall be glad to discuss any one of these, Laurentide, Riordon, Abitibi, Price Bros., Brompton, Wayagamack, Whalen, Howard Smith, Spanish River, and others, with any readers of MACLEAN'S who care to inquire.

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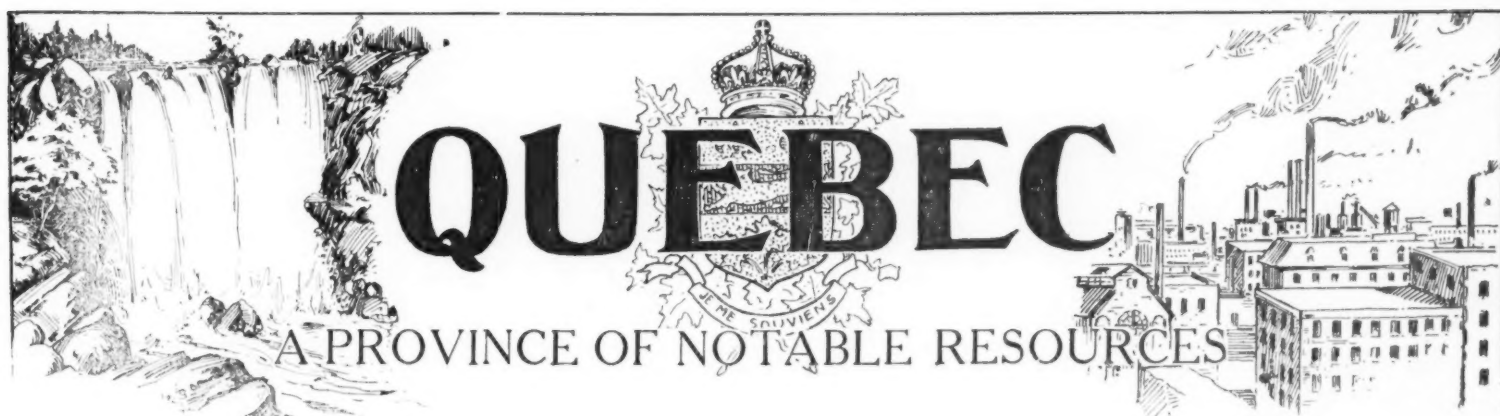
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CANADA'S history of four centuries is centred in the Province of Quebec. The provincial capital, Quebec, is the mother-town of the Dominion and the portal to the Canada that occupies a most important place in the world's affairs.

The Province of Quebec offers many attractions to the investor, manufacturer, merchant, homeseeker and the tourist. Quebec is Canada's largest province—18 per cent. of the whole Dominion. According to municipal statistics the 1917 population is 2,380,042.

Quebec—and Water Power

Nature has proved most generous in the way of hydraulic resources in the Province of Quebec. The Government of Canada estimated after an investigation that the available water-power of the country would be 19,000,000 H.P. of which 6,850,000 H.P. is in the Province of Quebec. Of this about 875,000 horse-power has been developed. The La Loutre dam at the head of the St. Maurice constitutes what is the **largest artificial reservoir in the world**, its capacity, when full, being 160,000,000,000 cubic feet, and the water area, 300 square miles.

Quebec—and Manufacturing

Abundant power, splendid shipping facilities—by rail and by water—and accessibility to raw materials make the Province of Quebec ideal for the manufacturer. Already there are 7,158 manufacturing establishments in the province; capital invested, \$548,972,575, yearly pay roll amounting to \$80,217,258, last census. Manufacturers are able not only to ship their products with profit to the other parts of Canada, but carry on, in addition a large export trade to foreign countries.

Quebec—and Merchants

Municipalities of the province are now being administered under a law which is said to be the most advanced in Canada. This is of decided advantage to investors throughout Canada and to merchants of the various municipalities. There is great industrial activity—wages and salaries are on the up-grade, agriculture is bringing in greater returns, and the people have more money than ever before. With the increased facilities of communication in the different parts of the Province, new industries are developing and creating, as a consequence, centres of population.

Quebec—and Lumbering

The quantity of sawn lumber cut in 1917 was 827,574,000 feet, B.M., valued at \$16,718,726. Over 2,000,000 cords of pulp wood valued at over \$18,000,000 were also produced. The standing timber in the Quebec forests is estimated to cover **130 million acres**. Of this total some 5 million acres are in private hands, 45 million are under license to lumbermen and the balance remains in the hands of the Government. Quebec leads the Canadian provinces in pulpwood production, more than half of all Canadian total.

Quebec is a Province of tremendous possibilities. Anybody interested in conditions and prospects may write for full particulars to the Government Offices at Quebec City

Quebec—and Shipping

Montreal is the terminus for the great bulk of ocean traffic. The number of vessels entering and cleared at Montreal and Quebec for the year ending March 31, 1917, was 1,441 with a tonnage of 4,768,704. From the straits of Belle Isle for a distance of 2,200 miles there is a navigable waterway. There is steamship connection with all parts of the world. There were 4,734 miles of Railroad in the province on the 30th of June, 1917. There are in all 45 steam and 8 electric lines.

Quebec—and Farming

The Province of Quebec is above all an agricultural country and farming is the occupation of the majority of its inhabitants. The population of the province is slightly over 50 per cent. rural. The value of field crops in 1918 totaled \$271,750,900—from an acreage of 8,201,362. In 1917 there were 598 butter factories, 895 cheese factories, 482 combined butter and cheese factories. The value of the products of these factories was \$27,851,253. The total dairy products of the Province approximated \$50,000,000. The Provincial Government does everything within reason to develop agriculture.

Quebec for Tourists

The Province of Quebec is alive with tradition and points of historic interest. The wonderful St. Lawrence, the quaint streets of Quebec City; the Shrines at St. Anne de Beaupre; the Plains of Abraham; the wonderful rivers and capes—the River Saguenay and Cape Trinity, for instance; the resorts at Murray Bay, Ha! Ha! Bay, Chicoutimi; the inviting camping and fishing grounds, the city of Montreal, once the city of Hochelaga, visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, where Champlain established a trading post in 1611. And an abundance of game for the hunter. These are a few of the innumerable attractions for the tourist.

Quebec for Homeseekers

The Province of Quebec offers many inducements to homeseekers. It is extremely sound financially, the province is increasingly active industrially; the Provincial Government is encouraging agricultural production and aiding producers, and municipalities are in flourishing condition. Climatic conditions of the Province are suitable to mixed farming and marketing conditions are ideal. That centres of population are increasing is evidenced by population statistics, and building activities. Educational institutions receive a substantial subsidy every year and schools are being opened everywhere.

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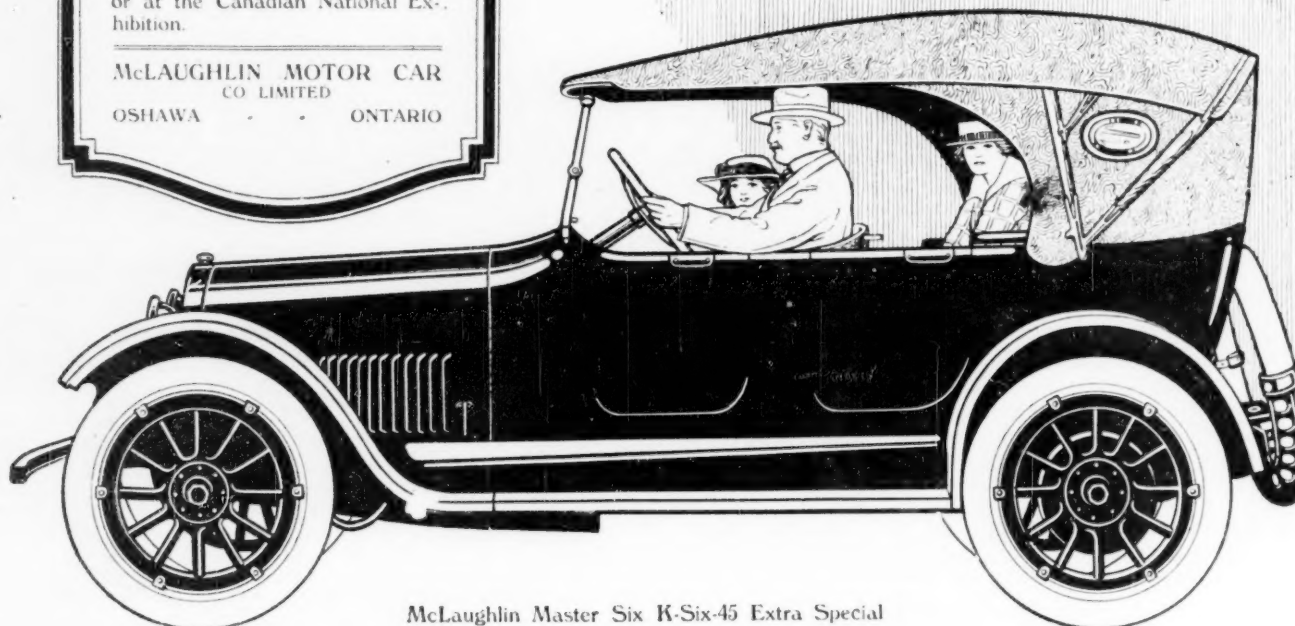
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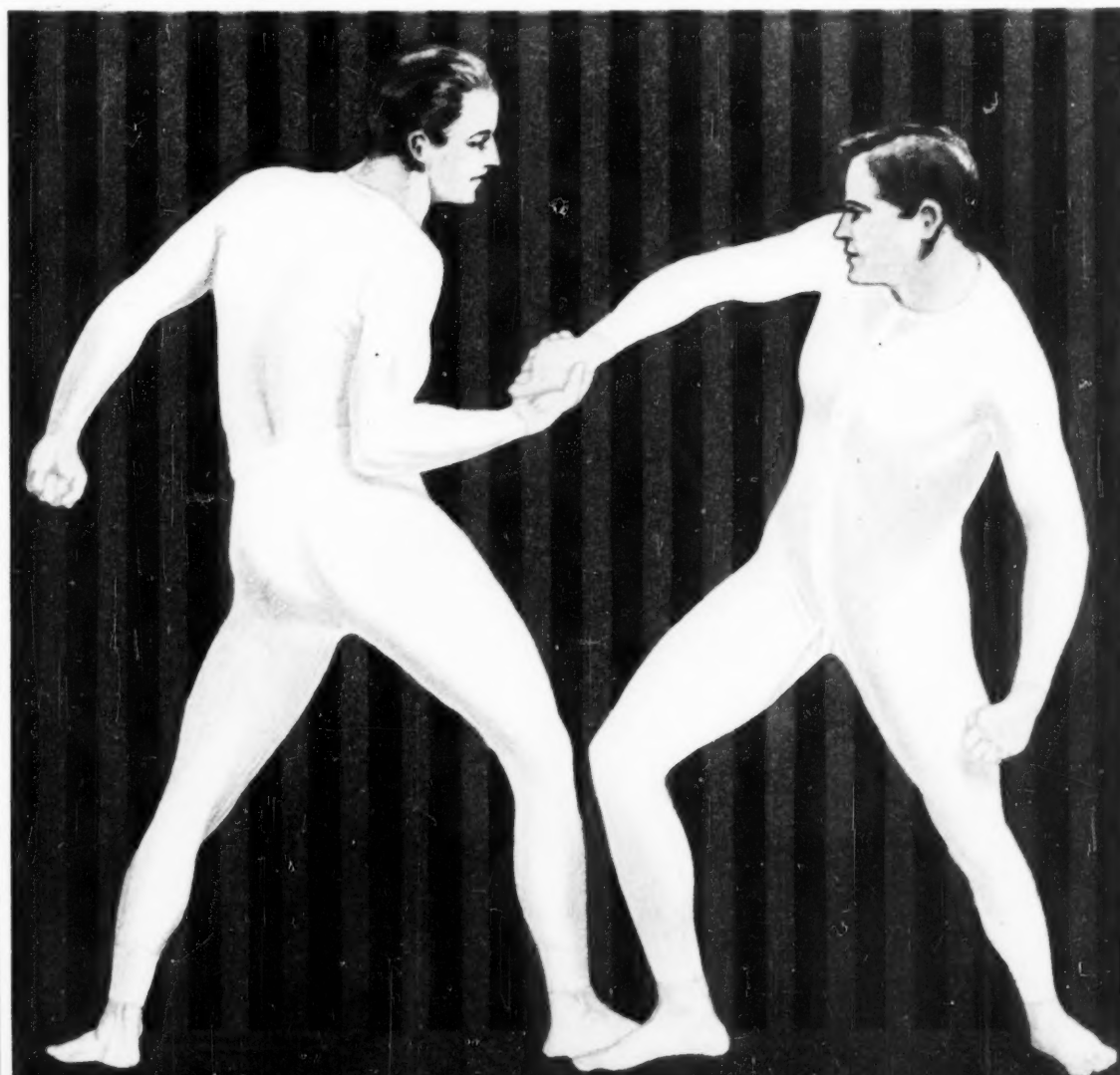
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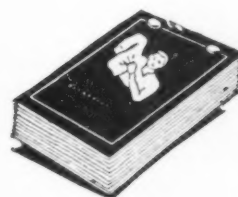
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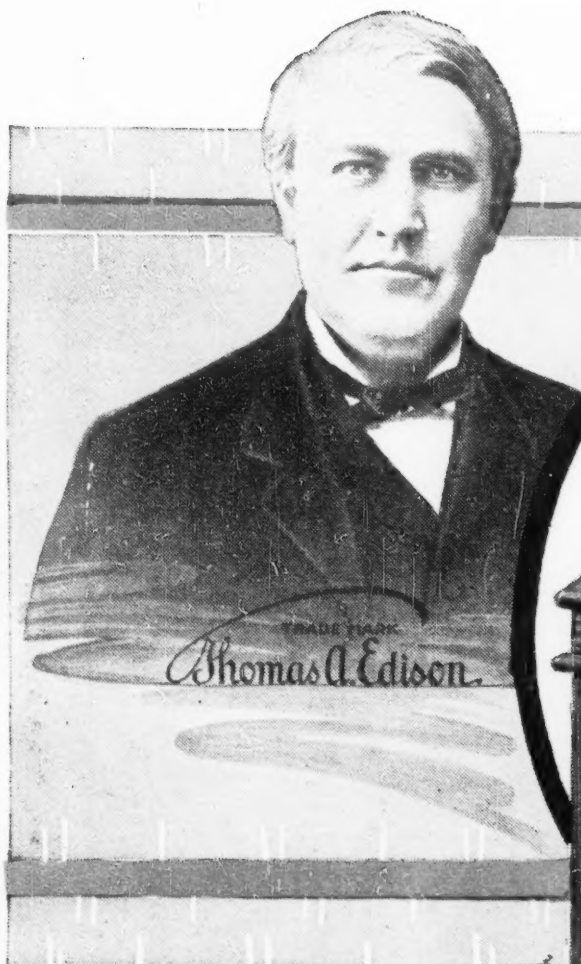
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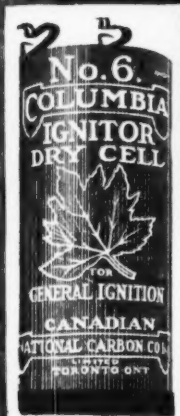
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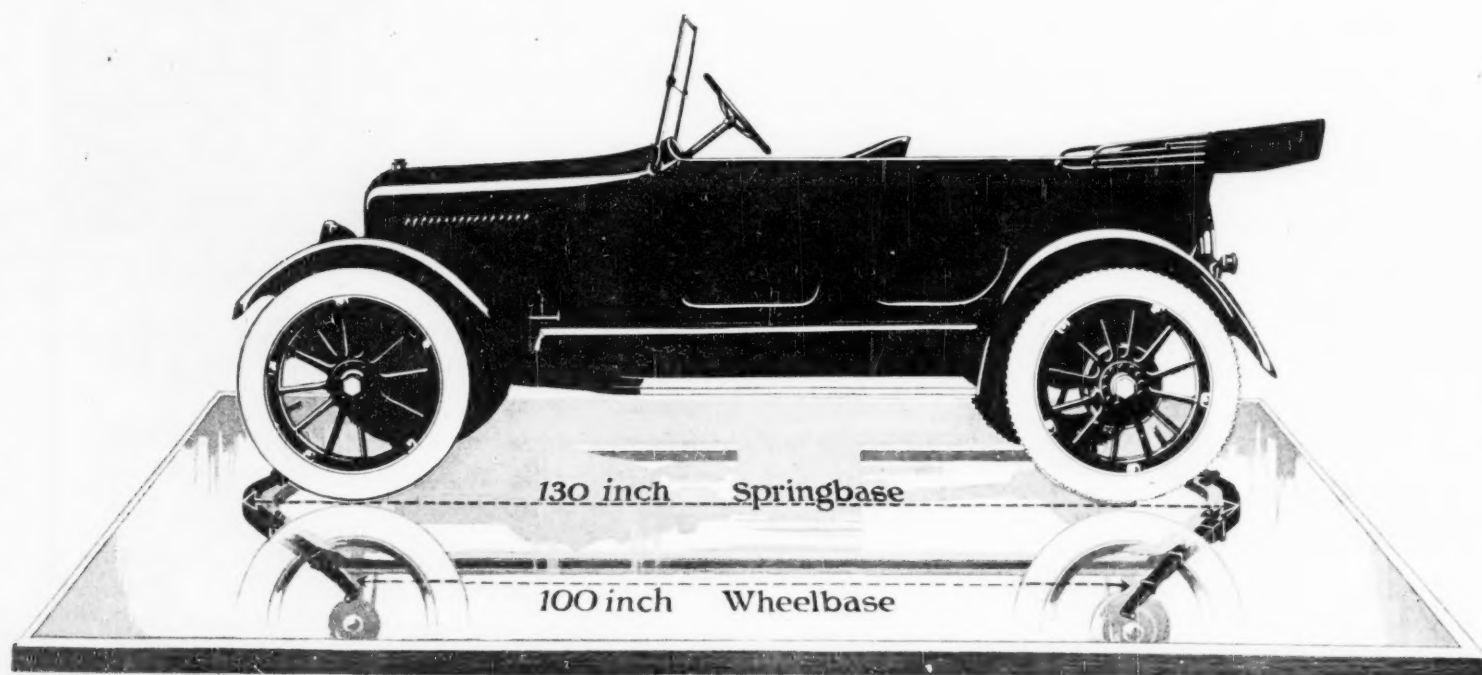
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor

Volume XXXII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919

Number 10

THE TURMOIL *At* OTTAWA

CANADIAN New Parties, New Factions, But Old Faces

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

politics are in the melting pot. New parties are being born, old ones are re-modeling their creeds to meet new and changed conditions. It is moving day all round and the common or peanut variety of politicians is holding his breath till he discovers whether the coming order of things has a place for him and, if so, at how much.

Yes it is a much muddled mess that meets your eye no matter which way you look. Let it rest for a moment on the Union Government and what do you find? Of course Sir Robert Borden is still there and still working industriously at his old job of doing nothing. Time was, not so many months ago either, when there were hopes that Sir Robert might follow his favorite occupation in another if not higher sphere. You'll remember when Sir Thomas White was cultivating popularity with the common herd of statesmen, when with a handshake like unto that of the Prince of Wales he was worming his way into the heart of Parliament, and the while the members went to bed softly humming "His Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"? Well in those sunny spring days Sir Robert really could see his household furniture being moved from the Washington of the North to that other city that spends much time trying to make amends for the lies the man it was named after could not tell. Yes, Sir Robert dreamed he was going to be British Ambassador to Washington. And others believed that dream. Even as astute a statesman as Lord Beaverbrook whispered to friends that Sir Robert was on his way and that another would soon hold the reins at Ottawa. But alas and likewise alack, something slipped. Whether it was that training as a constitutional lawyer does not fit a man for a diplomatic career, or that too many Englishmen whose incomes had been eaten up by war taxes had to be supplied with jobs; or that somebody in England had dined with Sir Robert and discovered that solemnity and stolidity, even when surmounted with the nicest hair in all the political world, does not everywhere pass for international intelligence, matters not. It is enough to know that Sir Robert did not go to Washington, that he did come back to us and that there is no immediate prospect of a change.

The Passing of Sir Thomas

BUT it has also been noted that the return of Sir Robert Borden marked the going of Sir Thomas White and the question that most frequently bumps you in the face is, why did Sir Thomas go? Now if you are on talking terms with Sir Thomas he will put his arm through yours, or around your shoulder as the case may be, and, in tones that are friendly almost to the point of being patronizing, he'll tell you all about it. He'll tell you, his free hand passing gently over his furrowed brow the while, of how he has labored to the great profit of his country while his private fortunes have suffered. He'll tell you how he has yearned for rest, how the doctor has advised him that complete relaxation is essential to longevity and he'll heave a great sigh as he turns you to a past covered with great deeds and a carping country's debts. And when his arm drops from your shoulder and he turns sadly away you'll be thankful that titles were not abolished till one deserving man got his.

And almost before your depression wears off you'll wander into some rude man of the hard-boiled political variety who will grunt:

"Huh! if Borden had gone to Washington I guess



Sir Robert was fishing for some Frenchmen who would accept port-folios.

Tom White would still be carrying both the cares of office and his sunny smile. Tom had enough of being batman to a leader who couldn't even look as intelligent as he does. Anyway, floating domestic loans isn't as easy as it once was. And it's rather fatiguing borrowing money for other fellows to spend. Yes, I guess Tom wants a rest—but in about a month or two he'll realize what a small potato a cabinet minister out of a job really is. Then he'll wish he had taken a holiday instead of jumping his job."

And there may be something in those rude remarks. For you know that a cabinet minister gets accustomed to his daily diet of flattery. And if he happens to fancy himself a bit anyway he finds it mighty hard to get along without that diet.

The New Pilot of Loans

BUT Sir Thomas has gone and in his place has come another Toronto knight, Sir Harry Drayton. The appointment made a lot of people gasp. People with ordinary every-day ideals couldn't understand why any man of ordinary intelligence should throw up a \$12,500 a year job as Chairman of the Railway Commission to serve his country at \$9,500 per. And all the more so that he has to gather himself a seat in Parliament before he can make his job even tempor-

arily secure and get a check for the last \$2,500 of his modest stipend. These people admit that there were a lot of patriots who served for \$1.10 per diem during the late war. But the war is over and patriotism has been laid away in moth balls till another Hun threatens the liberty of the world. So why the sacrifice?

They forget that a man may have other ambitions besides the accumulation of dollars. Also that a man may have enough of the latter to follow his own inclinations without worrying about the rent or the hired girl's wages. Now there is private and apparently authoritative information to the effect that Sir Harry has both means and ambitions. Moreover his friends maintain that he has ability. Some of them will tell you that, if the pursuit of wealth were the path he cared to tread, he would quit the public service entirely and practise law and that he could make twice as much that way as he could doing the work of his King and country.

Anyway Sir Harry is the new Finance Minister. He's the pilot who is steering the ship of state through the first Victory loan without the fuel of war to help keep the steam up. It is a pretty severe test and should furnish some kind of an answer to that other query: "What does Drayton know about finance?"

Personally the new Minister is a rather good-looking chap who wears a bland smile and smokes a pipe. As one of the joint authors of the Drayton-Ackworth report on the railway situation he has probably become immune to criticism. On the whole he's entitled to his chance. The "political orphans" will doubtless insist on Union Government staying with us for another couple of years at least and any of its enemies will tell you that any changes in its personnel cannot hurt it much.

BUT another man who fits into the chain of events is Hon. F. B. Carvell, the man who walked the floor nights before he could tear himself from his leader and his party to join the Union Government. Yes, "Fighting Fearless Frank" has gone to his reward. That reward is the chairmanship Sir Harry Drayton vacated. Of course the salary goes with the chairmanship. But why mention such trifles as \$12,500 per except perhaps to remark that it looks like a lot of money in New Brunswick? Anyway, of Mr. Carvell it may be truly said that if his coming into Union ranks didn't help much his going to the Railway Commission didn't help any. He has figured in Parliament as the uncompromising foe of public ownership, with particular reference to the Hydro enterprise and Sir Adam Beck.

The Result of Angling in Quebec

NOW you may think as you will of Sir Adam and his work but if you know anything about Old Ontario you have to admit that they are a strong political influence in the majority of the constituencies of the banner province. Starting with this you have to turn to consider where the Union Government must look for support if it holds hopes of being more than a temporary outfit. It assuredly can't hope for much from the Maritime Provinces, which weren't at all unanimous when the war was the Union's chief excuse for figuring in our simple life. It can't look for it in Quebec, which has recently reiterated its prejudice against Sir Robert, Union Government, and other things more or less connected with conscription by

A leader with a straight protectionist policy could split Quebec up the back.



electing Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King leader of the Liberal Party. Nor is this the only evidence that Quebec is still as anti-Union as ever. Along in August you'll remember that Sir Robert Borden went away on a brief holiday—went fishing, the newspapers said. And for once they were right. Sir Robert was here and there throughout Quebec fishing for some Frenchmen who would accept portfolios and help make his Union Cabinet more representative in its make-up. On his fishing trip he visited Three Rivers, where the merry and hospitable Hon. Jacques Bureau holds court. Hon. Jacques, as in duty bound, received Sir Robert and his party and showed them the beauties of his native city. But the proletariat refused to enthuse, neither did they take off their hats and cheer. Moreover, there was a municipal election a day or two later and, when the votes were counted, it was found that every last one of Hon. Jacques' candidates had been literally snowed under. Now the merry little Frenchman was and is popular in his own home town. But the people just served notice on him that he must keep out of bad company.

These two incidents will help to convince you that Sir Robert need look for no support from Quebec for his Union Government. He holds but three of the sixty-five seats at present and he will be lucky if he holds what he has.

Nor does the West look like fertile soil from which to reap a crop of Unionist members. From the Lakes to the Mountains the farmers are organized and in open rebellion. To their hatred of all tariffs has been added a new grievance. The Government action in regard to wheat is held to have robbed them of many iron dollars. So they won't vote Union. Of course British Columbia, unless she changes her rather fickle mind meantime, will contribute a dozen or so good men and true to the great Union cause. But the great bulk of Unionist support, if it is to come at all, must come from Ontario. And Ontario has just been slapped in the face by the appointment of her pet enemy to a place they claim he can use to their utmost disadvantage. Great politics, isn't it?

Fitting Ministers to Their Jobs

HOWEVER, these are the changes to date in the Union Cabinet, some of their causes and a few of their effects. But hold on, there is another. S. F. Tolmie of Victoria, B.C., has moved into the vacant chair once occupied by Crerar, the Grain Grower. What of him? Well to be

honest, his appointment hasn't a world of political significance. He is one of that eminently respectable family of farmers who earn their bread by the sweat of the hired man's brow. He's a dweller in cities and represents Victoria in Parliament, but he owns broad acres and many cattle in the outlying parts of the sunny slope province. He is said to be a good stockman and even some grain growers from the Prairies admit that he will fill his job acceptably. But doesn't it sometimes

strike you as funny that British Columbia, which gives the least attention to agriculture of any of the provinces worth mentioning, should of recent years furnish us with most of our Ministers of Agriculture? Two of the last three have been Hon. Martin Burrell and Hon. S. F. Tolmie. But after all that is very much in keeping with a parliamentary practice that gives us a college professor for Minister of Trade and Commerce and the representative of a paint factory as Minister of Marine. And the rule that the Union Government observes most rigidly is that to be a good minister a man must be as far removed as possible from the affairs that most affect his department. Other rules are that he must be fairly immune to public sentiment and be a pure amateur in politics. Not all these rules have been observed in the Tolmie appointment, but most of them are still intact.

That Fifty-fifty Split Again

BUT another point about these recent changes in the Cabinet is that whereas Sir Robert started to infuse more Liberalism into its makeup, to get things on a fifty-fifty basis in fact, the trend of the tide appears to be in the opposite direction. To be sure Sir Thomas White, a Tory of rather recent vintage, has been replaced by Sir Harry Drayton who must have been more or less of a Grit when he was appointed crown attorney of York County by the Ross Government. But was he a Grit or Tory when he became Corporation Counsel of Tory Toronto? And if he, as expected, picks North Toronto as his easiest route to Parliament will he appeal to the constituency that gave Sir Geo. Foster 15,000 majority as a life-long Liberal?

Sizing it all up Sir Harry appears pretty well astride of the fence and his coming does not do much towards establishing that long looked for "fifty-fifty." Mr. Tolmie, too, appears to be in very much the same boat. Both parties lay claim to his allegiance. Chances are he too could fit in on either side that needed a little extra weight. Hon. F. B. Car-

vell's successor has not yet been appointed but Sir Douglas Hazen visits the capital for frequent consultations and appears to have the vacancy at his disposal. Of course Stanley Elkin, Liberal Unionist of St. John, is also on the job. But he's young, inexperienced and might find his foot slipping if he had to be re-elected in his native city.

Unionism Slipping Torywards

ON the whole the tendency of Union Government is distinctly Torywards. Its chief organ recently carried in Ottawa a despatch to the effect that during the present session a caucus would decide whether Unionists would continue to unite or slip back into the lines that fought so merrily before the war east its shadow o'er the portals of Parliament. This of course was looked on as a "feeler." And all the more so that a caucus last session had decided to throw the old banners in the ashbarrel, and live and die—under the united blessings of Borden, Rowell *et al.* It was felt in fact that members from outlying constituencies had been dropping in and whispering that Unionism was being cursed rather than blessed all the way from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains.

Still further concern was shown when Mr. Rowell's Toronto organ charged that the Provincial Premiers and Press who had returned to their old faith at the August convention had left the Liberals in the Union Cabinet "high and dry." Coupled to this was a report that Mr. Rowell had been in conference with Mr. J. E. Atkinson prior to the appearance of the editorial. It looked like the swan song of Hon. Wesley and the wise ones began to wonder where he would light when the ship went out from under him and just what form Hon. Jim Calder's life raft was likely to take.

However, all this was during the recess. With the lower grades of statesmen back in Ottawa, things



Mackenzie King should come up the river with 75 or 80 seats.

look more hopeful. One member of the Government privately expressed the opinion that nothing on earth could bring on an election till 1922 or 1923 and that meantime no defections could possibly cut the Government majority below the working point. He was candid enough to admit that if the Unionists went to the

country at the present time they would get the hide whaled off them.

Anything may happen in three or four years. Meantime members who have little or no hope of re-election, who are drawing two indemnities this year and who could be given three or four next if it was really necessary are not hard to handle. Still the caucuses of the party, or mixture, or union or whatever it is, are being watched with considerable interest. If anybody really wanted an election he might at any moment drop a match that would cause an explosion. But nobody does. Even the young Frenchmen, cocky as they are as a result of their victory over Sir Lomer Gouin at the Grit convention and trying to look proud of the leader they elected, are not anxious to go to the country. They know that elections are expensive and a bit uncertain and freely admit that it might be well to wait for another session or two before making a serious assault on the Government works.

MEANWHILE Hon. Bob Rogers has not been idle. From Winnipeg his cry for a revival of the old Conservative party has gone echoing over the prairies. He was in Ottawa, too, the other day and it was a bit curious to notice the warmth of the welcome certain of the ministers extended to him. It seemed to say: "You've helped us in other days and who knows how soon we may need your help again." For it is said of Hon. Bob that he is a wizard when it comes to raising campaign funds and placing them where they will do the most good.



But the former "minister of elections" is practical, if anything, and he evidently does not intend to devote his energies to bolstering up what every day looks more like the lost cause of Unionism. For the last year he has been flitting hither and yon, blowing into a flame the smoldering sparks of Toryism. Now it is said the organization has taken definite form and that before the frost starts dropping the beechnuts from the trees, a central committee of Conservatives will meet to draft the call for a Conservative convention.

Four Factions at Ottawa

THAT makes the factions in the political snarl number four at the smallest. There's the Unionists under Borden and Rowell, hanging on and hoping; the Conservatives gathering their forces to raise the standard of Sir John Macdonald and the cry that Canada must be protected or it will become the dumping ground for Yankee surplus stocks shut out of Europe by the decreasing value on the New York exchange of the pound sterling and other varieties of European currency; the Liberals who have rallied to Hon. Mackenzie King and a free trade platform that, like the new leader, will be decorative rather than useful; and the farmers, whose chief aim in life is to get the highest price for their wheat and buy everything else as cheaply as possible. And you must not blame the farmers too much either. They're a bit selfish, but not more so than the others. Only trouble is they're new to the game and haven't learned that the way to get what you really want is to impress on the country that you are laboring for the general welfare of Canada and then grab off what you want in the general scramble.

Now with an election three years away you would expect the public to be asking: "What is the Government going to do?" And they're not. Instead they're asking: "What will the country do to the Government?"

A Glance at the Next Parliament

BUT not content with letting the future look after itself political seers are also trying to figure what the next Parliament will look like. So we may as well stand off to one side and take a look at that too, providing Sir Robert Borden still lives and his Unionist baby is able to sit up and take a little pap when the test comes. You'll admit that he won't make any inroads in Quebec. You will also hazard a prediction

that the Maritimes won't lean any stronger towards Unionism. Consequently Hon. Mackenzie King should come up to the Ottawa River with 75 to 80 seats. But west of that he'll dwindle away to dribs and drabs and will probably appear at the barrier with about ninety



He will put his arm around your shoulder.

odd followers all told. And at that he'll probably have the largest and most compact following in the New House. Hon. J. A. Crerar and his farmers should sweep the West from the Lakes to the Mountains with the exception of a few ridings in Southern Manitoba. They will also cut some figure in Ontario where, according to unbiased students, they will carry about twenty-five seats. There are 235 seats in the House. Giving the Liberals 90 seats and the Farmers 60 seats there would be left 85 seats to be divided among Unionists, straight Conservatives, Labor men and returned soldiers. All of which would indicate that Sir

Robert Borden is justified in hanging on to his job till he can at least find places of honor and emolument for Hon. Rowell, Calder, Meighen—and possibly himself. So if you have nothing else to do, you can just sit pat and watch him do it.

Of course, however, the program is subject to changes without previous notice. If the Conservatives get together and happen on a leader who is a leader there may be an entire change of scenery. Quebec is protectionist when not prejudiced. It hates Borden, but on the other hand its love for Mackenzie King is purely academic. Some of the young French members who worked so enthusiastically for him and cheered so heartily when his election was announced are even now asking: "What sort of man is our new leader?" And truth to tell, he does not appeal very strongly to these hero-worshipping natives. He lacks magnetism and, as one of the visiting English journalists suggested, he's almost as dull as his book. So, given a Conservative leader with ability and personality, it would not be hard to wean the old province away from her present alleged love of Liberalism. In fact, even French-Liberal politicians of the first rank admit that a good Conservative leader with a straight protection policy could split Quebec up the back. Such a man and party could also probably hold the Maritimes even, sweep such parts of Ontario as the farmers did not pre-empt, get a piece of Manitoba, pick an occasional seat on the Prairies further west and just about carry the whole of British Columbia.

That is the prospect that cheers the old Tories to action. It may all be a beautiful dream. But with the present muddled almost beyond hope, anything is likely to happen with only disaster to be gathered by hanging on to the coat tails of Unionism.

And whatever happens Crerar and his farmers will cut a big figure in the next House. They may yet realize that some sort of tariff is essential to a country that has to give part of its attention to a two billion dollar debt. They may learn that to get anywhere they must co-operate with other parts of the national structure. They may in fact do a great work in giving Canada government by the people instead of government by the lawyers. Some other dreamers can also see a people's party led by Hon. T. A. Crerar and Sir Adam Beck.

But all dreamers wake up in time. You are entitled to at least one guess as to which of them will wake to smile and which to weep.

STEPHEN: By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

The Stranger Sees the Island Apparition

Say now, good nurse, what fate went by
Blown round with ruddy hair?
Her hooded cheek was white as frost:
"Doctor," quoth she, "'twas Stephen's ghost,
Stephen that slew the paramour
Of the lady he long since loved and lost—
The loveliest maid on Pilley's shore,
Though false as she was fair.

"Blithe fisherman, brown as a weathered sail,
In a flutter of red-gold locks,
He ranged the sea like his cabin floor
To the whinnying wind, or the thickening roar
Of slob on the Banks, and the iceberg's track
From the north-most stream to the Cove's front door
He crossed with laughter, faring back
With spoil to his homestead rocks.

"He saw and loved white Alice O'Flynn,
And won her for an hour,
Ere the dark philanderer, Ormand Brent,
Drank up the goblet of sacrament
At a single quaff and, satisfied,
Bestowed light kisses, laughed and went
From the lady who wept and waned and died,
As passes the bee-spoiled flower.

So, Pilley's Island hugs a haunt
And peopled is its dark;
For all of the cross on the village church,
Where the buccaneering sea-birds perch
In sudden, shuddering piety,
When Stephen walks and the billows lurch,
And the one dare-devil boat at sea
Rides lone as Noah's Ark.

"So, Stephen, spreading his toils to sun,
Heard whispered, 'She is dead,'
And a dull-red fire kindling slow
Blood-shot his eye, vein-fraught his brow,
Inflamed his cheek beneath its tan—
By the seething shore one saw him go
Like Doom on the track of Guilty Man,
In an aureole of red.

"The nets of Stephen rotted and blew
To tags on the storm-flung rain.
His quest fulfilled, in a darkling cove,
The Avenger and Guilt for a moment strove,
And one was done to quivering death;
But the Fury who struck in the name of Love,
Though he quelled his foe like a furnace breath,
Himself came not again.

"Or he comes as you saw," said the Island nurse,
"Blown round with tawny hair."
Sidelong I glanced at the window-pane:
The blank night, eyeless, stared amain.
The hospital shrank more close in space,
But the step outside was a rush of rain.
My grog was real and worth a grace,
And I sat in a firm arm-chair.

CHAPTER I

NEVER had life seemed more fair and smiling than at the moment when Aunt Jane's letter descended upon me like a bolt from the blue. The fact is, I was taking a vacation from Aunt Jane. Being an orphan, I was supposed to be under Aunt Jane's wing, but this was the merest polite fiction, and I am sure that no hen with one chicken worries about it more than I did about Aunt Jane. I had spent the last three years, since Aunt Susan died and left Aunt Jane with all that money and no one to look after her but me, in snatching her from the brink of disaster. Her most recent and narrow escape was from a velvet-tongued person of half her years who turned out to be a convict on parole. She had her hand-bag packed for the elopement when I confronted her with this unpleasant fact. When she came to she was bitter instead of grateful, and went about for weeks presenting a spectacle of blighted affections which was too much for the most self-approving conscience. So it ended with my packing her off to New York, where I wrote to her frequently and kindly, urging her to stay as long as she liked.

Meanwhile I came up to the ranch for a long holiday with Bess and the baby, a holiday which had already stretched itself out to Thanksgiving, and threatened to last until Christmas. People wrote alluringly from town, but what had town to offer compared with a saddle-horse to yourself, and a litter of collie pups to play with, and a baby just learning to walk? I even began to consider ranching as a career, and to picture myself striding over my broad acres in top-boots and corduroys.

As to Aunt Jane, my state of mind was fatuously calm. She was staying with cousins, who live in a suburb and are frightfully respectable. I was sure they numbered no convicts among their acquaintance, or indeed anyone from whom Aunt Jane was likely to require rescuing. And if it came to a retired missionary I was perfectly willing.

But the cousins and their respectability are of the passive order, whereas to manage Aunt Jane demands aggressive and continuous action. Hence the bolt from the blue above alluded to.

I was swinging tranquilly in the hammock, I remember, when Bess brought my letters and then hurried away because the baby had fallen downstairs. Unwarned by the slightest premonitory thrill, I kept Aunt Jane's letter till the last and skimmed through all the others. I should be thankful, I suppose, that the peace soon to be so rudely shattered was prolonged for those few moments. I recalled afterwards, but dimly, as though a gulf of ages yawned between, that I had been quite interested in six pages of prattle about the Patterson dance.

At last I came to Aunt Jane. I ripped open the envelope and drew out the letter—a fat one, but then Aunt Jane's letters are always fat. She says herself that she is of those whose souls flow freely forth in ink but are frozen by the cold eye of an unsympathetic listener. Nevertheless, as I spread out the close-filled pages I felt a mild wonder. Writing so large, so black, so staggering, so madly underlined, must indicate something above even Aunt Jane's usual emotional level. Perhaps in sober truth there was a missionary—

Twenty minutes later I staggered into Bess's room.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't wake the baby!"

"Baby or no baby," I whispered savagely, "I've got to have a time-table. I leave for the city to-night to catch the first steamer for Panama!"

Later, while the baby slumbered and I packed, I explained. This was difficult; not that Bess is as a general thing obtuse, but because the picture of Aunt Jane embarking for some wild, lone isle of the Pacific as the head of a treasure-seeking expedition was enough to shake the strongest intellect. And yet, amid the welter of ink and eloquence which filled those fateful pages, there was the cold hard fact confronting you. Aunt Jane was going to look for buried treasure, in company with one Violet Higglesby-Browne, whom she sprung on you without the slightest explanation, as though alluding to the Queen of Sheba or the Siamese twins. By beginning at the end and reading backward—Aunt Jane's letters are usually most intelligible that way—you manage to piece together some explanation of this Miss Higglesby-Browne and her place in the scheme of things. It was through Miss Browne, whom she had met at a lecture upon Soul-Development, that Aunt Jane had come to realize her claims as an Individual upon the Cosmos, also to discover that she was by nature a woman of affairs with a talent for directing large enterprise, although adverse influences had hitherto kept her from recognizing her powers. There was a

dark significance in these italics, though whether they meant me or the family lawyer I was not sure.

Miss Higglesby-Browne, however, had assisted Aunt Jane to find herself, and as a consequence Aunt Jane, for the comparatively trifling outlay needful to finance the Harding-Browne expedition, would shortly be the richer by one-fourth of a vast treasure of Spanish doubloons. The knowledge of this hoard was Miss Higglesby-Browne's alone. It has been revealed to her by a dying sailor in a London hospital, whither she had gone on a mission of kindness—you gathered that Miss Browne was precisely the sort to take advantage when people were helpless and unable to fly from her. Why the dying sailor chose to make Miss Browne the repository of his secret, I don't know—this still remains for me the unsolved mystery. But when the sailor closed his eyes the secret and the map—of course there was a map—had become Miss Higglesby-Browne's.

Miss Browne now had clear before her the road to fortune, but unfortunately it led across the sea and quite out of the route of steamer travel. Capital in excess of Miss Browne's resources was required. London proving cold before its great opportunity, Miss Browne had shaken off its dust and come to New York, where a mysteriously potent influence had guided her to Aunt Jane. Through Miss Browne's great organizing abilities, not to speak of those newly brought to light in Aunt Jane, a party of staunch comrades had been assembled, a steamer engaged to meet them at Panama, and it was ho for the island in the blue Pacific main!

With this lyrical outburst Aunt Jane concluded the body of her letter. A small, cramped postscript informed me that it was against Miss H.B.'s wishes that she revealed their plans to anyone, but that she did want to hear from me before they sailed from Panama, where a letter might reach her if I was prompt. However, if it did not she would try not to worry, for Miss Browne was very psychic, and she felt sure that any strong vibration from me would reach her via Miss B., and she was my always loving Jane Harding.

"And of course," I explained to Bess as I hurled things into my bags, "if a letter can reach her so can I. At least I must take the chance of it. What those people are up to I don't know—probably they mean to hold her for ransom and murder her outright if it is not forthcoming. Or perhaps some of them will marry her and share the spoils with Miss Higglesby-Browne. Anyway, I must get to Panama in time to save her."

"Or you might go along to the island," suggested Bess.

I paused to glare at her.

"Bess! And let them murder me too?"

Spanish Doubloons

A New Serial Story by a Brilliant Writer



"Right where she stood, Aunt Jane petrified. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck. 'Aunt Jane,' I said, 'you must come right back to shore with me.' . . . She replied only by a slight gobbling in her throat."

"Or marry you—" cooed Bess.

One month later I was climbing out of a lumbering hack before the Tivoli hotel, which rises square and white and imposing on the low green height above the old Spanish city of Panama. In spite of the melting tropical heat there was a chill fear at my heart, the fear that Aunt Jane and her band of treasure seekers had already departed on their quest. In that case I foresaw that whatever narrow margin of faith my fellow-voyagers on the City of Quito had had in me would shrink to nothingness. I had been obliged to be so queer and clam-like about the whole extraordinary rendezvous—for how could I expose Aunt Jane's madness to the multitude?—that I felt it would take the actual bodily presence of my aunt to convince them that she was not a myth, or at least of the wrong sex for aunts. To have travelled so far in the desperate hope of heading off Aunt Jane, only to be frustrated and to lose my character besides! It would be a stroke too much from fate, I told myself rebelliously, as I crossed the broad gallery and plunged into the cool dimness of the lobby in the wake of the bellboys who, discerning a helpless prey, had swooped en masse upon my bags.

"Miss Jane Harding?" repeated the clerk, and at

By CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS ROGERS



lessly. Some arch-bellboy or other potentate had mounted to the seat beside the driver. Madly we clattered over cobbled ways. Out on the smooth waters of the roadstead lay ships great and small, ships with stripped masts and smokeless funnels, others with faint gray spirals wreathing upward from their stacks. Was one of these the Rufus Smith, and would I reach her—or him—before the thin grey feather became a thick black plume? I thought of my aunt at the mercy of these unknown adventurers with whom she had set forth, helpless as a little fat pigeon among hawks, and I felt, desperately, that I must reach her, must save her from them and bring her safe back to shore. How I was to do this at the eleventh hour plus about fifty-seven minutes as at present I hadn't considered. But experience had

"I want my aunt," I explained.

"Your aunt?" he roared. "Why the devil should you think I've got your aunt?"

"You have got her," I replied with firmness. "I don't see her, but she's here somewhere."

The captain of the Rufus Smith shook two large red fists above his head.

"Another lunatic!" he shouted. "I'd as soon have a white horse and a minister aboard as to go to sea in a floating bedlam!"

As the captain's angry thunder died away came the small anxious voice of Aunt Jane.

"What's the matter? Oh, please tell me what's the matter!" she was saying as she edged her way into the group. In her severely cut khaki suit she looked like a plump little dumpling which had got into a sausage wrapping by mistake. Her eyes, round, pale, blinking a little in the tropical glare, roved over the circle until they lit on me. Right where she stood Aunt Jane petrified. She endeavored to shriek, but achieved instead only a strangled wheeze. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck, and she remained speechless, stricken, immobile as a wax figure in an exhibition.

"Aunt Jane," I said, "you must come right back to shore with me." I spoke calmly, for unless you are perfectly calm with Aunt Jane you fluster her.

She replied only by a slight gobbling in her throat, but the other woman spoke in a loud voice, addressed not to me but to the universe in general.

"The Young Person is mad!" It was an unmistakably British intonation.

This then was Miss Violet Higglesby-Browne. I saw a grim, bony, stocky shape, in a companion costume to my aunt's. Around the edges of her cork helmet her short iron-gray hair visibly bristled. She had a massive head, and a seamed and rugged countenance which did its best to live down the humiliation of a ridiculous little nose with no bridge. By what prophetic irony she had been named Violet is the secret of those powers which seem to love a laugh at mankind's expense.

But what riveted my eyes was the deadly glare with which hers were turned on me. I saw that not only was she as certain of my identity as though she had guided me from my first tottering steps, but that in a flash she had grasped my motives, aims and purposes, and meant once for all to face, out-general and defeat me with great slaughter.

So she announced to the company with deliberation, "The Young Person is mad!"

It nettled me extremely.

"Mad!" I flung back at her. "Because I wish to save my poor aunt from such a situation as this? It would be charitable to infer madness in those who have let her into it!" When I reviewed this speech afterwards I realized that it was not, under the circumstances, the best calculated to win me friends.

"Jane!" said Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "the time has come to prove your strength!"

Aunt Jane proved it by uttering a shrill yelp, and clutching her hair with a reckless disregard of its having originally been that of a total stranger. So severe were her shrieks and struggles that it was with difficulty that she was borne below in the arms of two strong men.

I had seen Aunt Jane in hysterics before—she had them that time about the convict. I was not frightened, but I hurried after her—neck and neck with Miss Browne. It was fifteen minutes before Aunt Jane came to, and then she would only moan. I bathed her head, and held her hand, and did all the regulation things, under the baleful eye of Miss Browne, who steadfastly refused to go away, but sat glaring like a gorgon who sees her prey about to be snatched from her.

In the midst of my ministrations I awoke suddenly to a rhythmic heave and throb which pervaded the ship. Dropping Aunt Jane's hand I rushed on deck. There lay the various pieces of my baggage, and in the distance the boat with the two brown rowers was skipping shoreward over the ripples. As for the Rufus Smith, she was under weigh, and heading out of the roadstead to the open sea.

I dashed aft to the captain, who stood issuing orders in the voice of an aggrieved foghorn.

"Captain!" I cried, "wait; turn around! You must put my aunt and me ashore!"

He whirled on me, showing a crimson angry face. "Turn around, is it, turn around?" he shouted. "Do you suppose I can loaf about the harbor here a-waitin' on your aunt's fits? You come aboard without me

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the cool negation of his tone my heart gave a sickening downward swoop. "Miss Jane Harding and party have left the hotel!"

"For—the island?" I gasped.

He raised his eyebrows. "Can't say, I'm sure."

He gave me an appraising stare. Perhaps the woe in my face touched him, for he descended from the eminence of the hotel clerk where he dwelt apart sufficiently to add, "Is it important for you to see her?"

"I am her niece. I have come all the way from San Francisco expecting to join her here."

The clerk meditated, his shrewd eyes piercing the very secrets of my soul.

"She knew nothing about it," I hastened to add. "I intended it for a surprise."

This candor helped my cause. "Well," he said, "that explains her not leaving any word. As you are her niece, I suppose it will do no harm to tell you that, Miss Harding and her party embarked this morning on the freighter Rufus Smith, and I think it very likely that the steamer has not left port. If you like I will send a man to the waterfront with you and you may be able to go on board and have a talk with your aunt."

Did I thank him? I have often wondered when I waked up in the night. I have a vision of myself dashing out of the hotel, and then the hack that brought me is bearing me away. Bellboys hurled my bags in after me, and I threw them largesse reck-

taught me that once in my clutches Aunt Jane would offer about as much resistance as a slightly melted wax doll. She gets so soft that you are almost afraid to touch her for fear of leaving dents.

So to get there, get there, get there, was the one prayer of my soul.

I got there, in a boat hastily commandeered by the hotel clerk's deputy. I suppose he thought me a belated passenger for the Rufus Smith, for my baggage followed me into the boat. "Pronto!" he shouted to the native boatman as we put off. "Pronto!" I urged at intervals, my eyes upon the funnels of the Rufus Smith, where the outpouring smoke was thickening alarmingly. We brought up under the side of the little steamer, and the wide surprised face of a Swedish deck-hand stared down at us.

"Let me aboard! I must come aboard!" I cried.

Other faces appeared, then a rope-ladder. Somehow I was mounting it—a dizzy feat to which only the tumult of my emotions made me indifferent. Bare, brawny arms of sailors clutched at me and drew me to the deck. There at once I was the centre of a circle of speechless and astonished persons, all men but one.

"Well?" demanded a large breezy voice. "Well, what's this mean? What do you want aboard my ship?"

I looked up at a red-faced man in a large straw hat.

The BANSHEE BELL

A Tale of the Tête Jaune Cache

By EDITH G. BAYNE

Author of "The Arch Strategist," etc.

"You gotta walk,"
said my driver.

IT ALL seemed to happen so very simply and naturally, each little part dove-tailing with the next like the sections of a child's puzzle, that in looking back I cannot help but conclude that the whole thing was a heaven-born scheme, a series of events that had been planned from the very beginning; and that I was but playing one of the leading parts in the drama, though scarcely of my own volition.

On that fateful Friday, then, I left Mother and Aunt Minerva quarreling about me in a perfectly well-bred manner in the motor and I hopped gaily up the steps of the day-coach and waved them a cheery good-bye just as the train, which we had all but missed, pulled out. Mother had prophesied a thunderstorm and a wash-out and thought the whole idea preposterous. To her a ranch was but one remove from an Indian encampment. Auntie took my part insofar as accepting the invitation went, for she and Mother are constitutionally opposed anyway, but she thought it the height of recklessness to travel without a maid and looked distinctly shocked. Coming as she does from the *effete* possible section of the East, dear Auntie has never been a mixer and the very thought of my being thrown among the *hoi-polloi* unattended and unprotected, jarred all her well-grounded ethics and nearly brought on one of her "spells."

I, Lorraine Moore, aged twenty-one, high-spirited and a lover of life (but hitherto very carefully and consistently suppressed), only child of adoring parents, delicately-nurtured to the point of absurdity and utterly inexperienced in traveling alone, was off at last on my first Real Adventure. Of course I didn't know it then but I was thrilled just the same. Possibly it was premonition! To be sure it was merely to a house-party I was bound. Natalie's father's ranch is only a little over three hundred miles from the city, but I'd never been up in the Pass, having only lived in the West a few years. But I'd had as much difficulty in wringing permission out of Mother—Dad, my pal, was in the East on business—as though I wished to go to Baffin's Land. It was absurd.

I FELT almost aggressively self-reliant for possibly an hour. Then the country "got" me. I became enthralled, with a rapture that left no room for self. Beholding the grandeur about us I fairly forgot the party at times. With every mile the country grew more wonderful. Sheer rock-walls rose on the one hand, deep gorges yawned on the other; little lakes smiled up at us between stretches of virgin forest; lacy cascades billowed down over rough rock-ledges and the roar was like surf. The hills grew into mountains and when we entered the Tête Jaune Cache, snow-capped peak upon snow-capped peak rose in endless succession on every hand and dwarfed even the dome of heaven.

The car being crowded I was sitting with a Galician family, holding the baby while its mother slept. A brisk "drummer" had breezed up to Wasy! and was trying to sell him a new kind of safety-razor, bent apparently on making this part of the world shave for democracy. I unloaded the baby on him bye-and-bye and moved across the aisle to try and cheer up a wistful-eyed young girl of about my own age whom I had noticed surreptitiously weeping. She was a nice little thing, fair and with Madonna-like features, and dressed sensibly, though a trifle old-fashioned.

"What's the matter?" I asked after a few tentative remarks about this and that. "Are you ill?"

She shook her head but summoned a fleeting smile.

"Have you come far?" I pursued.

At this she laughed, almost wildly.

"Well, if you call Nova Scotia far!" she said.

"Oh! I see. And it's plain homesickness?"

She nodded, gulping. Bye and bye she spoke again, in a thin, listless voice.

"I came out to take one of these teacherless schools. I wish I'd died first! I wish the train had turned a somersault into Lake Superior. I didn't know the country was like *this*—so rough and wild and lonely. I'd like to die. I would so . . . Oh I know it's grand

and magnificent and all that, but if I stayed I'd go mad in three days. And I was sick all across Manitoba and Saskatchewan—I don't know if it was car-sick or prairie-sick! It's terrible. It's so different from home."

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I love it—not the plains but this mountainous part. You'll get used to it as soon as you settle down and make friends."

SHE looked out with tear-dimmed, unseeing eyes at the movie-like panorama of rocks and gorges and pine-clothed slopes, and she shook her head.

"You're awfully good, trying to comfort me like this, but you see I'm used to lots of company and living in a village where everybody knows everybody else and—and this loneliness terrifies me. It's not so much the hardships, though the nice trustee who wrote me such a kind letter said I'd have to live in a shack, but it's the lonesomeness. And I left home in such a keen spirit of adventure too!"

"But what are you going to do about it?" I put in, practically, checking a fresh outburst of tears on her part.

"I don't know, but I can't stay. I won't stay," she said stubbornly.

"You belong to the —, the leisure class, don't you?" she added, after a moment.

That phrase always riles me, somehow.

"What makes you say that?" I demanded in swift resentment.

"Oh a dozen things about you."

"I suppose you think I can't do anything but tickle piano-keys!"

"Please don't be angry. I only—"

"I'm not. I'm just hurt. I guess I am a parasite," I said ruefully.

"You're awfully pretty, I think. I've always loved black hair and those very deep blue eyes. And your skin is exquisite!" she said, trying to atone.

"I'm just healthy," I broke in, deprecatingly. "And Irish!"

She began to pack up her belongings. We had passed Mount Robson some time before and were approaching the Divide. To our left the Fraser River boiled and churned and raced in its tumultuous course westward. All streams were flowing toward the Pacific now. The character of the country had grown rougher, wilder and lonelier-looking. One saw no white men at the few stops. Along the right-of-way we caught glimpses of Indian tepees through the interstices of the forest. None but moccasined feet trod these upper trails, the conductor told us.

"Is the next stop yours?" I asked the little Nova Scotian.

"Next but one. Cliff Crossing," she sighed.

"Why that's where I get off!" I exclaimed. "And I wish you were coming with me. I'm to visit an awfully jolly girl, Natalie Weeks of the Bar Cross Ranch. She lives about fifteen miles in and they're such nice hospitable people—typical Westerners, you know. I hope you'll soon meet that kind. They'll help you to like the country."

We exchanged names then. Hers was Margaret Smithson. For all her downheartedness there was something about her that made me envious. She made me feel like a piker, somehow. Her life stood for usefulness while mine was but a butterfly existence, benefiting no one.

WELL, we got off, the train scarcely stopping, it seemed to me, before it rushed away again. Miss Smithson said she was expected and that someone



would be on hand to drive her to Blue Canyon, where her little school was. But the only humans in sight were a squaw in a red neckerchief with a papoose strapped to her back, waiting for the train east and a Polish person in chaps who sat smoking nonchalantly in a wagon attached to a piebald and rather restive team. His English seemed limited to "Yaw," and as I knew no Polish we had to get along by dint of gesturing and grimaces. Natalie had written that, if the trails were bad after the heavy rains they'd been having, they would send the team instead of the car. Miss Smithson, more dejected than ever, had seated herself upon a coil of rope. She said she'd wait alone and for me to go on and not to bother about her. I wanted to stay with her until her "nice trustee" came to claim her, for I hated to leave her in her present state of mind. She looked on the verge of fainting.

I think it wasn't until we had gotten about three or four miles on our way—the Pole and I—that I began to understand what had happened. I'd never, as I said, visited Natalie at the ranch—only at her town home—but from what I'd gathered the trail led almost due south and didn't climb at all. The route we were taking was most circuitous. It rose and dipped and made hairpin turns and sheered away, then climbed again; and each mile was like two. It came over me finally, that I had ridden off with poor little Miss Smithson's jehu! I shook the Pole by the arm in a frantic endeavor to get something definite out of him. I shrieked at him to turn back—that I'd made a mistake. All to no avail. He merely grinned and nodded vaguely and kept murmuring "Yaw, yaw."

Shades of Mother and Aunt Minerva! And the poor little teacher we'd left sitting on the coil of rope! Oh well—I reflected philosophically—the folks from the ranch would bring her on shortly. As for my own plight, I could rough it for a night if necessary, if the

Bar Cross people hadn't come in after all. Blue Canyon must have a few houses! And then I remembered that Miss Smithson had said it was just a scattered settlement and mostly foreigners!

If only my old-time glee in the adventurous would come to my aid now! Why at a pinch I could act as substitute teacher! But I wasn't exactly thrilled at such a prospect, perhaps because I was travel-weary, chilly and almost famished. And I felt exceedingly qualmy when the intervening hills had blotted out the last rosy glow of sunset. Dusk was upon us. Faintly and from far away echoed and re-echoed a train-whistle. I shivered. My driver was as silent as a wooden Indian. An assortment of pails, boxes and milk-cans rattled and jangled behind us. At every least pebble on the trail the wagon, none too springy, jolted my aching bones till I longed to scream out.

Several hours must have passed and we seemed to have traveled fifteen or twenty miles. In reality, as I learned later, it was only ten. I was just beginning to feel seriously disturbed about the whole absurd business and I'm afraid the tears were not far off either, when the Pole suddenly pulled up short and pointed with his whip to some spot in the upper ether.

"Blue Canyon," he said, nodding and grinning at me.

WE had stopped at the base of a mighty slope, pine-clothed and rising almost sheer. On our other side the hillside dipped down to where a tiny freshet, scarcely free of its ice-bondage yet, marked a zig-zag course between huge boulders.

"Blue Canyon," reiterated my companion two or three times, seeing I was somewhat dazed.

He seized my bag which lay at our feet.

"No can do," he observed, apologetically, nodding up at the mountain-top again. "No can do. You gotta walk!"

I gazed upward and the immediate result was a "crick" in the neck. How did the man expect me to achieve the crest of that formidable hill? Was I to swarm up hand-over-hand?

"You gotta walk now," repeated my jehu, patiently. "Walk!" I cried with an hysterical laugh.

Slowly and fearfully and very stiffly, for my limbs were cramped, I descended.

I was chilly and hungry and dispirited. I was learning that early June in the mountains, especially after sunset, calls for warmer clothes than those I was wearing. I felt very small and lonely and yet, frightened—lost out here among the "everlasting hills," and I had to admit that three years lived in the West scarcely constitutes one a *bona fide* Westerner. Why, I was as big a coward as Miss Smithson acted all! Would she have fainted at this stage or would sheer necessity have filled her with spunk and forced her on

and up—especially up? And, having come thus far was I going to back down now?

Just then looking upward again what did I catch but a glimmer of light near the crest of the hill! At first I thought it a very yellow star, a friendly star that had stepped down to hobnob with us for a space. But shortly I discovered that its form was rectangular—and whoever heard of a square star! A window? And a window meant a habitation of some sort! Joy! Oh, Joy!

I pointed at this phenomenon. We had passed the last cabin about eight miles back.

"Yaw," said my driver nodding at the light and then at me. "Yaw. You gotta walk."

He set my bag down and backed away in unaccountable haste. I followed and paid him a dollar. The sound of his receding wagon echoed and re-echoed among the close-pressed hills about me. Then I began that climb. It was a still evening but not dark. A misty dusk filled the lower strata but above I saw a few cold stars. I puffed and panted and paused to rest and started again (changing my grip from one hand to the other) and climbed on and up so eagerly that I had no breath to spare, though I wanted to shout at whoever was up there to come and meet me. The steep and rocky trail which my driver had indicated was fairly straight and though I stubbed my toes innumerable times I made progress and gradually arrived at the shoulder of rock beyond which the sturdy little cabin stood.

The light was an ordinary coal-oil lamp set in the window. I cheered with what breath I had left. But nobody came to the door. Here at this altitude I seemed to have entered another world, a neighborly section, for from my rock-ledge I beheld now many little twinkling points of light denoting the scattered cabins of the valley and hill dwellers. And presently, as I panted there, striving for sufficient energy for the last lap, a faint far-off roaring sound re-echoed strangely among the canyons and away off down there below me a long, glistening, golden snake cut through the velvet darkness and wound away again out of sight. After a moment came a whistle, muted by distance, and a dozen laughing echoes. The railroad couldn't be so very far away after all! Considerably cheered by this manifestation I reached the cabin and here my town-bred instinct prompted me to rap on the door. There was no response. I knocked half-a-dozen times and could distinctly hear a slow, shuffling sound which, however, did not seem to be approaching the door. Thinking the occupant deaf I made bold to enter.

"Hello, hello," said a voice whose owner wasn't visible.

"Hello," I responded weakly and, dropping my grip, I leaned against the door-jamb, peering about curiously.

"Shut the door!" squawked the voice, imperiously. I obeyed.

"Hello," I heard again. Then: "Skin a rabbit!"

Followed a raucous, inhuman cackle which chilled my blood. Had I stumbled on a madman? Horrors! I stood, rooted to the spot, my knees quaking and my heart beating so thickly it nearly smothered me. Blindly I reached behind me for the latch of the door.

"Hell's bells!" hissed the voice; and I thrilled in terror at the piratical laugh that ensued.

But the next instant my eyes, roaming wildly about, had discerned a cage hanging in a window recess.

"A parrot!" I cried and sank, giggling hysterically, into a chair.

Embers were glowing in the Homesteader's joy stove. As soon as I'd come in I'd noticed the grateful warmth. I began to investigate, tentatively at first for fear the person, who had lighted the lamp and made the fire, should come suddenly in. There was an iron cot with clean bedding in one corner and a home-made bookshelf partly filled with dog-eared, miscellaneous volumes in another. A pantry made of deal boxes graced the corner by the stove and there was a wash-bench of similar origin. The windows had clean curtains and there was even a phonograph and records! I was most agreeably surprised with the atmosphere of the room and for the second time envied Miss Smithson wholeheartedly. On the walls hung fishing-rods, a small gun, a pair of snowshoes crossed and a few tasteful pictures, unframed.

A note on the rude mantel caught my eye next. It was unsealed and addressed to The Teacher. I opened it, boldly.

"You will find sufficient grubstake for a week in the pantry, and the coal-oil is in the lantern. Bread is in the tin wash-boiler behind the table; a lantern ready to use, in beneath the bed. Keep the onion in a cool place and do not hang up outside on account of the bears. There is some wood cut for you and you will find the axe beside it. The school is just a hundred yards or so further east along the upper trail. Don't mind the parrot. It is only her little way and she means no harm. She had an unabridged vocabulary when I got her and is a versatile bird. Her first owner, a sailor at Victoria, must have been a painstaking teacher, for she can recite passages of Scripture or swear with equal ease and with undiminished ardor. Throw a cover over her when she becomes too loquacious."

"Am called away suddenly, but have lighted you a lamp and left a small fire burning. If you should hear a bell ringing at any time, night or day, on no account say anything about it till I see you."

"The Retiring Schulemarm."

WELL, I foraged about and within half an hour had made myself a meal of sorts. I found the wood and replenished the fire, noting that the retiring teacher had filled a pail of water from some nearby spring. It was the best drink of water I'd ever had, and I blest her for her forethought. I warmed a can of baked beans and ate bread-and-oleo with them, finishing off with some biscuits with jam between them, and then I re-read the other teacher's note and fell to wondering about her. Some husky young woman from the country no doubt, a veritable hewer of wood and



I felt very small and lonely and frightened.

drawer of water and—judging from the parrot—of spinsterish age. She had likely become fed up on the life and, good soul that she was, had tried to make my debut as pleasant as the circumstances permitted. Bears! And an axe for me to wield when the supply of wood ran out! (Had she provided me with a tub to stand in, I wondered!) Oh yes, and a strange bell which I must pretend I don't hear! Some of the children playing tricks with the school-bell, of course.

I didn't undress and go to bed. I hadn't courage enough. But I took off my boots and loosened my clothes and lay down.—And—the next thing I knew the glorious morning sunshine was pouring like a golden flood into the cabin and I was lying in a pool of it and the parrot was whistling for her breakfast.

This, then, was Saturday. I spent the morning unpacking my suitcase, reconnoitring and playing the phonograph. It was lonely and I wished some of the neighbors would drop in. In the afternoon I walked warily up the trail and located "my" school—a tiny building without a belfry. Still I saw no human being. The noises of the woods were full about me, chipmunks chattering, the gurgle of a mountain torrent somewhere near but invisible, a loon calling to its mate and the faint yapping of a coyote.

There was, too, an occasional droning, metallic sound, weird, indefinite; and this made a sort of overtone to the rest. It sounded something like a great bluebottle that has been shut in a tin pail, and it rose and fell on the brisk breeze with what became oppressive insistency. It rather got on my nerves, finally. But in the quiet of evening it stopped. I was unable to account for it. The parrot seemed uneasy too and sat hunched up on her perch, crooning and squawking plaintively.

In the night sometime it recommenced. It must have wakened me for, though it wasn't loud, it had an oddly penetrating quality and in this mountain-top silence it was almost uncanny in its insistency. It droned and clanked and wavered away to silence and then began once more. Now I thought it an Indian drum, then something in the Nature of a steam-riveter, only that I knew the last to be impossible up here in the wilderness. It kept rousing me at intervals till nearly dawn; so at last I got up and dressed.

"Hell's bells!" screamed Polly when I threw off her cage cover.

And I giggled. The tension was relieved. Perhaps it was the mysterious bell of the teacher's note.

Dawn was breaking in rosy streaks over the eastern ridge. I had breakfast and tidied up the place. It was too early to look for visitors but it was Sunday, and I had dropped a fork, and optimism was born anew. Surely, oh surely, I wouldn't have to spend another whole day alone!

As the sun rose, a dazzling ball of fire, over the highest peak of the range, I stood at my humble door, drinking in the beauty about me. A tiny path bordered by dew-drenched ferns led away to a little spring just beyond some dwarf cedars. All around the pines rose or dropped, tier on tier. Feathery wolf-willow scented the chill pure air of morning. The balsamic sweetness was like a rich wine. From the canyon rose wisps of blue mist like ephemeral smoke from altars. To the west one lone white star burned faintly.

I don't suppose I'll ever look upon a more beautiful scene. It made me jubilant and solemn by turns and a full quarter hour must have gone by while I stood entranced, and the sun's red shafts pricked out the shimmering dew beads on the ferns.

Then—oh, unfailing augury of the fallen fork!—I caught the faint click-click of approaching hoofbeats. I was to see a human at last. Someone from the Bar Cross!



I don't know how it happened but we were clinging together like long-lost orphans.

Rounding a bend in the trail, riding down upon me from the direction opposite to that of the school, came a lone horseman. As he drew nearer I saw that he held a bundle of some sort, not on the saddle-horn but in one arm. He was a young man, probably twenty-five, and he wore his rough ranchman's attire with almost a superb grace.

Silently he pulled up his horse. As I went toward him he jerked off his hat and the morning sun glinted a moment on thick reddish-brown hair.

"Are you Miss Smithson?" he asked, directly.

"I'm taking her place. I'm Miss Moore," I said, boldly.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I want to ask—to ask you—do you know anything about—about—"

As he stammered thus his eyes travelled from me to the bundle he carried.

"It's rather an unusual request," he commenced again, and grew a trifle ruddy above his tan.

"It isn't anything about continuation-class work is it?" I asked in some alarm. "You see I only matriculated."

I'd been rather dreading that.

"I meant something quite different," he said, looking down strangely at what he held, and smiling.

THEN he leaned over the saddle and offered me the bundle. It was a tiny baby and it was wrapped only in cotton wadding and then in a man's coat!

"Oh, isn't he small!" I cried, taking the mite. "Is—is he ill or anything?"

"On the contrary he's one of the healthiest little

beggars I ever saw—for his age."

"Where did you—"

"He was born at midnight twenty miles up the canyon. His mother died. There was nobody else so I brought him away."

The rider as he spoke was looking at me with a pair of intent dark eyes. It was clear he was worried about the infant.

"Do you know anything about babies?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Not very much I'm afraid. But I'll do what I can. Will you come inside and tell me what to do?"

I spoke with more assurance than I really felt. As it seemed to be a case of 'any port in a storm' the rider jumped down at once and, throwing the bridle over a ram-pike followed me indoors.

"He's Russian so I'm taking him down to the valley where a family I know will take charge of him," said the young man. "In the hut where he was born there weren't even the simplest necessities. I got the call hurriedly and fortunately had a few things in my bag—yes, that sweet oil is just what I need. Any fine powder? Thanks. Draw that blind a bit for his eyes mustn't get the full sun."

"You seem to know just what to do," I remarked. "Are you by any chance a doctor?"

"Oh, pardon, Doc. Rupe North at your service!" he said. "I am a chump all right. I'm rather dull in the upper storey owing to the loss of two nights' sleep. I'll take a fresh towel, please."

We both worked rapidly. The baby cried lustily at intervals—a splendid omen, Doctor North said. The latter, by the way, wasn't a bit good-looking (I dislike handsome men!)

I caught him in a full-blown yawn, presently.

"You'd better go home and go to bed," I suggested, bluntly.

"A good idea," he agreed. "Only—"

"Yes?" I prompted as he broke off, flushing.

"Well, I haven't got any home to go to in order to pound my ear."

"No home!"

"None but a tent halfway between here and the base of Old Baldy. You see, until the other day I occupied this snug abode. Haven't you stumbled on some of

my things:

"You lived here? How do you mean? The teacher—"

"Yea, verily. I was the schulemarm! You got my note?"

So that accounted for the shaving-mug I'd found in the pantry! And for the numerous phials and pill-boxes!

WELL of course I thanked him for the kindly welcome—beginning with the lamp and ending with the newly-starched curtains—which had warmed my heart that night (was it only Friday!) but he pooh-poohed my gratitude. He said he'd had to learn to turn his hand to anything. Lung trouble a year ago had brought him up here. He was cured but would remain throughout the summer to make assurance doubly sure. He was glad to have been of some help to the Blue Canyon families in their occasional sicknesses but the isolation was wearing in the extreme. There wasn't an English-speaking soul within twenty or thirty miles.

"And that dashed bell!" he exclaimed. "It's driven six or seven teachers away and scared off as many prospective ones. By the way, have you heard it?"

His deft hands had finished their task. We were sitting opposite each other, both of us palpably glad of company. His eyes—glowing, penetrating eyes with just a hint of melancholy in them—watched me anxiously. I felt that I was being gauged, that my courage was undergoing a sharp testing, and instinctively I braced myself.

Continued on page 71

FIFTY YEARS IN THE WEST

ONE afternoon in the year 1861 a young man of about eighteen years—the age when ambition so frequently stirs in the male heart a desire to strike out and conquer the world—was riding briskly along a railroad track. In the near distance was a settlement which in after years was to become known as the town of Hespeler. At this time, however,—it was a mere clearing in the dense forest. Despite the fact that he had come all the way on shank's mare from Guelph, a distance of twelve miles, and despite the further fact that he had previously walked all the way from his father's farm in Brant County to Guelph in search of employment and had failed to find it, he was still cheerful. So cheerful, in fact, that when he saw a sixpenny bit sticking in the sand between two railway ties, he accepted it as an omen of good fortune. He dug it out with his knife and held it up exultantly. A sixpenny bit was a small fortune to a boy of eighteen in the early sixties. For one thing it meant one more meal; and a meal is an important item when one has gone out into the world on his own.

"Anyway," said the young seeker after fortune, whose name was James Ashdown, "I believe I ought to stop at this place and try my luck here. This means something."

He stopped in Hespeler and the omen of the sixpenny bit, if omen it were, proved to have had some policy. He found not only employment, but a chance to learn a trade, and it might perhaps be said that this incident proved the first stepping-stone to a successful career. One of the first men he applied to was a tinsmith named John Zryd who needed an apprentice and, after the latter had looked the lad over carefully, he decided that he would do. So a three-year contract was duly drawn up and signed. James Ashdown was to work for that period of time with the tinsmith and was to learn the trade. In the meantime he was to be entitled to the following:

Board, lodging and laundry free.
Twenty-five dollars the first year.
Thirty dollars the second year.
Forty-five dollars the last year.

Of course, that was a long, long time ago, and it was a fair bargain as such matters went. Certainly it looked good to young Ashdown who started to work immediately with the enthusiasm that is, after all, the main element that enters into the success of any beginner. The remuneration did not entirely satisfy him, however. Before long he had made the acquaintance of the village blacksmith and had entered into an agreement with that man of girth and brawn to leave the posting of his books to one of nimbler mind. Young Ashdown looked after the books of the local Joe Gargery at nights. The remuneration again was slight—\$6 a year for the first two years and \$8 for the third—but there was more than money to be gained. There was experience, for one thing. And James Ashdown was intensely ambitious and realized the value of any kind of business training.

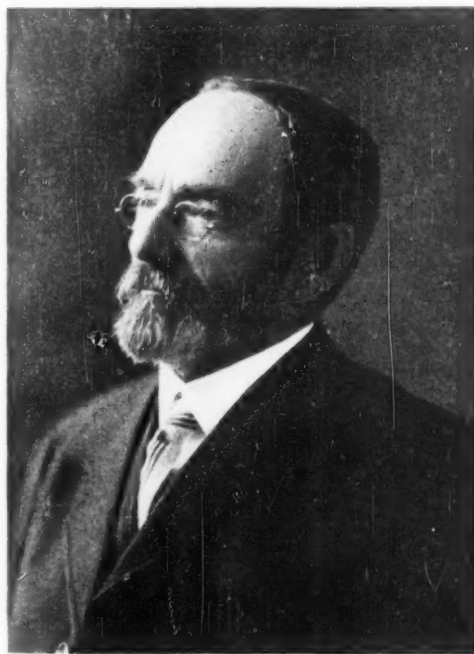
He Turns to the West

AS soon as the young tinsmith had learned his trade he decided to seek his fortune in the Western States, for the general idea had spread in Canada that a great boom would follow the close of the War of Secession. But this prosperity was not so pronounced as anticipated, and, after spending some time in Chicago and St. Louis, he finally found his way to the limits of civilization, at what was to be known as Fort Zarah on the plains of Kansas. A block house was being erected to protect settlers from the Indians and the young mechanic from Ontario secured work on this building for some ten months. There he saw the herds of buffalo which were still numerous in the West; he saw the Indian tribesmen when they came to barter at the trading post; above all he saw and liked the boundless prairie country.

In 1868 there was no city on the map named Winnipeg, nor was there a province known as Manitoba. There was a straggling Red River Settlement and two stone forts (one, Fort Garry, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers; the other, known as Lower Fort Garry, some twenty miles down the Red) on the river bank that were trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Ashdown knew nothing of the commercial possibilities of the settlement, and from what he had seen of the frontier life in Kansas, he knew that he would have to put up with many hard-

How James H. Ashdown Won Out on the Prairies

By PROFESSOR W. T. ALLISON



JAMES H. ASHDOWN
From a recent photograph.

ships; would, in fact, have a difficult time getting to the vicinity of Fort Garry; but the West had called him, and once more he set his face towards the land of the boundless prairie and the buffalo.

In those days the only entrance to Western Canada was by way of St. Paul and St. Cloud. There was a new line of railway northward from St. Paul to St. Cloud, but beyond that little settlement there was nothing but the prairie trail totally unknown to any but the hardy Red River voyageurs. Several years later a line of steamboats was to carry passengers and freight down the Red River, but in June, 1868, when Mr. Ashdown arrived at St. Cloud, he had to make a bargain with the driver of a Red River ox-cart for the carriage of his luggage and provisions. He, himself, had to walk beside the train of ox-carts, stopping when they stopped and starting when they started. At meal time he had to prepare his own food, boiling tea, frying bacon, etc., and was incessantly assailed by clouds of mosquitoes. At night he slept beneath the carts or elsewhere as circumstances allowed. At last, after what was considered a very favorable journey of nineteen days, on the 30th of June, 1868, he reached Fort Garry.

Arrived With the Grasshoppers

HIS arrival did not prove to have been auspiciously timed. The year before there had been a visitation of grasshoppers all through that part of the country but, owing to the fact that they had come in the autumn, the crops had been saved. They had left myriads of eggs behind them, however, which in due course hatched out, literally by the million. They had devoured every green thing in the settlement by the time the young tinsmith arrived. In fact, one of the first views he had of the future Western Metropolis was of a body of Hudson's Bay employees shovelling heaps of dead grasshoppers into carts and wheelbarrows. They were piled against the south walls of the fort in deep drifts. The carts were emptied into the Assiniboine River.

Altogether the impression he first gained was not a pleasing one. It was a scattered village, its log buildings sprawling over the prairie and its inhabitants numbering one hundred souls. He soon discovered that the advent of the plague of grasshoppers had rendered food supplies very scarce and

prices had gone away up out of sight. The H. C. of L. was operating with a vengeance. Flour was selling for thirty shillings per hundred pounds and oats for horse feed were two dollars a bushel.

There was no reserve of food in the district owing to the fact that the settlers had little or no incentive to raise large crops. The Hudson's Bay Company was the only purchaser of agricultural products, and it frequently restricted its purchases to ten bushels of wheat and half an ox from each settler annually. It was not the policy of the company to encourage agriculture. Its chief interest was in furs and the wilder and more unsettled the country the better for the fur trader. Living under such conditions, therefore, the settlers depended upon freighting, hunting, fishing and the cultivation of the small amount of grain and garden stuff necessary for their own use. When the grasshopper plague came, all they could do was to appeal to the outside world for assistance to save them from famine.

Cause of the Riel Rebellion

IT is one of the ironies of history that the effort of the Dominion Government to help the settlers of the Red River country in their necessity was at least the excuse, if not the cause, of the Riel Rebellion of 1869 and 1870. The Ottawa authorities considered that it would be better to provide the starving settlers with work at good wages than to feed them gratuitously. Accordingly work was provided on the Dawson road under the direction of John Snow, and a survey of the district was instituted by Colonel J. Stoughton-Dennis. Soon Snow was employing many men in opening a road to the Red River settlement from the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, and Dennis, accompanied by a large party, was busy surveying the whole district on a rectangular plan. Now in the early days French, half-breed and British settlers had squatted along the river banks. Their little farms had a narrow frontage but extended back from the river for two miles. According to an old custom they also enjoyed hay rights on the wild land for two miles behind their own property. When the Dominion surveyor, therefore, came along and cut across their narrow, ribbon-like farms with his rectangular scheme there was much uneasiness, not to say hostility. The English-speaking settlers were the first to take offence, and their suspicion of the Government was passed on to the French and half-breeds. When the latter commenced taking violent measures, the Scotch and English settlers withdrew from the agitation. But the fat was by this time in the fire, and the Red River Rebellion was the result.

In spite of the grasshoppers' visitation with its train of misery and rebellion, in spite of the fact that in the fall of the year pemmican was selling at sixty cents a pound and flour at eighty cents, young Ashdown decided to stick it out. His people in the East wrote urging him to return home, but he was not the kind that turns back having once set his hand to the plough. He had already gained self-reliance and resolution in the school of hardship, and he was going to give the new country a chance to right itself. For the first summer and the following winter and summer he undertook any honest work that presented itself. For instance some of his jobs were the painting of Deer Lodge, Knox Church and Holy Trinity.

His Chance Arrives

THE local tinsmith was a German named George Moser. Characteristically enough Moser interested himself in every movement of discontent in the country and helped in no small degree to foment trouble among the settlers. He was outspokenly anti-British and quite a bit of a firebrand; so much so in fact that sentiment became aroused against him. Realizing this, he concluded that it might be the best policy for him to get out of the country before the storm broke. It became hinted around that Moser was willing to sell out and James Ashdown saw his opportunity.

The shop of Moser was at the rear of a store at the corner of Main and Portage where the C.P.R. ticket office now stands. He had a fairly good stock, as things were in those days, and Ashdown knew that he could not swing the deal with his own slim resources. But he had made a friend in Colonel Dennis and to the Colonel he carried his proposition.

"I want to buy out Moser," he said.

"Can you find the funds?" asked the Colonel.

"That," said the young tinsmith, "is what I want to see you about. I want a loan." He explained exactly what he had and what he needed. It was going to take over one thousand dollars to buy out the business—a large sum at the time—but only a part of that would require to be in cash. He believed he could persuade Moser to accept the balance in notes.

The upshot of it was that Colonel Dennis advanced the loan and Moser accepted notes for the balance. Accordingly the business changed hands and so was laid the foundation for what has become one of the largest hardware concerns in the country. Just here it may be said that some months later, Moser rued his bargain and told some of his acquaintances that he hoped Ashdown would not be able to meet his notes when they came due. Once more the young Canadian who had bought out the German was cheered by the loyalty of a friend, a Mr. McBride, who went to him and told him he had heard that Moser wanted to get hold of the business again, but he would stand by Ashdown and would be glad to give him financial assistance if he needed any when the notes matured. While this kind offer was appreciated, there were sufficient funds on hand for the lifting of the notes at maturity without any assistance.

Trouble With the Half Breeds Begins

THE young merchant soon removed from the undesirable premises which had satisfied Moser. He rented a shop on Lombard street but had hardly become established there before the rebellion fomented by Louis Riel came to a head. Had Hon. Joseph Howe, who visited Fort Garry in the early days of October, 1869, taken the advice of Mr. Ashdown, it is probable that the threatened rebellion would have been averted. Mr. Ashdown earnestly advised the famous Nova Scotian to call a public meeting and, by making a clear statement of the Government's intentions, disarm suspicion and meet all the objections of malcontents in open discussion. But for some reason or other, which Mr. Ashdown says he could never fathom, Howe refused to adopt this sensible plan. After a very short stay he started on his return trip. Somewhere south of the American boundary he met the Hon. William MacDougall, who was on his way to Fort Garry as Lieutenant-Governor elect to take over "The Hudson Bay Territory," including Assiniboia, which was governed by an elective council, presided over by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory, and to replace it with a popularly constituted provincial regime. Instead of stopping to hold a conference with MacDougall, Howe passed him with the curt greeting:

"It's a cold day!"

MacDougall and his party of officials deemed it imprudent to press on to Fort Garry, for they had already received word that the French would oppose them by force. The new Governor remained at Pembina, and appointed Colonel Dennis as his military representative to organize the loyalists against the rebels. It is significant that the overt act in the Riel Rebellion occurred on October 21, 1869, a few days after Mr. Howe's mysterious visit had terminated. A detachment of Riel's men erected a large cross at a narrow pass near Stinking River, barricaded the highway, and proceeded to hold up all travellers and all trains of freighting carts, allowing none to pass on their way to the settlement without permits from Riel's officers. Among other things that the rebels confiscated were arms and ammunition being sent into the country for the use of the new Lieutenant-Governor and his party. On November 3, Riel took a still bolder step by seizing Upper Fort Garry. This he accomplished without any resistance, marching through the gate of the fort at the head of 125 armed half-breeds, who forthwith took possession.

Guarding Provisions

THESE events created great indignation among the English-speaking people in the little village near the Upper Fort. The men of the place, Mr. Ashdown among them, talked matters over, and Dr. Schultz and others advocated resistance. He urged the others to help him protect the Government pork and provisions stored in his warehouse. As the English settlers were without arms or in fact provisions, Mr. Ashdown said it would be folly to resist Riel in this way. "Let the Government guard its own provisions!" was his advice, and he went back to his store. Schultz's counsels prevailed, however, and he and his followers, some fifty volunteers, mounted guard over the Government stores. Mr. Ashdown relates that he went to bed that night, but not to sleep. Although the Schultz move was contrary to his better judgment, he did not feel that he could stand aloof, so, after an anxious night, he walked over to Schultz's store and lined up with the little band of unarmed citizen guards.

Three days after the English patriots went on guard, they were marched as prisoners through the gate of Fort Garry. As Schultz's store was under the guns of the Fort and as the English volunteers were quickly cut off by the half-breeds from all supplies of food and water, they were obliged to negotiate terms of surrender. When they marched out of the store they supposed by the message received from Riel through a negotiator that they would be given their liberty and allowed to go where they pleased, but they soon found that Riel's promise was worthless and that they were in his power.

In the Hands of Riel

THE prisoners were locked up in the upper flat of a two-storey building, ordinarily occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company's staff of accountants and clerks. The five or six rooms in this upper storey were crowded. The ventilation was so bad the prisoners were compelled to break several of the windows to save themselves from being suffocated. They were imprisoned on December 7 and were doomed to stay in duration vile for sixty-nine days. Mr. Ashdown was confined with twenty-one others in a room twelve feet broad by sixteen feet long. And the French half-breeds were no tender jailers. The bill of fare consisted of pemmican and tea. Had it not been for the kindness of women in the village and the good offices of Mr. Joseph Crowson, Mr. Ashdown's father-in-law, who on account of lameness was suffered to go at large by Riel, and who carried provisions to the fort, the prisoners would almost have starved. As it was many of the good things intended for them were snatched out of Crowson's baskets by the half-breed bandits.

Mr. Ashdown has very vivid memories of that weary imprisonment and many are the interesting stories that he has to tell concerning the attempts of his companions to escape and the general conduct of the guards. He formed a very unfavorable impression of Louis Riel. He says that Riel fancied himself a little Napoleon, but he was more like a strutting peacock. Nor was he really brave. When he heard that a party of English settlers were coming down from the Portage plains to attack him and his force and liberate the prisoners, he came and stood outside the door of the room where Mr. Ashdown was confined and in a shaky voice said:

"Bad men are coming. You must be quiet. You must not make any disturbance."

Riel, however, had a wonderful influence over the French half-breeds and if he had not made the mistake of putting Thomas Scott to death it is probable that he would have been pardoned by the Government for his share in the rebellion and would have been an important figure in the Western country.

Speaking of Riel's reason for singling out Scott for the supreme penalty, Mr. Ashdown has expressed the opinion that it was not because the genial young Irishman had been obstreperous or objectionable during his imprisonment, but because he was a fine figure of a man. The Indian always picks out a big man as the natural leader of any group, hence the half-breed Riel obeyed the redskin instinct in selecting Scott as his victim. Scott was well liked by Mr. Ashdown and the other prisoners.

His Business Shows Growth

IT is not surprising, with all this trouble going on, that the first year that Mr. Ashdown ran his business was not very prosperous. The coming of soldiers to the settlement at the close of the rebellion gave quite a fillip to trade, however. In spite of the Riel regime, he had been able to import in the preceding June an order of goods from wholesale houses in St. Paul. The goods had come through by ex train. Encouraged by the increasing volume of business, it was in this same eventful month that Mr. Ashdown decided it would not be long until he would need much larger premises. So on November 4, 1870, he purchased the lot on which the Main street retail establishment of the J. H. Ashdown Hardware Company now stands, for the sum of forty pounds sterling.

The following year was an important one in the history of this enterprising merchant, for his business had already yielded him such good returns that he was able to pay for the erection of a wooden building, twenty by sixty, two storeys high, on the lot which he had bought the previous year. Mr. Ashdown did some of the work on this building himself and a most interesting memory that he has in connection with his first permanent place of business is that the lumber was brought down the Red River on the steamboat "Selkirk" by no less a person than J. J. Hill, who was afterwards to achieve fame as the railroad king of the North-Western States. This was the first trip of the steamboat down the Red River. Perhaps this helps to account for the high price of the lumber. At any

rate Mr. Ashdown had to pay seventy dollars per thousand for the siding used in the building and one hundred dollars per thousand for the flooring.

The Growth of Winnipeg

TIME passed; and the business of James H. Ashdown grew; and a city was forming around what had been the scattered settlement of Fort Garry. It became a brisk business centre. In due course it became necessary to find a new name for the new metropolis and quite a fight developed. A party of the most influential citizens wanted the name "Winnipeg." Others wanted "Selkirk," "Garry" or "Assiniboine." A fight arose also on the question of incorporation as a city. There was distinct opposition on this score. When the Legislature assembled, the "Winnipeg" party collected its forces, once more resolved to push the question to the limit. It is significant of the confidence that his fellow-citizens had already come to repose in Mr. Ashdown that they selected him as chairman of the committee to fight out the question with the law-makers. They knew that they could depend upon him as a moderate but determined and resourceful spokesman. Mr. Ashdown relates that one of the strongest forces in opposition to the bill was the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company. When the chairman of the citizens' committee got down to actual work at the Legislature, the Hudson's Bay Manager argued the question stubbornly. First he wanted the committee to consent to have the municipality incorporated as a village. When he saw that they were obdurate, he said he would consent to have Winnipeg named in the bill as a town. But Mr. Ashdown would not give way an inch. He had big ideas about Winnipeg. "It is going to be a city, a metropolis, and we might as well start out right in the first place, and have it incorporated as a city!" No opposition could break down the resolution of Mr. Ashdown and his committee, and as their powers of persuasion were effective, and strong public feeling supported them, the bill was passed and the royal assent given. On November 3, 1873, the busy little village on the banks of the Red River, with a population of only 1,664, became at a bound the city of Winnipeg.

Ashdown Fights the Boss

WINNIPEG immediately clinched its claim to being a city by evolving a system of boss rule. One of the leaders of the crowd which had opposed the incorporation decided to organize a slate that would carry the first municipal election and so leave control in reactionary hands. His supporters made the boast openly that they would control the half-breed vote and so sweep the nominees of the citizens' party out of sight.

Mr. Ashdown was one of those representing the people's interests, and he put up an active campaign. On election day, however, the big chief of the reactionary ring went from poll to poll with sleighs full of half-breeds. Mr. Ashdown relates that the sleighs were so crowded that the men did not have room to sit down. And these unsavory electors voted at every poll without regard to residence or anything else. The political boss who was directing their unscrupulous activities met Mr. Ashdown at the poll where the Union Bank building now stands at the corner of William Avenue and Main street.

"I'm sorry I can't support you!" he said with a broad smile.

"All right," replied the indomitable hardware merchant, "I'll get there in spite of you!"

And he did. But he was the only representative of the citizens' party that was elected. He continued to sit on the Council for several years and had much to do with the framing of early by-laws and the organization of the public utilities of the city.

The Growth of a Business

THIS is the story of the very remarkable personal career of James H. Ashdown, and so nothing can be said in detail as to the growth of his business. During all the years that he was devoting himself so zealously to the welfare of the community, he was never for one moment losing sight of the business he had established. The years 1875 to 1885 were years of remarkable development. A handsome brick building replaced the original frame headquarters and at various times additions had to be made and the volume of business was always growing. In 1889 came the most radical advance in the establishment of a branch at Calgary. Other branches were established as the West grew and the prairies became dotted with live, growing towns.

Space does not permit of any detailed account of Mr. Ashdown's public career, for his record is a long one

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LENIX BALLISTER had spent a fevered, restless night. Sleep had, to express it in that fagged-out negro's own words, owl-eyed him sore plenty; sweet rest, instead of wrapping him in peaceful slumber, had perched on a branch of his conscience and grimaced at his sick soul. It's a bad thing to be unable to sleep, and it was the first time in Lenix's life that such a thing had happened. Why, it seemed only yesterday when he was on such good terms with sleep that he simply had to fight her away from him. She had a way of swooping down at unexpected moments when she had, in fact, been almost his undoing on two occasions, at least once when he had fallen off the end of the pier into the channel, and lost, thereby, a good fishing rod and a hard hat belonging to Homer Hudson, and once when shooting a crap-game with Ben Smith and others of his kind, when alert wakefulness was the price of safety—to his week's wages.

AND now as Lenix wiped his face and hands on the roller-towel and surveyed his wretched face in the cracked glass above the kitchen sink, he actually shuddered. "Lordy," he murmured, "I sure look as dough I'd been playin' brake on a runaway motor cycle, I does. Look at dem eyes, all bludshot an' heavy as mecury in a Manitoba winter. An' my han's done shake sumfin hopeless, too. Oh my, fer why I strew myself wif all dis trouble?"

Trouble indeed was Len's portion, and all because he had trusted his fellow-man too greatly. Now he knew that to be promised \$1,000 reward for helping to arrest two noted burglars and crooks was *one thing*, to get it—*another*. That reward was long, long overdue, as was also the first payment on the five-acre garden plot which he had purchased on the strength of the promise; also sundry five and ten dollar loans advanced him by trusting colored brethren on the strength of his coming good fortune. The loaners were becoming insistent that their money be returned. Some of them even went so far as to hint darkly at being fleeced. Len expected, momentarily, to be arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. For more than a week now he had suffered the apprehensions of a driven, hunted thing. Abe White had refused him credit at the pool-room. Even Homer Hudson, whose human shortcomings were as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, crossed the street when he saw Len approaching. "An' I done haul dat no-count nigger outer more scrapes than he's got wrinkles in his fat neck, too," Len thought bitterly.

Well, when a man's down and out, he's dead and buried as far as his fellow beings are concerned. Nothing cares for a man in trouble, not even his dog. Even Orinoco, the hound pup, snooped away from Len now. Jane Ann had not spoken to him for days, except at night, to admonish him on pain of sudden and painful extermination to lie still and not keep a tired body awake all night by tossing about like a

Lenix Gets His Reward

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Illustrated by
E. J. DINSMORE



All the faces were smiling, hands were outstretched to him

crow in a gale. It was pretty hard, just when he needed help and sympathy most, to be denied it; it was so.

LEN prepared his breakfast, pausing now and again to note if Jane Ann's snores still proclaimed her asleep—and safe. But he couldn't eat. That's another awful thing which had happened to him. He had lost his appetite. "Right on de aidge ob misery, peerin' ober de brink," he soliloquized sorrowfully, as he pushed the plate of bacon and eggs from him. "I've slated ter snuff out, I guess. Come time when a man cayn't eat nor sleep, it means a shroud and coffin. I won'er what Jane Ann'll do den? I won'er what Homer an' Abe White an' others I've keep outer jail, 'll t'ink when dey gazes down on me cold an' silent?"

Tears of self-pity welled up and drowned further distressing thought. Len sighed and with a glance of reproach at Orinoco, cringing behind the stove, rose and tip-toed to the window. He gazed carefully out in search of uniformed officer or bailiff and sighed with relief. He glanced at the old clock on the wall. Five minutes to seven. He must get down to the mill. A man must work even although death stalks close behind waiting to grip him and carry him off. Gently he opened the door, softly he made his exit. Imagination had gripped him so forcibly that it was as though his struggling spirit was already loosed from its body and moving down the path between green-growing smelly things. Len even fanned the air with his hands, as an angel might fan it with its wings. It would have

been no surprise to him had he been able to float over the gate, straight over Chatville East, on past Drayder's coopage and beyond to everlasting banks of peace. But he didn't. Instead he came back to the substance with a jolt that made his tired eyes ache and half turned as though to "beat it" back to the house.

A slim man, undoubtedly an officer of some kind, judging from his uniform, had come up to the gate and was leaning on it, waiting for Len. He held a long envelope in his hand. Len shuddered and groaned inwardly. "It's a summons, er a writ! Now I'se sure in fer ter be be-devilled right. Cayn't get away. Gotter take my medicine!"

"Howdey," he accosted, as he came up.

"Your name Ballister?" spoke the man in uniform, ignoring the other's greeting.

"Yes sah, dat's me," Len bent and tied his shoe-lace, taking advantage of being on his knees to offer up a silent petition that things might not be as bad as they looked.

"Well here, sign this!" said the man.

"Why fer?" Len took the envelope thrust upon him, his soul grovelling and turning somersaults all the way from his parched throat to his heels.

"Bury and Weston, Barristers, etc.," he read the name on the corner of the envelope. "Lor' mighty," he sighed, "dis means my execution."

"Come on, sign here," the special messenger gave Len a pencil and pointed to the line on the little yellow slip.

Len hesitated. "Why, I see dis here is fer Lenix Ballister, my brudder," he said. "He aint here just now."

"Then you are not he?"

"No sah, he aint here jes' now."

The messenger frowned. "Well, he'll be here later, I suppose? You sign for him anyway, and when he comes give him this."

"Yes sah, I'll be glad to oblige yo' all. Der yo' is. I sign here an' gib my brudder Len dis letter. Yes, sir."

The other man pocketed his slip and moved swiftly off towards town. Len stood turning the long envelope over and over. Then he took a stubby pencil from his pocket and wrote the word: "Dead" across the envelope. He surveyed the word with frowning eyes. Then he stroked it out, and wrote: "Removed to Chicago, Mich."

"Now den, I'll just drop dis here dunner in a letter box, an' it'll sure go straight back to dem shyster lawyers," he mused, as he opened the gate, and stepped out on the road. "Why fer dey keep pesterin' me dis here way? Dat's 'bout twenty bills dey send me in a week, an' dey all say de same t'ing: 'Pay up er go ter jail.' Dat's what dey say. Now dem lawyers'll sing a new song, dey shore will. Dey'll all get dis letter back an' dey'll sure be 'sprised. 'Why fer lan' sakes,' Mister Bury'll say ter Mister Weston: 'Dat Len's done moved ter Chicago, Mich. Ain't no use tryin' ter collect no debts from dat nigger now. An' Mister Weston'll say back: 'None 'tall. Cross his name offin de books.'"

Len shuffled along the path towards the red letter box on the corner. "I do declare," he muttered, "I'se pert night fed up on policemen and detectives an' such. I'se got that scarey ob de sight of a uniform dat my heart turn a han'-spring eben when I meet a Salvation Army soldier. Whyfer, dye 'spose, dem devillin' officers wanter make my life miserable anyway?"

As he dropped the letter in the box the seven o'clock mill whistle blew. "An' dat means a call-down from Boss Holdaway," groaned Len, as he started down the hill at a dog trot.

HOLDAWAY was waiting for him just outside the mill door. The negro's black face was stern and forbidding.

"Well," he accosted the breathless Lenix, "I don't s'pose you know dat fifteen men an' four boys am waitin' on your movements. What's de matter? Your wife fall off'n ladder ag'in an' break her leg in free places, like she did las' time?"

The way Lenix had, on a previous occasion, fooled him and worked upon his sympathy by telling him that Jane Ann had met with an accident and that it was mighty necessary that he have money at once, still rankled. It had cost Boss real cash and had proven again that Lenix was the astuter mind of the pair. He would liked to have fired Len, but where could he find another stave-cutter near his equal?

This morning he made his voice even more insulting than usual and he eyed his cutter as though he was the smallest, most no-count thing in the world.

Len took the drubbing humbly. "Dat darn clock o' urn," he said as he removed his coat and put on his apron, "it won't behave itself 'tall, Boss; it sure won't. Ebery night I sot it on an hour, an' afor morin' it goes right back ter old time. It aint a daylight savin' supporter, nohow."

Holdaway twisted about and squared himself in front of Lenix. "Don't yo' get fresh with me, nigger, er I bounce yo' all right quick!" he growled.

"Yo'll do which?"

Len paused in the act of pulling the lever to start the cutter to ask the question, gently, his melancholy eyes on Boss.

The other workmen had gathered close and were listening. Holdaway brought his fist down in the palm of his hand. "Yo' all heard what I said. Now get ter work while yo' all got a chance." There was just a hint of uncertainty in Boss' bluster. He sensed that he had gone a trifle too far, but he had to bluff it out. The men were watching. Lenix backed away from the cutter and began to untie his apron.

"What yo' all goin' ter do?" asked Boss.

"I'se quittin', dat's all." Len threw the apron on a pile of bolts and reached for his coat. "I'se fru wif dis hayr outfit, fru fer good!"

Holdaway's face went yellow with rage and despair. "Yo'all's gettin' mighty thin-skinned, Len, when yo' can't take no joke," he said, with a poor attempt at a laugh.

"Well, s'posin' I ain't feelin' in no humor fer jokes—specially de kind ob lil' jokes yo' all frow my way, what den?"

"Yo' knows right well I was only foolin', Len."

"I knows right well dat when my fo'man says I'se liable ter get fired it's time fer me ter save myself dat humility by re-signin'; so I'se fru."

HOLDAWAY stood helpless and speechless by and saw Len's tall form making towards the office. "Dere he goes," he wailed.

"He'll tell de cashier he's quit and he'll draw five days' pay. I s'pose I'll hab ter trail 'long an' back his play. Tomorrow he'll turn up here again jes' as dough nuffin' happened, an' I'll hab ter eat crow like I allars do cause dere aint no cutter kin tech him. Here yo', Bill," he ordered, addressing a tall, grinning mulatto, "take de cutter fer ter day an' don't let it thump de ginger all outer yo'. Us'll be a thousan' staves short ob our daily output jes' fer dat Len's stubbornness."

Boss sighed, and slouched off in the trail of Len. He met him coming from the office, the cashier at his heels. Len was solemnly counting some bills in his hand. "It's all right, Boss, I suppose," said the cashier, as Holdaway's close-cropped head showed up around the corner. "Len says he's off the works for life. I paid him up till last night."

"It's all right," growled Boss. "I guess we kin get 'long wifout him."

All born diplomats know when they are master of a situation. Invariably Len knew when he was master of one, and he passed slowly on his way without so much as a quiver of an eyelash at Boss' scathing remark.

In his heart Boss knew better than that. They could get along—sure; but not so well without him as *with* him. But he knew, also, that he could, in a pinch, get along without Drayder Cooperage. In fact it was his ambition to get along, some day, without it, some day soon, please God, when that thousand dollars reward came—if come it ever did. Well, anyhow, he was a free nigger in more than one sense. If it wasn't for the fact that he had fifteen dollars and thirty cents burning his pocket, he would like to have set on the fence and watch the cutter pommel the starch out of that conceited young mulatto, Jim Hall, and gloat on Boss Holdaway's discomfiture at losing the champion stave-cutter of Kent County. But Len was obsessed by a desire compared with which petty vindictiveness was a petty thing. He had fifteen dollars and thirty cents to spend—and spend quick. Thank goodness the day was young, for there was much to do.

At the brow of the hill he paused to reconnoitre. He knew what he wished to do, but there were certain insur-



Len took the envelope thrust upon him. "Why for?" he asked.

mountable barriers to his desire. He wanted to get across over to Bridgetown without any loss of time and he wanted to go in a manner befitting one who possessed the power to flaunt Boss Holdaway and all the Drayder works to-day, and be begged to come back and keep the mill running to-morrow. A devilishly reckless and stubborn individual when crossed; that's what he was, and that's what he always would be just so long as he remained champion stave-cutter of Kent County.

"Treat me white an' I eat outin yore han'. Prod me an' I buck, dat's me." Len gazed across to his cottage and stroked his chin reflectively. A fresh volume of smoke pouring from the chimney proclaimed the fact that Jane Ann was up and astir. How in the name of goodness was he going to sneak out his Sunday clothes under the vigilant eyes of that most watchful and suspicious of women? More serious still how was he going to hitch the sorrel driving mare to the buckboard and drive off to beckoning fields without giving that woman a good and watertight reason for so doing?

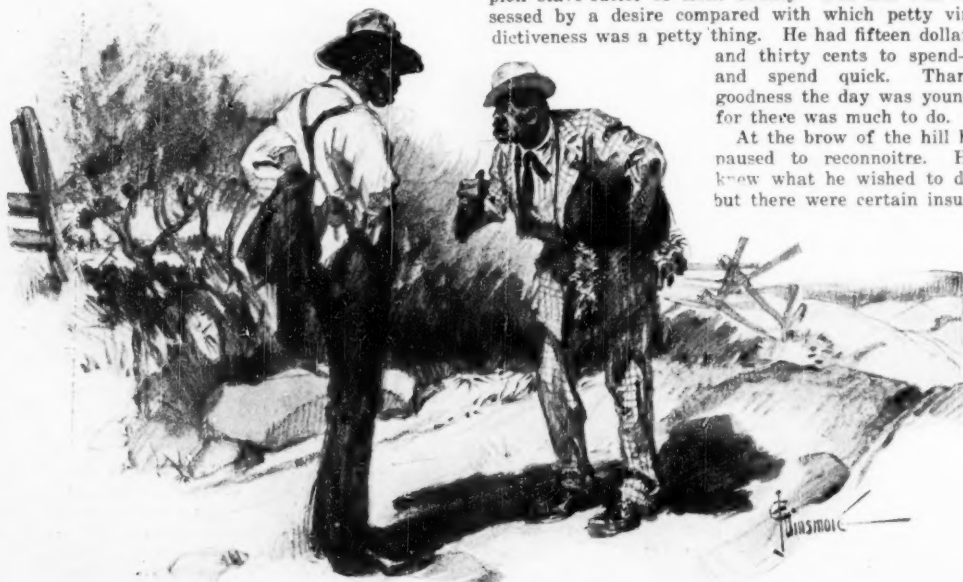
The idea occurred to him to tell Jane Ann that Boss Holdaway had been caught in the saw and killed, and that the mill had shut down for the day. But on reflection he remembered that he had used that excuse before. The fact was Len had quit his job so many times, each time creating a good and reasonable excuse for Jane Ann, that he had reached the end of his tether so far as excuses were concerned.

It looked as though he would have to begin his sojourn dressed just as he was—and afoot. Why couldn't he ever remember to quit his job the night before so as to have a little time in which to formulate his plans for the day after?

ALL his worry, fear of writs and summons, had evaporated—all his weariness through having spent a sleepless night was gone—swallowed up in the momentous affair of the present. A free nigger with money to spend—and the golden moments passing. He nodded his decision and turned abruptly to the path on the left, the white-tree hedged path leading to the river and the broad highway reaching towards Bridgetown. Above the morning songs of wild birds and sigh of the breeze in the tree tops twanged sharply the sibilant gnash of the saw of the Cooperage. Len paused in his shuffling step to listen, and his teeth flashed in a smile. "Dat ole saw," he said aloud, "she talk to me now jes like she do when I'se crammin' her an' makin' her do her limit. Her's sayin': 'Len-he's-gone-but-he'll-be-back-tomorrie, Len-he's-gone-but-he'll-be-back-tomorrie.'"

It did not occur to Len that there might come a day when he might quit his job once too often and that, when he turned up next day at the mill just as though

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"Is yo' prepared ter die a sudden an' violent deff'?"



Louis scratched his ear with a hind paw. . . "Now then, my friend, attention! This is all about a little girl—like me, Louis, only she was pretty." . . . The feline culprit stretched his paws and sat up rigidly.

ON a hillock that overlooked a mill-stream in Picardy, a girl of sixteen was lying, face downwards, reading a book. The noise of the water tumbling over the chute was a song to which her ears had grown accustomed, but more than once she looked up as the October wind rose and fell in a chromatic whine. A dark, thickening cloud crept sullenly towards the earth, throwing its shadow on her book.

She gazed up at it and sighed.

A black cat, his green eyes glowing suspiciously in the fading light, stalked from the mill-house and furtively watched a wanton leaf that was flirting hilariously with the autumn breeze, until, still coquetting, it was caught by the stream and carried to destruction.

The cat's teeth showed for a moment in a sinister grin. Cautiously measuring each step, he climbed to the top of the hillock, crouched suspiciously as a blade of grass moved in the wind, then scampered boldly up to the girl and settled ostentatiously upon the open pages of the book, for a siesta.

"Tiens!" The girl started, laughingly caught the offender by the ear, and pulled him to one side. "Louis, you have very bad manners," she said, speaking in French. "You come so, without asking permission, and you go to sleep on *The Fairy Prince*. Wake up, Louis! To you I am speaking."

The cat opened his eyes, bent them on her with a reproving look, and slowly closed them once more.

"Louis! Wake up—listen! I will read to you *The Fairy Prince*, and if you go to sleep I'll have you gr-r-r-ound into black flour. See there now!"

Louis scratched his ear with a hind paw, rubbed his nose with a fore one, sneezed, opened his eyes to their widest, and generally indicated that he was thoroughly awake—in fact, was not likely ever to sleep again in this world. His little mistress gathered her shawl more tightly about her shoulders, and, crossing one foot over the other, shifted her position to secure the acme of comfort.

"Now then, my friend, attention! This is all about a little girl—like me, Louis, only she was pretty. Tell me, Louis, am I pretty, eh? Stop yawning when I ask you a question. You sleep almost all day and all night, and when you do wake up—you yawn. Pouf! Such laziness! So—this is the story. This little girl she lived like me in a house away, ever so far away from everything, and she was very unhappy. You understand, Louis, she was so lonesome. And every night she would cry herself to sleep—as I do sometimes, because—because— Wake up, you wicked cat!"

The AIRY PRINCE

A Novelette Complete in This Issue

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Author of "The Blower of Bubbles"; Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

The feline culprit stretched his paws and sat up rigidly like a slumbering worshipper in church who has been detected in the act, but tries to indicate that he has merely been lost in contemplation of the preacher's theme. The girl frowned at Louis, and, laughing gaily, rubbed her cheek against his head.

HER laugh had hardly ended when, as her ear caught the note of melancholy in the wind, she looked up, and her face, which had hovered a moment before between a frown and a smile, was shadowed by a musing expression that left her eyes dreamy and her lips drooping in the slightest and most sensitive of curves. Her dark hair, rippling into curls, fell back from a forehead whose fullness and whiteness added to the spiritual innocence of her countenance. Without being faultless, her face had an elusive mobility of expression that altered with each mood as swiftly as the surface of a pool lying exposed to the caprices of an April morning.

"Is it not a pretty story, Louis?" Of a sudden the filmy dreaminess of her eyes had lifted, and their dark-brown depths sparkled with life. "I am so glad at the convent they made me learn to read. But it is dreadfully difficult, my friend—there are such big words, you see. Well, Louis, this little girl went one day for a walk to the top of the hill—but you shall hear exactly how it is."

She carefully found the place in the book, and, with a finger following each line in case she should miss any of it, proceeded to read in that ecstatic and unreal style of voice inevitable to young people when uttering other thoughts than their own.

" . . . Reaching the top of the hill, the most beautiful little girl in the world, whose eyes were brighter than stars, and whose lips were redder than the heart of a rose' (like me, Louis—yes?) 'sat down on a fallen tree and started to sing a song which she had learned from a solitary shepherd near her home.'—It does not say, Louis, but I think, perhaps, the music goes like this:

"Maman, dites moi ce qu'on sent quand on aime.
Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?
Je suis tout le jour dans une peine extrême,
Et la nuit, je ne sais comment.
Si quelqu'un près. . . ."

"And just then she saw a handsome cavalier approaching on foot.' (Is it not exciting, Louis?) 'He was tall and young, and was the bravest soldier in all France. He was so brave and handsome that every one called him 'The Fairy Prince.'—Listen, Louis, to the wind."

THE lowering clouds threw black shadows over the fields; the hurrying water of the mill-stream turned the color of ink as it made, shudderingly, for the fall of the chute. Through the ominous rise and fall of the October wind came the sound of an aeroplane in the clouds, to be lost a moment later in a boisterous rush of wind that swept the girl's tresses.

"Come, Louis, under my shawl—so! It is cold, is it not? As soon as we finish this part of the story, we shall go in by the stove and work until bed-time, then . . . Do you ever dream, Louis?"

The black cat opened one green eye and closed it with the solemnity of an all-understanding wink.

"I often dream, my cat,"—again the wistfulness lingered about her face—"and always it is of the world that is past the village. . . . Is it that I must stay here and never, never, see that world but when I dream? Voyons—what has all this to do with the Fairy Prince? I continue, Louis: 'As soon as the handsome cavalier saw the loveliest little girl in all the country, he came towards her. . . .'"

The droning sound grew louder. She looked up and watched the dark billows of clouds hovering over the fields, when, suddenly, through the heavy, underhanging mist, an aeroplane appeared, descended swiftly towards the earth, straightened out its course, and soared into the clouds again.

SHE could hear the whirring of the machine as it circled round and round, like an angry hornet outside its nest that has been entered by an invader. The sound of the engine grew increasingly loud; again the mists parted as foam from the prow of a ship, and again the aeroplane swooped towards the earth. She could almost make out the features of the helmeted occupant, when, with a deafening roar, the machine checked its downward flight, and rose once more until the clouds took it to their bosom and hid it from sight.

"Louis!" Her voice shook. "I am frightened, Louis, we will go in and pray to the Virgin, you and I. It may be an *Allemand*, and, so 'tis said, they eat little girls—and black cats too."

The whirr of the engines grew angry with intensity, then fainter as the machine rose to a greater height. Suddenly the droning ceased. The tumbling waters of the chute seemed instantly loud, as though jealous of the brawling monster that had dared to challenge its incessant song. The girl had just stooped to resume her book when, above the whining breeze, there was a sound like that of a saw-mill she had once heard in Etrun—but it came from the air—far over by the village road.

With a catch of her breath, she saw the aeroplane pierce the mists once more, and realized that it was pointing towards her as it descended. Rising to her feet, she pressed her hand against her mouth to keep from screaming, while ominously, noiselessly (but for an occasional hum such as wires give on a frosty night), the giant bird sped lower and nearer.

"Louis!" she cried. "Louis!"

Weak with terror, she grasped for the cat, to find that that ungallant protector had bolted ingloriously to the mill-house. Unable to move, she watched the monster as it touched the earth, bounded lightly, felt the ground a second time, and staggered unevenly over a rise in the ground. There was a final Wagnerian crescendo of the engines, and the aeroplane stopped, motionless, less than fifty yards from her.

THE aviator climbed from the pilot's seat and looked about with a puzzled air. He was dressed in a leather coat which reached to the top of his riding-boots, and his head was encased in a leather helmet. Raising his goggles, he looked toward the mill-house, and, for the first time, caught sight of the girl.

For a moment he hesitated, then made towards her, taking an extraordinarily length of pace for one of his medium build, and raising his knees, as a bather will do when wading through surf. He paused, irresolute, about five yards from her, saluted, unbuckled a strap, and removed his helmet with a carelessness that left his generous supply of light-brown hair standing straight up like the quills of a porcupine. His face was rather long, and, except for his eyes, which twinkled humorously, bore a look of exaggerated solemnity. Constant exposure to the sun had tanned his face a vigorous brown, but his moustache and eyebrows, which were of a size, appeared to have completely faded, and stood out, glow-worm like, against the background of tan.

For a full minute they gazed at each other, the girl with parted lips and heightened color, the new-comer's gravity slowly giving way to the good-humored persistence of the light-blue eyes, until with a smile he ran his fingers through his ruffled hair.

"Phew!" he said.

With something between a sob and an exclamation of delight, she clapped her hands together twice. "Ciel!" she cried, "but I am so happy!"

The mill-stream had ceased to shudder and had resumed its song. . . . With an air of furtive preoccupation, Louis emerged from concealment and proceeded towards them after the manner of an unpopular Mexican President walking down the main street of an unfriendly city. . . . The darkening shadows blended with the early approach of night. . . . And her heart was beating wildly, joyously.

Adventure had come to the lonely mill-house in Picardy—and, after all, one is not always sixteen.

II

"WILL you please tell me where I am?" The young man spoke in French with ease, but more than a trace of an English accent.

"This is my uncle's mill."

"Of course. And that road?"

"But the village road, monsieur—what else?"

"And, Mademoiselle Elusive, what village may it be?"

"'Tis where the church is, monsieur; and every Sunday I go there to mass."

The pilot produced a pipe and, extracting a pouch, proceeded to fill it with tobacco.

"I am lost," he said complacently. "My compass was shot away, and the clouds are hanging too low for me to follow any landmarks."

He looked about at the steadily thickening twilight. "How far is it to the village?" he asked.

"Five kilometres—and a little better."

"The Devil!" He made a screen from the wind with the flap of his coat, and lighting his pipe, puffed it with evident satisfaction. "I shall have to leave the old 'bus' here. As a matter of fact, she's so nearly 'napoo' that I rather expected to come riding home on one plane, like the old woman with the broom. But mademoiselle!"

"Monsieur?"

"I am very tired and distinctly hungry, and I know of a mill-house with a cosy fire in the kitchen, where a pretty little fairy that—"

"There is no fairy—only Louis."

"And who the deuce may he be?"

"The cat—*Le voici!*"

HE surveyed the feline with an air of tolerant gravity. "Do you think Louis may object if I remain for supper?"

"Ah, but no!" She laughed gaily, then a look of doubt changed the expression of her features in a moment. "But my uncle—he never has anyone in the house. For many years I have lived alone with him. Only when the curé comes, perhaps once a month, does any one visit the mill. My uncle is very surly, a perfect bear, and often he gets drunk as well."

The young man raised his absurdly light eyebrows. "A pleasant relative, mademoiselle. And, pray, what is his grievance against his fellow-men?"

"I know not, monsieur. All week he works alone, except when he takes the flour to sell, but on Sundays he always goes to church and leads the chanting. He was taught Latin by his father, who was a gravedigger in Paris and learned it from the tombstones. So on Sundays my uncle, from his seat in the chancel, performs the chants in such a terrible voice that almost always some children scream with terror, and once Madame La Comtesse fainted."

The aviator relit his pipe, which had gone out, but did not remove his eyes from hers.

"Once," went on the girl, plucking a blade of grass and making a knot with it about her finger, "two villagers, Simon Barit and Armand Cartier, were requested by the curé, who is very small and weak, to tell my uncle to sing no more. Ah monsieur, it was terrible!"

"Yes?"

"My uncle he is a very strong man; he threw Simon Barit into the stream, and the other he chased almost to the village."

"And so, like the mill-stream, he goes on for ever?"

"Ah yes, monsieur, like the war—for ever. Listen!"

A great voice, sonorous as that of the fabled giant calling for his evening meal of an Englishman, rent the air. The October wind seemed to quiver to its lowest note, and the water racing over the chute was quieter than it had been for hours.

"I must go, monsieur. It is his supper he wants."

"And may I not come too?"

"Ah—but no! I am frightened."

"Of me?"

She raised her wide brown eyes to his, and her eyelashes, which so jealously guarded those guileless depths, parted grudgingly, revealing to him their full beauty. . . . Another roar shattered the air, and she laid her hand upon his wrist. "You must not come," she said earnestly. "He would throw you into the stream."

His melancholy face gave way to a boyish grin. "If he did, mademoiselle, my ghost would haunt him for ever. All night it would sing outside his window—and, in truth, my singing is no less terrible than his."

There was another roar, followed by a reference to the untimely decease of ten thousand devils.

WITHOUT a word, she reached for her book, and, throwing her shawl over her left shoulder, hurried away. The aviator watched her girlish figure with its unconscious grace, then, turning about, he strolled to the machine, and, sitting on the side of the fuselage, surveyed its bullet-punctured carcass.

"Five kilometres and a little better," he soliloquized in English, "and a doubtful prospect of a meal. . . . Contrast that with what the gods offer here—a cosy fire, coffee, eggs and chips, I warrant, and the daintiest of little maids—to say nothing of a musical uncle with an amiable propensity for throwing visitors into the stream. By Jove, it is chilly. . . . Over in dear old England they'll be roasting nuts and telling ghost-stories to-night."

The fast-thickening shadows deepened into the blackness of an October night; the wind grew quieter, but there was a bite in the air that made him draw his fur collar about his ears.

"What excellent French the little lady uses," he went on. "I wonder who her parents were, and why the deuce she has to live with this ogre. And what eyes! Enough to make one invent new songs of Araby just to see them sparkle and soften. . . . One moment sad, another tender—and always lovely. Steady, the Air Force—you're becoming sentimental."

He looked at the battered machine and shook his head; a solitary raindrop lit on his face and slid down its surface like a tear.

A belated gust of wind smote his face and left it moist. He rose in a determined manner and adjusted his helmet.

"Adieu, my Camel!" He took a last survey of the machine. "The kitchen is calling to my appetite; a storm is brewing in the heavens; a pair of dark eyes is urging all the romance within me; so—mill-stream or no mill-stream—mon oncle, I come."

He squared his shoulders and, with the rather absurd long stride and the odd raising of the knee, made for the cottage door, from underneath which a faint glow of light was timidly emerging.

III

IN response to his knock there was a roar from within, and the door opened enough to show the young lady in the doorway.

"Good-evening," he said gravely. "I saw the light in here and decided to accept its kindly invitation."

She glanced over her shoulder; but the airman, gently putting her to one side, entered and looked



Seated at the table . . . the girl and the airman sat. . . . To her romance had come.

serenely about the room, which appeared to be kitchen, dining-room, and parlor in one. Beside the stove he noticed the stooped figure of a man, whose huge black beard straggled over a suit of overalls that had once been dark blue, but had become a dirty white from constant association with flour.

"Good-evening, monsieur." The airman handed his helmet to the girl and proceeded to unbutton his coat. The miller's blotched eyes rose sulkily to the visitor's face.

"What do you want here?" His voice was nasal and slovenly, and there was a hoarse growl in the words, as though his throat was parched and rusted.

"I am doing myself the honor of taking supper with you, monsieur." The airman's face was full of melancholy dignity as he divested himself of his coat.

The miller's mouth opened, and a rasping, deep snarl resonated disagreeably. "There is the village, five kilometres that way."

"Ah—but that is five kilometres too far."

"You cannot stay here"—the miller's voice rose angrily—"there is but food for two."

The Englishman tapped his pipe against his heel, and blew through it to ensure its being empty. "Then, monsieur," he said, "you must go hungry."

The Frenchman rose to his feet and brandished both arms above his head. "Go!" he bellowed, and swore an oath that comprised a reference to the sacred name of one dog and the sudden demise of the aforementioned ten thousand devils, who, it appeared, rested heavily on his conscience.

"Mademoiselle"—the young man turned politely to the girl—"I apologize for this gentleman. Shall I throw him into the stream, or would a cleansing spoil his particular style of mottled beauty?"

THE miller became eloquent. His language was threatening, blasphemous, and deafening. His whole ungainly body vibrated with a fury which, at certain moments, grew to such a pitch that he would raise his chin upwards until all that could be seen was a forest of beard, the while he emitted an unearthly roar that could have been clearly heard on the village road. The girl, who had been making preparations for supper, glanced timidly at him, but continued her work. The cat, slumbering by the stove, opened his eyes dreamily as if some sweet strain had come to his ears, then settled to slumber once more.

And the whole room resounded and quivered to the hurricane of sound.

With an air of complete imperturbability, the intruding guest slowly backed towards the table and became engrossed in the task of refilling his pipe, though beneath the glow-worm eyebrows his eyes (which were very clear and blue, as though his excursions into the last free element of nature had blown all the dust and grime away) held the orator in a steady look.

"Fill your pipe?" he said cryptically, choosing a moment when his host was filling up with a breath that promised to burst his ribs.

The response was startling.

Exhausting the air from his lungs with the noise of steam escaping from an overcharged boiler, the miller rushed blindly forward, crouching so low that his beard against his discolored clothes suggested an ugly bush against a background of slushy snow.

With the precision of a guardsman forming fours, the airman took one pace to the rear with his left foot and one to the right with his right foot. This manoeuvre, successfully completed, placed the table between himself and his assailant, and, tilting it dexterously, he swiftly thrust that article of furniture forward, where it came into violent contact with the irate miller's knees and shins. With an indescribable howl the worthy man fell back in a paroxysm of agony, grasping his knees with both hands, and rocking to and fro like a demented dervish.

The airman bowed gravely to the girl. "I learned that," he said, "from a gentleman by name Charlie Chaplin. If you can oblige me with a custard pie, I shall hurl it at your uncle and thus complete the Chaplinesque method of discounting violence."

THE young woman's brows puckered. The spectacle of her uncle's discomfiture had not disturbed her so much as this new kind of a person who could bow so courteously, whose eyes twinkled humorously, and whose words were full of gravity on the subject of custard pies. She came of a race that co-ordinated gestures and the play of features with speech; but this stranger of the air—*Sapristi!*

The moaning of the uncle grew less and his figure stopped its rocking; but his red, blotchy eyes looked furtively at the young man, biding their owner's time for a renewal of hostilities.



Then, picking her up in his arms, he carried her over to the machine and deposited her in the observer's seat.

With an air of deep dejection the airman gazed at the unlovely spectacle, then, very slowly, unfastened his holster and drew a revolver.

"Monsieur," he said, "I offer peace. The alternative is—that I fill you full of holes—which would interfere with your singing. I intend to have supper here, because I saw hens outside. If they have given no eggs, we shall eat the hens themselves as a punishment. We are allies, you and I; let us be friends as well. Monsieur"—he struck a Napoleonic attitude—"Vive l'Entente!"

The swarthy face of the miller, who had retained his posture on the floor throughout, wrinkled hideously into a grin, which developed into a roaring laugh that set a solitary vase jingling.

With a doubtful air of appreciation, the airman surveyed him, his head inclining dubiously to one side. "Come, monsieur," he said, after the miller's unpleasant mirth had subsided, "you sit there—at the far end of the table; mademoiselle—when you have given us the supper things—here; and I, at this end. Just to show how completely I trust you, my host, I will keep my revolver beside my plate; and should it be necessary for me to blow your brains out during the meal, it will be with the very keenest regret that I lose a friend for whom I have acquired such an instantaneous and profound affection."

Thus the young lady with the guileless eyes, the youth who had descended from the clouds, and the stentorian miller with the painful knees, sat down together for their evening repast.

And the mill-stream, chuckling as it sportively tumbled over the chute, made a pleasant serenade.

IV

THE airman glanced at his wrist-watch; it was half-past nine. The miller slept by the side of the stove, his chin crushing his beard against his chest. Louis also slept, having curled himself in a black, furry ball, apparently possessed of neither head nor tail. A clock, brazenly stating the time to be five-thirty, ticked lazily as though, finding itself four hours behind the correct hour, there was no chance of its ever catching up, and it only kept going because it was the sporting thing to do. Just over the clock a picture of Marshal Joffre gazed paternally on the quiet scene.

Seated at the table, which was covered by a geranium-shaded cloth, the girl and the airman sat silent, while a shaded lamp lent a crimson glow through

which her deep eyes gleamed, like the first stars of a summer evening.

To her romance had come.

She was no longer the miller's niece, but the girl who had seen the Fairy Prince. All the sighs, all the questionings, all the longings of her girlhood had culminated in this amazing adventure of a fair-haired knight who, descending from the clouds, had proceeded to terrorize her uncle, who was feared for miles around. It was wonderful. And he was so droll, this young man; and his voice had a little soothing drop in it, at times, that left a fluttering echo in her heart.

She had left the convent when ten years of age, on the death of her mother. Her father—but then gossip was never kind. He was an officer who had deserted his pretty little wife for another woman—or so rumor had it; and her mother had died, a flower stricken by a frost. The daughter had been taken by a relative, the owner of a lonely mill, and for six years had lived in solitude, her horizon of life limited to the adjacent village, her knowledge of women gained from the memory of a sad, yearning face, paler than the pillow on which it rested, and an occasional visit to the curé's sister. Of men she knew only her uncle and the few villagers that had not gone to fight for La Belle France.

From unquestioning childhood she had passed to that stage in a girl's life when the emotions leap past the brain, fretful of the latter's plodding pace. Her mind untutored, unsharpened by contact with other minds, left her the language and the reasonings of a child; but her imagination, feeding on the strange longings and dreams which permeated her life, pictured its own world where romance held sway over all the creatures that inhabited its realm.

IT is the instinct of a little child to picture unreal things—the unconscious protest of immaturity against the commonplaceness of life. But with the education of to-day and the labyrinth of artificiality which characterizes modern living, the imaginativeness of childhood disappears, except in a few great minds who, retaining it, are hailed by the world as possessors of genius.

Unhindered (or unhelped, as the case may be) by association with the patchwork pattern of society, the miller's niece had retained her gift of imagination, without which the solitude and the monotony of her days would have been unendurable; until, blending it with the budding flower of womanhood, she found mystery in the moaning of the wind. When the sun danced upon the grass her spirit mingled with the sunlight; and when the moon exercised her suzerainty of the heavens the poetry in her soul thrilled to sweet dreams of lovers' wooings (though her unreasoned rapture often ended in unreasoned tears upon the pillow). . . . She found melancholy in the coloring of an autumn leaf, and laughter in the music of the mill-stream. . . . There were smugglers' tales in a north-east gale, and fairy stories in a summer's shower.

The doctrine of pleasure so feverishly followed by her sisters to-day was unknown to her—as was its insidious reaction which comes to so many women, with the dulling of the perceptions, the blinding of eyes to the colors of life, the deadening of ears to the music of nature, until they cannot hear the subtle melody of happiness itself, so closely allied to the sombre beauty of sorrow.

"Little one"—the aviator's voice was very soft, so that the ticking of the clock sounded clearly above it—"in a few minutes I must go. It is a dark night, and of a necessity I must get to the village to-night, and be on my way before dawn."

Her eyes were hidden by her drooping eyelashes. "You will return—yes?" she asked, without looking up. He smiled rather wistfully. "When the red-breasted robins are nesting," he quoted slowly, "I shall come." The clock ticked wearily on. . . . A few drops of rain fell upon the roof.

"Monsieur"—the crimson in her cheeks deepened—"you must not smile; but it is in my book, here."

SHE took from the table *The Fairy Prince*, and handed it to him. He gazed at it with a seriousness he might have shown towards a book of Scottish theology.

"You know, monsieur"—she appeared deeply concerned in the design of the geranium table-cover—"I never leave the mill-house unless to attend mass, and

sometimes—perhaps you would think so too—it is very lonesome; no brother, no sister, just Louis and my uncle."

He nodded, and, with an air of abstraction, his brow wrinkled sympathetically, and his fingers strummed five-finger exercises on the table.

"It must be very dull," he said.

"But no, monsieur"—her eyes looked up in protest—"not dull—just lonesome."

He sustained an imaginary note with his little finger, frowned thoughtfully until his eyebrows almost obscured his eyes, then came down the scale with a slow and measured pace.

"Well, little lady who is never dull, and what has all this to do with *The Fairy Prince*?"

"It is because I have no sisters, no friends, that—that I pretend. But you do not understand."

He played some chord with both hands.

"Very young people and very old ones pretend," he said, with dreamy sentimentousness; "pretending is what makes them happy. But the Prince?"

She smiled deprecatingly. "When I read, monsieur, then I think that the girl—there is always a girl, is there not?" He nodded gravely. "I do not think it is she," she went on, "but myself; and when the book is finished, and she marries her lover, then I am happy . . . and dream . . ."

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," he murmured, and trilled with his first and second fingers.

"So, monsieur," she continued, glancing shyly at him, "in that book—"

"There is a girl."

"Yes. And a Fairy Prince who was very handsome."

"Like me?"

"It does not say, monsieur."

"Ah!"

"But I think so," she said earnestly, "for he was the handsomest man in all France."

"It said nothing of England?"

"No, monsieur, only France."

He nodded with great dignity, and motioned her to proceed. She leaned forward with her elbows on the table, and rested her chin on her interlocked fingers.

"To-day I was reading it to Louis," she said, "when, just at that moment that they met—*vous voilà*!—you came. Monsieur," she said naively, "are you a fairy prince?"

He considered, with his head characteristically on one side.

"N-no," he said, "I cannot claim that, but—"

"Ah yes?" Her face lit up with delighted anticipation.

"I am a prince of the air." He struck an attitude and held it.

"Oh!" her lips parted in ecstasy and her cheeks, which had been crimson, became scarlet. "You—are really a prince?"

"OF the air, mademoiselle." He folded his arms and tilted his chair back. His face was still grave, but his voice had a sense of distance in it, and his light eyes widened as though they saw the world his words were picturing. "My kingdom is greater than all the kingdoms of the earth, and when I ride, my steed with wings takes me towards the stars. For sport I play with clouds and race the wind; at night the moon gives me light; and when I travel there are no mountains to climb, no lakes to cross. I go faster than the swiftest horse, and ride from villages to cities, out into the country, and over the sea with a steed that never tires."

"But, monsieur," she cried, "this is wonderful!"

He looked frankly into her eyes. "It is wonderful," he said.

For a few minutes neither spoke, and the soft symphony of raindrops played through the quietness of the night.

"Your Majesty," she said timidly, "are you very brave? You understand," she hurried on as a slight blush darkened the tan of his cheeks, "in fairy books the prince always fights a dragon or a wicked giant."

"Don't uncles count?"

She made a pretty moue.

"As a matter of fact," he said slowly, "there was a wicked Emperor—a blustering popinjay with a madman's vanity—who decreed that all the world should be his slaves, and sent his armies into France and Belgium to enforce his will. My brothers heard of this, and came from countries and dominions thousands of miles away. Across great continents of water they sailed, and, with their brothers from the little Islands of the North Sea, came to France . . ."

"Your voice is very sad," she said tenderly. Her nature, that knew every mood of a summer breeze, had caught the inflection of his words, understanding by their tone what the vagueness of his words hid from her mind.

"So many have died," he said, looking away from her. "Almost every day someone rides out into the sunlight to his death, young, brave, and smiling. . . . Mademoiselle, it is wonderful how they smile."

Tick—tick—tick.

FOR more than a minute neither spoke, then, with a smile that was strangely boyish, he squared his shoulders and ran his fingers through his rumpled hair.

"Ha!" he laughed; "what fancies get into a scatter-brain like mine when the rain's a-pattering on the roof. If you will allow me, little Pippa, I shall smoke."

"Little Peepa?" she laughed delightedly.

"Pippa," he assented, puffing smoke as he lighted his pipe. "I think I shall call you that. You see, according to her biographer, Mr. Browning, she worked in the silk-mills all the year, but one day she had to herself, from dawn to midnight, and so as to enjoy it to the full she—well, she pretended, like you."

"But that is droll," she said eagerly, "for every Easter after Sunday, my uncle, who is fatigued from so much chanting in the church, always goes to Boulogne and becomes drunk for one whole day. On Wednesday he returns. These six years he has done it always the same; and on the Tuesday it is wonderful. I am alone with Louis, and we ask all the people in our books to visit us."

A sudden gleam of excitement lit his eyes.

"The Tuesday after Easter?"

"Always it is so."

"Pippa," he said—then checked the remainder of his words. He placed the pipe in his mouth and ran five-finger exercises at a terrific speed.

"Pippa," he said again, then, ceasing his display of virtuosity, leaned back and gazed at her from beneath his eyebrows. "Next spring, on the Tuesday after Easter, I will come for you."

She caught her breath deliciously.

"Beyond the village road," he went on, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I saw a big pasture-field at the top of the hill. Be there as the sun is just above the horizon, and I will come in an aeroplane."

"And, your Majesty, you will take me to your kingdom?"

"For one day, Pippa, to the great city of London—the city that is open to all who possess a golden key. We shall return by the stars at night."

"Then"—her voice shook, and the brilliancy of her eyes were softened by sudden tears, as the rays of an August sun are sometimes tempered by a shower, "then—at last—I am to see the world?—boys and girls and palaces and—"

"To say nothing of prunes and potentates."

"Oh but, your Majesty, it is too wonderful. I am certain it will not come true."

He rose and quietly placed his chair against the wall. "Pippa," he said, "there are only two things that could prevent it. One, if there is a storm and—the other"—he shook his head impatiently.

The girl took down a work-basket, and after searching its contents extracted a tiny trinket.

"You mean," she said, stepping lightly over to him, "that you might go to join your brothers—those who smiled so bravely?"

"We never know, Pippa," he answered.

SHE reached for the lapel of his coat and pinned the little keepsake on it. "Tis a black cat," she said. "I saw it in the village store, so small and funny, like Louis. It is a gift from little Pippa, and who will pray to the Virgin every night that her Prince may not be killed—unless—"

He looked at the little mascot, which dangled above a couple of ribbons.

"Unless?" he said.

For a moment there was a flash in her eyes and a sudden crimson flush in her cheeks that startled him. For the first time in her life she had felt the instinct of a tigress; that strange fusion of passion and timidity that comes to women of her kind when it seems they may lose the object of their love.

"Unless he—forgets." The words were spoken between lips that hardly moved.

"By the sacred bones of my ancestors," he said, with a sort of sincere grandiloquence, "I promise to come. So that I shall always think of you, my Pippa, I will paint a black cat upon the machine, and woe to the Hun who dares to singe its whiskers!"

A few minutes later the heavily coated figure of an aviator was ploughing its way, through a drizzling rain, along a dark and solitary road. His pace was extraordinarily long for his height, and he appeared to be stepping over a perpetual array of obstacles at least one foot high.

By a casement window a girl, with hair like the dusk, stood gazing towards the road that was hidden in darkness. Silently and motionless she watched the

melancholy drops of rain as they fell upon the glass, until, unconsciously, her lips parted and she sang, very softly, the little song taught to the maiden in the story by the lonely shepherd:

"Maman, dites moi se qu'on sent quand on aime.
Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?"

She paused in the improvised melody, and repeated the words slowly.

Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?"

And then the little mistress of the mill laid herself upon her bed and wept profusely; but whether it was because she was happy or because she was sorrowful, let those explain who understand the psychology of a woman's tears.

Downstairs, Louis and the miller slept profoundly.

V

IT was several months later that an airman emerged from his hut into the chilly air of an April night that was lingering grudgingly over its last hour of darkness. There was a sullen rumble of guns borne on a restless breeze that stirred the long grass of the fields and set the leaves in the trees whispering and quivering. The drone could be heard of a lonely aeroplane returning from its night-ride over the enemy lines. . . . Above the distant roll of the artillery, one gun stood out like a pizzicato note on a giant bass violin.

The airman passed the silent aerodrome, and, with difficulty accustoming himself to the darkness, made out the shadow of a machine in the adjoining field. He heard the sigh of cylinders sucking in the petrol as the mechanics warmed the machine, and walked over to it. For a moment he spoke to the men before climbing into the pilot's seat. There followed the incisive monotone of the flier's incantation between himself and the non-commissioned officer:

"Petrol on: switch off, sir."

"Petrol on: switch off."

"Contact, sir."

"Contact."

The propellers were swung into action, hesitated for a moment, then wheezily subsided.

The incantation was repeated; the propeller blades coughed, and leaped into a deafening roar. The mechanics sprang aside, and the machine, stumbling forward for a few yards, turned into the wind. There was a sudden acceleration of the propeller, crescendo from the engines, and the machine made swiftly across the field, rising as it attained flying speed, and disappearing into the night.

A few moments later its light was mixing with the dulling stars, and the drone of its engine could be heard only at the whim of the breeze.

"I wonder what the Black Cat's up to now," said mechanic No. 1, rubbing his hands together for warmth. "Rum beggar, isn't he?"

His companion slapped his breast with his arms and blew on his fingers. "Mad as a March hare," he growled; "takes a two-seater out at this time of night."

"And did you notice the extra outfit?"

"He's mad," repeated the before-dawn psychologist, "mad as a rabbit."

"But he's a mighty stout boy," interposed the N.C.O., who was torn between his duty of keeping discipline and his love of character study; "and he sure puts the wind up Fritz when he takes off with his Black Cat Bristol fighter."

The blackness of night was beginning to give way to a dull and sullen gray as the solitary pilot made a detour over the lines. In the gloom beneath he could see a long crescent of orange-colored flashes where the British guns were maintaining their endless pounding of the enemy. Farther east was a large patch of winking, yellow lights, giving to his eye the same effect as flakes of gunpowder dropped upon a heated stove: it was the bursting of the British shells. Beyond that field of death he could see other and larger flashes, and knew the Hun was replying in kind.

Everywhere the darkness was being penetrated by long, rocketlike lights with a white starry burst at the end, and, as though to give variety to the scene, a few red and green bursts mingled garishly with them.

To the airman, from his refuge of height, it all combined in an uncanny pageant of fireworks—a weird spectacle of death, as though hell had opened and the passions of men were feeding the flames to make a devil's holiday.

A searchlight woke him from his reverie. A couple of anti-aircraft guns barked at him. With a smile he

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THE MENACE *of the* ALIEN

THE West has made up its mind very definitely about two or three things; and one of them is that no more alien population is required or wanted.

The fever for growth even at the expense of bringing in people who could neither speak English nor think the way we do, has passed. The West wants now to consolidate its gains. The melting pot must be given a chance to work before more material is poured in.

It is not intended to imply that the West alone has a foreign problem. The Eastern Provinces have an overplus of alien population as well. But in this article it is proposed to deal only with the Western phase of the question, particularly as the West, quite characteristically, has made up its mind first on the subject.

The discomfort of having too large a proportion of alien population has manifested itself in four ways. First, during the war, there was deep unrest among the Germans and Austrians who had settled on the prairies; which meant still deeper unrest for the British-born part of the population who feared uprisings and lived amid rumors of conspiracies and constant threats of trouble. Second, comes the Labor disturbances which are augmented by the "red" tendencies among foreign laborers. It has been found that many of our importations from Europe are thorough-paced Bolsheviks, disciples of the torch and the bomb. Third, it is realized that the prairies contain too many people who are not becoming Canadianized in any sense of the word. There are indigestible lumps in the form of foreign settlements on one kind and another in all parts of the West. These people not only do not speak English but manifest no desire whatever to learn. They have no conception of Canadian ideals. Nevertheless they are becoming opulent and powerful. Finally, there is the Asiatic problem which British Columbia faces. Just at present it does not press but it is liable to come to the fore again soon. It contains all the elements of very serious trouble indeed.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the West has made up its mind very positively that no more foreigners are to be allowed in. The "Welcome" sign has been taken down and packed away in the coal bin and "No Admittance" has been nailed up in its place.

The Advent of the Hutterites

THE temper of the people was shown very clearly a few weeks ago when a horde of Hutterites came pouring over the Dakota border into Manitoba. Hutterites are a rather sourly religious set who live on the land and maintain queer little communities with common kitchens and dining halls and a common purse. They are Anabaptists, they speak a Moravian brand of German and they do not vote or fight. They have adhered to their present way of living and believing ever since the Anabaptist faith came into existence—say, roughly, four hundred years. Nothing that has happened since that time has meant anything in the lives of the happy Hutterites. In other words, they are exactly the kind of people that the West does not want at this stage.

Nevertheless they decided a short time ago to migrate for the fourth time—Moravia to Russia to the United States was their previous itinerary—and almost before the West knew what was happening, sober-faced men with broad-brimmed felt hats and patient-eyed women in the plainest of home-made clothes were flocking over the border.

Manitoba promptly demanded their exclusion. The country that had put up with the Doukhobors and wrestled with the problems of the Ruthenians, the Poles, the Austrians and the Slavs, shuddered at the

By WILLIAM BYRON

of the grain man is the proper one in assessing the worth of such people to Canada. The West wants none of them.



These foreigners, working in a Western mine, made huge wages during many months of the war.

thought of Hutterites. The Government of Manitoba paid heed to the outcry to the extent of promising to let no more in; but, even after the promise had been made, the Hutterite ingress continued. Whether they will be sent back remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt as to the feeling of the people of Manitoba on the matter.

A newspaper reporter and a prominent grain man from Winnipeg were together in a town along the border when a party of the Hutterites arrived. The former had gone down especially to have a look at the unwelcome arrivals.

"They're not such a bad-looking lot after all," he exclaimed, after watching a steady stream of them pass. "They're honest and industrious. You can bank on that. Perhaps they won't make such bad settlers after all."

But the grain man, who knew all about settlers, shook his head.

"I've had a lot to do with every kind of people we've got on the prairies—and we've got every kind, even down to gypsies—and I want to tell you we'll have to put a stop to this sort of thing," he said, emphatically. "I watched these people closely. They won't do. They're as different from us as if they came from Mars. They think differently. Remember, they've lived in half a dozen places during the last three hundred years and nothing has ever made a dent on them. They stick to their religion and their language and their own antiquated ideas and they'll continue to stick until perdition freezes them over. Let them settle down here and fifty years hence they'll still be Hutterites. Perhaps five hundred years the same."

"But surely influences will change them, if we go about it the right way," began the newspaper man.

"No chance," said the other. "These people just naturally couldn't be anything else. I had a good square look at some of them. They're not like us and they never could be. That big fellow with the reddish beard, now. He looks like a kind of leader. Think anything we could do would change him? That man is the product of centuries of seclusion, of belief in one set of narrow ideas. His ancestors have believed that all the world was wrong and the Hutterites were right—and the heritage they've handed down to him is a state of mind that couldn't be changed with a club."

In justice to the Hutterites it must be explained that they are sober, industrious, hard-working people. They are good farmers and are not, as far as can be learned, troublesome in any direct way. And yet the opinion

What An Alien Thinks

IT would be a comparatively easy matter to assimilate foreign settlers if, behind the differences in speech and dress and education, all men were alike. But they are not alike. One race has entirely different viewpoints from others and vastly different ideals. The differences go deeper than the color of the skin and the cut of the jib. They go right into the cells of the brain where thought originates, into the roots of being where instincts are evolved and nursed. Centuries of differences in living make the human race a strangely assorted mixture.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) of Edmonton who had the distinction of being Canada's first woman magistrate, and who has come as closely in touch with as many kinds of aliens as any one in the West, says that her greatest difficulty is in reading what goes on behind the sombre eyes of the people who face her in the court room. It is comparatively easy to plumb what is transpiring in the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon. Certain questions will react on our minds in a certain way. But these same questions bring strange results sometimes when fired at a dusky-skinned fellow whose father, and all his ancestors before that, herded goats on the Carpathians. He gropes back along mental trails that are unknown to us and evolves answers that may be a curious tissue of lies or actually the truth as he sees it. One never knows which to expect.

Mrs. Murphy tells of a case that came before her recently. A Galician woman had left her husband and two small children on the farm they owned west of Edmonton, and had come into the city. She was arrested for vagrancy in due course and came before the woman's court.

"I'll give you a chance," said Mrs. Murphy. "You can go back and live with your husband and family again if you'll promise to stay there and be a good wife and mother."

The husband, a big, good-natured fellow, was in court. He voiced his complete willingness to take her back.

"Me not go back," said the woman. "Me not live with Mike no more."

"Then," said Mrs. Murphy, sternly, "I'll have to send you to jail."

"Me not go back," repeated the woman, sullenly.

The upshot of it was that she was left to think it over until the court sat again in the afternoon. In the meantime, the magistrate got in touch with the priest of the established Greek Church and asked his advice.

"I don't know just what to make of her," she explained. "If she had the common streak of dishonesty in her, she'd promise to do better and escape jail that way—and then she would just slip away again."

"Madame Magistrate," said the priest, "there is only one way to make this woman go back home and stay there. You get a big cane and take her back into your office and beat her till she's black and blue. I know this kind of woman."

But Mrs. Murphy thought she knew a better way than that. She took the absconding wife into her office and talked to her to such good effect that in half an hour the delinquent had dissolved into tears and was ready to go back home with Mike and start life afresh. They started back home together and it looked as though the policy of kind words had done more than the Big Stick could have effected.

But inside of two weeks Mike's home was empty again. The bird had flown—for good this time. Perhaps after all the priest was right. These people are different from us.

Canadianizing the Foreigner

IT is not intended to imply that the stranger in our midst cannot be Canadianized. This would be to discount most unfairly the splendid work that is being done in that direction by the governments, the churches, the women's institutes, the various farmers' organizations, the schools and the press. Magnificent progress is being made on which something will be said later in this article. In order to get a grasp of the alien problem as it faces the West, it must be understood, however, that the proper Canadianizing of the alien is more than a mere unfolding of our own ideals before him. It is more than teaching him the English language. It practically amounts to changing his whole nature and giving him a new viewpoint in life. Inasmuch as the mental make-up of the alien comes down to him through the centuries, it can be taken for granted that it is going to take time to alter it.

That is the crux of the whole problem. The West has a tremendously large alien population in all stages of development and the work of Canadianizing them is a task that will stretch ahead for a generation at least.

Labor and the Alien

THE most acute phase of the agitation against the foreigner is found among the returned soldiers. The veterans do not split hairs on the question at all. They would not only prevent any more foreigners from coming in but they would bundle out bag and baggage a good many of those who are already here. They did not fight to save the country that aliens might reap the benefit.

And the voice of the returned man is a power in the land. When the veteran organization throughout the country has been perfected and cohesion of purpose established, as it doubtless will be—the Great War Veterans will wield tremendous influence.

"And," said one of the Western leaders in the organization recently, "one of our main planks is going to be a 'White West!'"

In the days of earlier development in the West, there was undoubtedly need for a larger supply of foreign labor. The foreigner was in reality a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He took on the heavier work that the native born could not, or would not, do. He made up the railroad construction gangs, labored in the mines and manned the canneries on the coast. But there is not the same need now. The heaviest pioneering work has been done.

The West is left, however, with a large supply of foreign labor. These people are for the most part just as raw as when they came in. They have labored and lived apart. Canada has meant little more to them than a liberal meal ticket. Beyond picking up a few words of English they have not done anything to make Canadians of themselves.

It is among these foreigners that the "red" agitators have worked with greatest success. Many of the immigrants brought in ideas of a dangerously socialistic and revolutionary character, particularly those from Russia and the German countries. They were Bolsheviks in the making.

Lacking initiative they might never have become seriously dangerous but, as soon as the right kind of leadership offered, they became a distinct menace.

In justice to the alien it must be stated that the leadership in sedition has been almost exclusively supplied by us. The agitators who have worked among the foreigners have been occasionally Canadian but for the most part English and Scotch. The latent discontent with the social order that existed in the inarticulate mass of the foreign-born has been fanned into a blaze by firebrands who got their training on the Tyne and the Clyde and even right here in Canada.

One of the Government officials who made a close study of conditions during the Winnipeg strike reported: "I find that the foreign element can be divided roughly into



J. F. Moodie, of the Rosedale mine, where returned soldiers are taking the place of aliens.

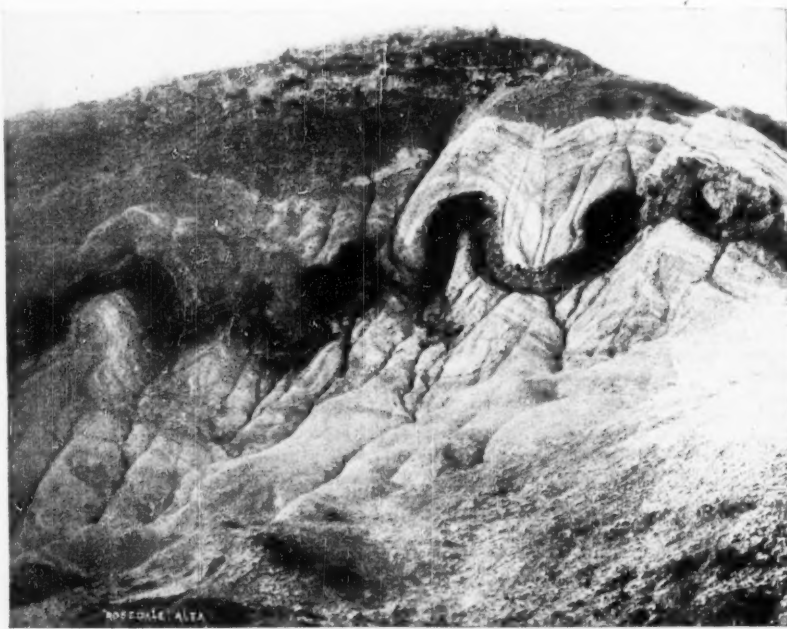
three classes. Ten per cent. of them are actively and outspokenly revolutionary. Ten per cent. approve of the more conservative methods of trade unionism. Eighty per cent. are absolutely inarticulate and can be swayed in any direction, though their natural tendency is to follow the leader who talks violence and destruction."

Canadians Forced to Strike

BUT the fact remains that the eighty per cent. have been swayed to a belief in the One Big Union, to adherence to the principles of the I. W. W., even to a willingness to support a Bolshevistic uprising.

The labor situation has become hopelessly entangled since the Winnipeg strike and it is difficult to see what the outcome will be. The native Canadian element has to some extent, at least, been dragged into the O.B.U. movement by the dominant voting power of the foreigner. For instance. Some weeks ago the writer met a man in Winnipeg who, being a metal worker, had been on strike for many months.

"I'm both a striker and a strike-breaker," said this man.



The Drumheller section is studded with curious hills that look as though they had been formed in giant jelly moulds.

On being asked for an explanation of his anomalous position, he said:

"In the first place I didn't want to strike. There were eighty-five union men employed in the shop where I worked and only seventeen of us were English speaking. The other sixty-eight were foreigners and few of them knew more than a few words of English. There was no particular kick on wages but the question of striking came up and when we put it to a vote—there were just seventeen votes against going out! It was a secret ballot, of course, but you can draw your own conclusions."

"Well," he continued, "we had to go out—seventeen Canadians forced to give up work because we were outvoted by a bunch of roughneck foreigners. We've been out ever since. I'm so nearly cleaned out of the savings I'd laid by that I've had to work on the side whenever I've had the chance. Yes, sir, I'm as good a union man as ever lived and as loyal but I've had to pick up jobs here and there to keep my family from starving."

"Don't misunderstand me," almost fiercely. "I'm heart and soul with the cause of labor and I'd fight to the last breath to get labor its just deserts. But I want to see things fixed so that honest, thinking Canadians can't be ruled about by the vote of ignorant foreigners. I'm fed up with foreigners!"

The Veterans Take a Hand

THE veterans have found one solution and have very effectively put it into effect. The whole of Canada has heard how an organized party of returned men took matters into their own hands at Drumheller, Alberta, and settled the strike there by ejecting the agitators. The real inside story of what happened has not yet been told, however and, as it has a very close bearing on all phases of the foreigner problem, the writer proposes to set it down. The facts were secured by a visit to the mines a few days following the disturbances.

The Drumheller district is studded with curious hills that look as though they had been formed in giant jelly-moulds; and they are literally full of coal. For a number of years the mines there have been manned almost exclusively by foreign labor, largely Austrian.

The outstanding figure of the Drumheller field is Frank Moodie of the Rosedale Mine—a big man with the frame of a prize-fighter and the brow and eyes of a poet. Frank Moodie is a curious combination of the man of action and the dreamer; and his dream has been to establish at his mine conditions that would make life comfortable and worth while for his men. The quarters of the men have been constructed with that end in view. There are comfortable wash rooms with baths and showers and a unique method for the rapid cleaning and drying of clothes; a large dining-room (where the best of meals are served) and over that a meeting hall with piano; a football and baseball field. Ten years ago a night school was started and a qualified teacher was imported entirely at the expense of the company.

It is not on record that the men appreciated these efforts for their own uplift. A few of the more ambitious attended the night school and benefited hugely. They picked up English with rapidity and were genuinely grateful. The majority held aloof, however. It was a case again of the foreign mind failing to understand. They had come from a land where they had always been treated as inferior beings. That the big boss should voluntarily give them these privileges filled them with suspicion, a suspicion that the agitators carefully fostered. Perhaps they even thought he was afraid of them and was pandering for their favor.

When the special shower baths and other equipment were put in—luxuries that they had never known before—a deputation waited on Mr. Moodie. To thank him? Hardly.

"We come to say we're not satisfied," announced the spokesman. "We want that you should have a bath for each man."

Just what Mr. Moodie answered is not known, but as he is a man of the two-fisted variety, his reply was probably vigorous and to the point.

These foreigners were earning astonishingly large wages. While the native-born sons of Canada

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AS the end of the year was drawing near there came a bad slump in business. Sales had been poor for some time and much of the product of the mines was being stocked in the warehouses. Buyers were holding off their contracts on the rumor that there had been over-production and that prices would be sure to be cut in order to clear off the large stock accumulations. On the other hand the Company was not disposed to lower its figures, knowing that sooner or later their customers would have to buy. And so, in the meantime, purchasers were taking just enough to keep them going.

So serious was the situation that the mines were put on short time and the men began to feel the pinch as they had rarely felt it before. The next step was the all-round cut in wages, and that precipitated trouble. Orators drifted into the place, the stormy petrels of trade. On street corners speeches were delivered on the usual themes, the tyranny of masters and capital, and the serfdom of the wage-earner. The twenty-five cents a day drop in the laborer's wages, they declared, was the thin edge of the wedge that would be driven further and further in as time went by. The new company was an inhuman, soulless, conscienceless monster, using the power of its purse, and its grip on the necessities of life to crush life out of the toilers. It was because of this that it could afford to pay its chief slave-driver the big salary he got. There was only one way to meet the tyranny—to organize, stand shoulder to shoulder, and resist.

The throngs that gathered round the speakers were sullenly non-committal at first. They did not understand much of the figurative language used by the orators, but they did know that when the pay envelopes were distributed, the sums they received had shrunk noticeably. That argument had more force than all the fiery language used. A few days later a deputation of the men waited on Christie at his office. Edith, from her own room, could hear all that was said.

The men, it seemed to her, put their case reasonably enough, and Christie listened to them patiently. He pointed out to them that trade was bad, the sheds crammed with stock, and that the depression might conceivably last till Spring.

ON the other hand the men dwelt on the fact that there had been good times recently during which the mines had paid well, and that wages had not been raised on that account. Now that a temporary slump had come it did not seem fair that the earner's money should be cut. They dwelt on the fact that winter was an especially expensive time, that the prices of food and fuel were high, and that they had been hardly hit by the new arrangement for renting the houses. In course of the discussion some of the men began to threaten a strike.

"And what good will that do?" asked Christie. "It would pay us better to close up the place till things right themselves and the stock gets worked down."

They did not believe him and hammered away at their points. When they left they were disappointed and irritable. The situation had been hurt rather than helped by the coming together. The strike threat had stiffened Christie.

"A pack of fools," he said to Edith. "Strike! I would be as well satisfied if they did. We could then close up for the bad weather season, and open up when the men showed some signs of returning to their senses."

In her own mind Edith thought he might have been a little more sympathetic and diplomatic.

"They are good, simple-minded people," she replied. "They can often be led a long way where they won't be driven an inch."

"You think I am wrong then?" he asked sharply.

"Well, I suppose from the strict standpoint, you

EBB and FLOW

By C. W. STEPHENS

Who wrote "Man and Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

They had come to the gate of the Barnsley home. . . . Reluctantly he bade Edith farewell.



have reason on your side," she said. "But if the trade depression is likely to last only a few months, it would seem the wiser way to lighten the burden as much as possible for the men during the time of stress, especially the married ones. The depression is an unavoidable calamity and its weight should be shared by both parties, masters and men. Certainly the latter, being the weaker, should not have to bear it all."

"What authority would I have in future if now, at the first serious clash, I should back down? One has either to ride or be ridden. The men listen to street-corner claptrap and get crazy notions about their power. If they were encouraged there would be no living with them. Democracy's all right, but it can be as unreasoning a tyranny as the most absolute autocracy. This struggle has come to be a trial of strength, and, since it had to come, it couldn't have come at a better time for us."

"I don't see that it need have come, but having come, I cannot see any necessity for its continuance," she replied.

"No, I don't think you do," he smiled. "Because you forget what the fight implies, the great principle back of it, in the incidental features of the fight. I come from the people myself, I worked in the pits all the way up from a water-bucket boy. I hate this fighting, but there are times when you have to do what you hate to do. Don't you suppose I understand what it means to go cold and hungry, to see the bare necessities of life just out of reach? I've gone through it,

when supper time has meant a tightening of the belt, and the cold has seemed to freeze the very soul of you. When I go down into the town and see the diminishing piles of firewood in the yards, the smokeless chimneys, I know what it means, but if you will go to war you must learn what war is."

SHE said no more and they turned to other work they had on hand. From the window could be seen the men who had just left the office. They

were talking matters over in the road. John Barnsley came along and they stopped him and they spoke to him with much gesticulation. He was well liked by them, and no doubt they were laying before him their grievances. Edith saw the liner of Christie's mouth harden as he glanced at them. Presently Barnsley left them and came into the office, being followed by the boss of the pits and Chipperfield.

"I'll see you again in a few minutes," Christie said to Edith, and she withdrew to her room. She could hear the four of them talking over the situation.

"They say they won't go back into the pits," said the pit man. "I guess the others will be coming out. What am I to do, Mr. Christie?"

"What can you do? Just let them go. If they go when they want to, they'll stay out till I bid them come back," replied Christie. "If they're putting up a wage-boosting bluff it is going to be called. What's your notion, Barnsley?"

"I think they mean it," Edith heard her father speak. "They're obstinate as mules when they set themselves. They want handling."

"They'll get handling all right," said Christie.

"There's one matter to consider," went on the ex-chief. "It's easy to scatter the help of a camp like this and hard to collect it again."

"You'd advise eating humble pie, then—back down before a threat?" asked Christie.

"No, I wouldn't look at it that way," replied Barnsley. "There might be some

concession made on each side, you reserving the strict justice of your position, but conceding something to the men as a kind of evening of the burden of the trouble caused by the hard times. I think the men could be reasoned with in this way, and what the concession cost for a few weeks would be much less than the loss entailed by lack of help when the good time comes again with the spring. I think by this means the ground could be cut from under the feet of the outside trouble-makers, and men and masters be brought into closer union. In the time of the independent companies, attempts from outside to make mischief were started now and again, but they never came to anything."

"Thanks to the astute management of those in charge of affairs, I suppose," said Christie sharply. Edith could have boxed his ears for his rudeness to her father.

"I wouldn't put it just that way," said Mr. Barnsley evenly. "We all belonged to one place, and were, in a sense, one crowd. Friendship with the men paid in the long run."

"Probably paid the men better than it did the masters," snapped the chief. "What had those fellows out there to say to you, if it wasn't private?"

"They told me what they had asked, and what you had answered. When they spoke of quitting, I told them they were a pack of fools to think about such a thing, and advised them to take the loaf with the slice cut off rather than be without bread," said Barnsley.

"I am inclined to hold with you, Mr. Christie," interposed Chipperfield. "You have to be either master or man. If you give way now, you may make up your mind this isn't going to be the end of the trouble. They'll blaze it all over the place as a victory of the workers over the company and its chief, and next thing will be a new lot of demands."

Christie looked at him and nodded his agreement.

"I would say, if it is not taking too much on myself," continued Richard, encouraged by the apparent approval of his chief, "that if they want to strike and think they can get anything out of it, now's the time, let them go ahead and strike. They don't know what a strike means. They think the company's rolling in money, making it hand over fist, and too greedy of gain to want to shut down for a day. I'd let them go just as far as they want. They're in no position to fight. They have only an infant organization at back of them, and it couldn't pay two weeks' strike money. The men, generally, have nothing put by. As long as they are in steady work their credit at the stores is good from one pay-day to another, but let them be out for a few weeks and the shopkeepers will be shy about their trade. Then again they live in the company's houses, and winter is a bad time to strike if you've nothing laid by."

"Pretty sound reasoning," rejoined Christie. Edith thought she could detect something of sarcasm in the words. Chipperfield put the matter very baldly, for he was a consistent disciple of the school believed to be Christie's. Then the chief summed up the situation.

"The pits will open as usual to-morrow. The men can go down if they want, and they can stay above ground if that's their fancy. The decision is theirs, not ours. There's work for them if they wish to have it, there is idleness if they prefer that. If they don't come to work to-morrow, we shut down everything and wait for the clouds to roll by. We couldn't have a better time for a stand-up fight. I tell you I hate it, for I've seen what it means. Those at the root of the trouble will not suffer. The out-of-town mischief makers will have their three meals a day in a comfortable, warmed hotel, and sufficient left over from their board and lodging bills to buy drinks and cigars. I'm sorry for the women and the children—yes, and for the men too. As for concession on our side, we are making it in offering any kind of employment when it would be money in the directors' pockets to close everything down for a few months. I hope it won't come to a shut-down, but that's in the hands of the men, not in ours."

WHEN Edith came back again, Christie was standing near the window alone, looking out into the gathering darkness. He turned as she entered.

"You heard the discussion?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, seating herself by the side of the desk, and facing him.

"Your father's views seem to coincide with yours," he said. "Sympathetic slant. The commonsense view is that of Chipperfield. He has a straightforward, logical way of regarding a situation."

"I think his views are brutal," she said sharply.

A smile flickered over his mouth.

"All business has its brutal side," he answered. "It's a fight, and chivalry went out of fighting long since. The main thing is to pound the other fellow into subjection and win. You haven't time to sit down and mope over what his knocking-out may mean to his family. If he has a wife and children, so much the worse for him and them. He's given hostages to fortune, and if he forgets or ignores the fact, that is his lookout. Why should a man expect sympathy from others when he hasn't any for his own dependents? Chipperfield's got the right notion in his mind."

He thought that she did not seem over-pleased by his commendation of the man to whom, according to Eleanor's talk, she was practically engaged to be married. Some mischievous impulse made him greatly daring.

"You should be gratified by praise of him," he said.

Though the room was darkening, he fancied he could see the deepening of the pretty color in her face, and a spark of belligerency in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," she replied. "I don't know why I should be pleased by praise of opinions that are exactly contrary to my own."

He did not speak for a few moments, but turned to the window again. Presently he switched on the light and faced her.

"Nor do I understand," he answered. "I referred to what I happened to hear the other day. The tale ran that it was very probable that I might lose my secretary be-

fore long. It was further suggested that my loss—the office's loss—would be Mr. Chipperfield's gain."

He thought he could catch the glint of amusement in her eyes, but she was very grave of feature. As she made no response, he went on with his explanation.

"My great objection against employing women, especially in confidential important positions, is their habit of getting married just when they're becoming of some real use and value. I ought to have asked that important question about a matrimonial engagement when I engaged you. It really was of much more importance than the deafness, the gum, or the spelling. It's less curable, they say. I should have asked for a bond to cover the risk. When you've positively decided to leave, I wish you would give me as long notice as possible, as I hate to have my work thrown into confusion by lapses of the kind."

"I don't know where you obtained your information," she replied. "When you have been longer in Ste. Brunhilde, you'll probably pay less attention to gossip."

"You mean that you're not engaged to Richard Chipperfield, and that there is no immediate danger of my—I mean, of our losing you?" he asked.

"I certainly am not engaged to anyone, and I've no intention of giving up my position," she replied.

He heaved a mighty sigh as he dropped into his chair, and there came a look of relief to his face, that was a compliment to her office value in itself.

"That's one mighty consolation," he said. "I hate to have the routine of the office interfered with by domestic affairs. You're getting so accustomed to my way of doing things, my temper, and my other defects. There's a great deal more you can take off my shoulders, for the less I have to do in the offices the more I can do in the pits and mills. We'll be able to make it worth your while to hold on here. However, we can talk about that later. I take it you like the work?"

"Yes, very much," she said.

"I doubted whether you could make good when I hired you that day," he smiled. "But you dropped into the run of things wonderfully. Any woman can get married, but it takes a special kind of woman to do the work you're doing; and they are only created once in a long while."

She laughed and got busy with her note book. Where could he have heard the chatter about Richard Chipperfield and herself? It was like an old sealed memory suddenly released from prison and returned to the world of real things. In almost daily contact with Chipperfield, he was as remote from her now as if he stood at one Pole and she at the other.

He belonged to the neutral-tinted world she had once lived in. To-day she despised him not only for his shrinking from herself in her time of sorrow and need—though she

regarded this absolutely impersonally and without reference to herself in particular—but also for his readiness to be the moon to the big sun of the corporation that employed him.

They finished their work quickly. He waited to sign the letters, and they left the office together. The snow was falling heavily, and she had no heavy wraps with her. His car was at the door.

"Jump in," he said. "I'm going to take you down home. Here let me wrap this coat about you. You'll be frozen, child. Now that I've escaped losing you by the disease of matrimony, you don't think I'm taking chances on pneumonia?"

She sat at his side as they sped over the white country. He did not speak a half-dozen words between the office door and the gate of her home. He opened the snow-blocked gate for her, and held her hand for an instant.

"Good-night, Edith," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and as if he had made a most appalling advance, he turned, got into his car and whisked himself away. Her face was bright with smiles as she walked up the drive to the front door. He was a never-failing source of astonishment that did not lack pleasure to her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE days of December dragged wearily away in Ste. Brunhilde. Heavy snow fell earlier than usual, and on the heels of it came a spell of bitter weather. There are few places more dismal than a mine town in the throes of a winter strike.

The wreaths of smoke and steam that ordinarily crowned the hilltops were no longer to be seen. The whistles by which the more important hours of day and night were announced were silent. The long, hurrying processions of men and boys going up and down the hill slopes to and from work travelled the upland road no more. The snow upon the ascent was scarcely broken. No longer the houses of the camp shivered at the blasts in the workings. Men gathered in the stores and at the street corners, sullen, resentful, hungering for work. Complaining women and fretful children drove them out of their homes. All the cheerful light and gaiety appeared to have vanished from the town, yielding place to gloom and grim dullness.

There was no strike pay, for the labor organization was too young and feeble to afford it. As the men saw the situation, they were opposed by two enemies—the Company, passive, powerful, able to wait without inconvenience until the other foe, the wolf of poverty, baying at the door of the poor, should have done his work.

It was not now a question of twenty-five cents a day, but of principle. The loser would be the under-dog permanently. So the men held on, dour and resentful, each pang of suffering in themselves or those dear to them intensifying the bitterness against those whom they regarded as responsible for the situation. They felt that the big chief up in the mine offices could, with a word, end all the misery. They could see only one side of the question; there must be no reduction in wages. To accept this until times bettered would be to encourage employers to lessen the toiler's money whenever they felt inclined to do so.

The men long since had singled out Ewan Christie as the incarnation of the tyranny under which they suffered. It was not the Corporation, not the Directors, but Christie who was their foe, and he waited there in his office on the hill, looking down on the stricken town until the time should come when, wearied out, spent and hungry, the men would crawl back to his feet clamoring humbly for bread.

All this distress meant nothing to him. What he had said to the deputation was right to a certain extent. The sheds were full and any contracts that might come in for the next three months or so could easily be filled from stock. To close down the plant meant a check on production that would relieve the congestion and stiffen prices. Reasonable men admitted that, so far, the Manager was right.

Christie had shown the books of the Company to some of the more intelligent of the local leaders of the men, and none disputed his contention. The whole case, whittled down to its skeleton, was that a time of stress had come, that someone must lose, and neither master nor man wished to be martyred by circumstances. Christie said that the wage reduction would still leave the Company saddled with a certain loss for some time to come; the men held that the

Continued on page 76



"Good-night, Edith," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name.

SOLVING *the* PROBLEM of *the* ARCTIC

WE spent December, 1915, in crossing the south end of Banks Island by approximately the same route that we had used in 1914. Again the sun was obscured and we had to do most of our traveling in darkness, but we now had the advantage of knowing the topography thoroughly and there was little difficulty and practically no danger. We were lucky also in having clear moonlit weather, and, although this gave us frost which went well below minus 50°, the ease with which we were able to find the road more than made up for the handicap of low temperature. Dressed as we were, we did not feel uncomfortable. The trouble with extreme cold in traveling is that it gives the grains of snow a consistency resembling sand, so that the sledges drag over it with friction comparable to that of sledding on a sandy beach. When steel is used for the shoeing of the sledge, as was the case with ours at this time, a drop of 15° or 20° in temperature often more than doubles the hauling weight of the sledges, which results in a lowering of speed.

The period just before and after New Year's we spent at our base at Cape Kellett on the southern corner of Banks Island. This base was being maintained by Captain Bernard, Mr. Thomsen, and half a dozen Eskimos, with the idea that if ever any of our other parties came to grief farther north, we could retreat upon this base, where we had not only stores of food and equipment, but also a seaworthy vessel which could take the party out when summer came.

About the middle of January we left Kellett and proceeded north along the west coast, preparatory to the exploration of the coming spring. At the northwest corner of Banks Island we had another base camp under command of Mr. Wilkins, and here our smallest vessel, the *North Star*, with her Captain, Castel, and crew of four, was wintering.

It is natural that in ten years of living by hunting we have learned a good deal about the habits of northern game animals. Incidentally, we have had to unlearn a good deal that we knew either by hearsay or from books. One of these things is the "well-known fact" that caribou and musk-oxen migrate southward in the fall. Our experience shows that this is true only in certain localities for the caribou and, so far as we can learn, is never true for musk-oxen. Unless disturbed by man, musk-oxen do not move in any direction much faster than they eat up the feed in their vicinity, and the direction in which they move may be considered accidental, for it may depend upon the contours of the land or the direction of the wind. The rate of movement is probably not often more than five miles a month. But caribou are comparatively mobile animals and for one cause or another are likely to travel great distances in any given month. There are many things which may frighten them, such as the smell of a wolf, the hearing of a strange noise, or the appearance in the distance of an animal, be it a man, a bear, a wolf, or another caribou. They are in such continual fear of wolves that any distant moving object, even an animal of their own kind, is identified as a wolf and avoided accordingly.

Caribou Migration

THE deterioration of feed, due to one climatic reason or another, will also set a caribou herd moving. In some places this movement is southward, and men used to observing the migrations of birds and obsessed by the theory that the North is a cold and disagreeable place in winter and that animals by instinct know the advantages of the South, have combined theory with observation and concluded that there is a regular southern migration of caribou in autumn. We have special knowledge of many regions in Alaska, in the northern Canadian mainland, and in the islands north of Canada. Each is a law unto itself. In Banks Island caribou are at all seasons, so far as we could judge, more numerous in the north end of the island than anywhere else, but there seems to be an especial preponderance in the north end in the winter, in the

Part VI.—Further Discoveries of New Land

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



An outcrop of coal along the coast-line.

very season when, according to popular theory, they ought to be, if not traveling south, at least crowded into the south end of the island. There seems to be no relation between caribou migrations and either wind velocity or temperature of the air. The remaining factor, therefore, is the feed, which in the north end of Banks Island is probably of a variety preferred by the caribou.

Accordingly, Wilkins's party had been far more successful in the caribou hunt than the party at Kellett. There was also good sealing on the northwestern corner of Banks Island where Natkusiak had a camp on one of the small Gore Islands. He had accumulated the fat of several dozen seals which we needed, especially along with the lean caribou meat, to make a suitable diet for men and dogs. But Natkusiak and all the rest of the *North Star* party were Christians, at

ing an increased number of caribou. There was a little fat on them, but not nearly enough for an adequate diet. Seeing that we had the upper hand of the dogs, we monopolized the fat and they, in spite of gorging themselves with ham and shoulder meat, lost in flesh and became weaker, compelling us to travel more slowly than would have been the case had their diet been more suitable.

One advantage of this slowness of travel was that we had more time for the exploration of the interior of northern Banks Island. Either Wilkins or myself used to take long walks inland while the sleds traveled along the coast. This led to the discovery by Wilkins of a large outcrop of bituminous coal in a deep ravine, and later both he and I discovered many other outcrops. It seems, therefore, that the north end of Banks Island is one of the many places in the Arctic that are richly supplied with coal.

End of McClure's Expedition

AT the Bay of God's Mercy in the northeast of Banks Island we camped for several days near Sir Robert McClure's winter quarters of 1852-54. As the name of the place implies, he considered it fortunate that he got his ship into the bay in 1852; but she was held there all too safe by the ice, which for two years refused to let her go, and eventually the party abandoned her and walked sixty miles across McClure Strait to Melville Island, where they knew of the presence of a vessel of the British navy that could take them home.

Both now and on previous visits to Mercy Bay we examined carefully the locality where the ship *Investigator* was abandoned. Though some of the crew died there, we found no trace of graves, and the chief thing that marks the place is an incredible number of scattered barrel-staves and a pile of six or eight tons of coal. It seems that when the Eskimos found the depot left behind by McClure, they were not familiar with either the food or the liquids contained in the various casks and barrels or of the wood of the barrels themselves, but only of the hoop-iron, which they accordingly removed. The weather, with possibly the assistance of some animals, has destroyed most of the traces of food, although in two or three places we found little yellow heaps which were so thoroughly decayed that they may have been cheese or peas or flour or almost anything else. The coal and the wood to some extent were used by our parties for fuel, although we valued them less than we otherwise might have because we knew of native coal in the vicinity, and knew also of various other articles of fuel which, by Eskimo methods and other sensible ways of our own devising, we were in the habit of using, both in Banks Island and on the other islands. In fact, the islands of "Second Land" and "Third Land," which we had not as yet discovered, are the only islands we have seen



Ridges of rough sea ice.

least to the extent of celebrating Christmas. So he had left his hunting-camp to visit for the holidays the *North Star* twenty miles away, and during his absence several polar bears had a celebration of their own at his Gore Island camp. When he got back and found his stores of blubber depleted, he expected to be able to replenish them promptly, for seals had been numerous in the fall. But success in seal-hunting in a place like the Gore Islands depends upon the direction of the wind (although in many other localities the wind has nothing to do with it). It happened now that for several weeks the winds were northwesterly, and this is here the worst direction. Accordingly, we were short of fat, though we had plenty of lean meat. The hope of getting seals delayed us about two weeks because we did not think the hunting conditions nearly so good farther east along the north coast, and a change in wind might any day give us a dozen seals at the Gore Islands.

Unfortunately, we were forced eventually to start with insufficient blubber, and, as we expected, we got none on the journey eastward.

We had to make up for this by killing an increased number of caribou. There was a little fat on them, but not nearly enough for an adequate diet. Seeing that we had the upper hand of the dogs, we monopolized the fat and they, in spite of gorging themselves with ham and shoulder meat, lost in flesh and became weaker, compelling us to travel more slowly than would have been the case had their diet been more suitable.

in the North where we had any difficulty in securing fuel. I believe "Second Land" really has no fuel. But on "Third Land," after spending three weeks there with nothing to burn, we found a coal-mine the day before leaving. But of course "Third Land" is devoid of fuel only in the sense that the plants do not seem suitable for burning. The vegetation is satisfactory food for the caribou, which were fat enough to supply us with tallow for fuel. There always is a way.

In March we crossed from Banks Island to Melville Island and then crossed Melville Island near its middle. In April we traversed Hecla and Griper Bay and reached the land discovered in 1915. The month of May was devoted to the mapping of the west coast. This was difficult because of the weather, for at this season six days out of seven are thick either with fog or with falling snow. The land in places is so low and slopes so imperceptibly to the sea ice that even under the best of light conditions it is necessary to dig through the snow with a shovel to make sure whether you are on land or ice. In thick fog we commonly cannot see beyond fifty or one hundred yards, and as, moreover, all relief is lacking, land seen through the fog cannot be told from ice which in the sunlight could easily be distinguished.

At first, with an ambition to do especially accurate survey work, we used to remain in camp for days at a time waiting for clear weather. Later, I concluded that by this method practically nothing would be accomplished. And so we began to travel and work, no matter what the weather. Though our maps of this coast will undoubtedly prove to be bad, we have the consolation of knowing that most of the explorers who have worked in the Parry Archipelago have for the same reason made equally poor maps.

Explorer Sprains Ankle

AT this time our method of living on the country had one of its severest tests. It had for years been my custom to do practically all the hunting in those parties where I myself was present. But now one day as I was running along beside the sled I stepped into a low place and sprained my ankle. I foolishly failed to realize at first the seriousness of the situation and ran for about two miles after the injury was received. It is probable that the sprain was not originally serious, but this made it so, and for twenty-seven days after that I did no walking. At first we remained in camp, but evidently that would not do. The dogs were well fed and in high spirits and, although the load was already fairly heavy, we resumed travel, I riding on top of the load. On this journey we had a support party with us, but they were ready to return at the time I suffered the sprain. I kept some of them with me a little longer than I should otherwise have done, but eventually all went back except two—Karsten Andersen, a Dane, and Harold Noice, a young high-school boy from Seattle. I found these two boys about the best traveling companions I ever had. This was largely because they were still willing to learn. The tricks of the exploring trade are few and simple and easily acquired by any one who tries. They had learned a good deal during the winter, but they still had something to learn as we journeyed along and learned it very quickly.

In shooting the chief factor is eyesight, and Andersen's eyes were exceptionally good. He killed the first seal he went after and practically every seal that he tried later. His doing this would be difficult to reconcile with the common theory that the ability to hunt seals is a sort of instinct with the Eskimo which white men lack. But as this theory does not happen to coincide with facts as I have seen them, I do not bother about any reconciliation.

My riding on the sled cut down our speed considerably and we averaged less than ten miles a day.

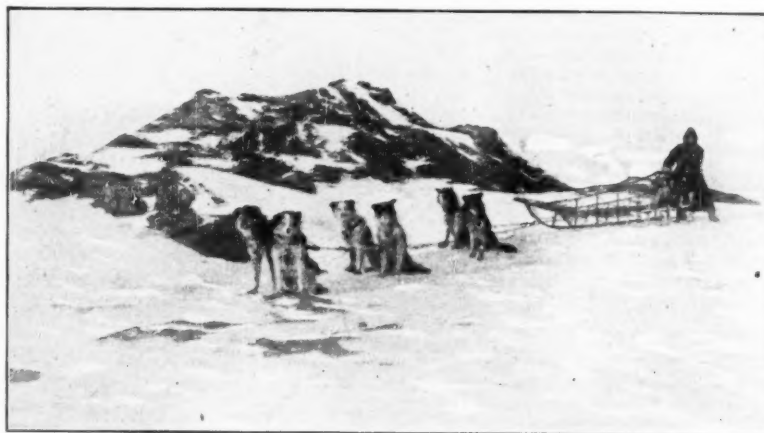
When we finally came to the north coast of "First Land" my ankle was nearly well and so we struck off to the north. The season was too late for us to go out on the moving ice, the edge of which we found a few miles off-shore bearing northeasterly. We therefore kept on the land-fast ice and followed the edge of the land floe till it brought us to Cape Isachsen on the northwest corner of Ellef Ringnes Island. On the way we made no discovery of new land. We had, however, run a line of soundings (which geographers



Camping on sea ice near "First Land."

value as much as the survey of a coast-line), and at Cape Isachsen we took tidal observations every ten minutes for thirty hours. We took these with special reference to the theory of Dr. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. He had published an argument for the existence of an undiscovered land to the northwest. In his argument he placed his main reliance on tidal observations, and as we were now not far from his hypothetical land, our observations here ought to be of value in proving or disproving his argument. The conclusions from such observations cannot, however, be instantly drawn; for not only must the observations themselves be calculated, but they must be compared with tidal data from all other portions of the Polar Sea before results of value can be announced. This is a work which has not as yet been done in the case either of our Cape Isachsen observations or similar ones which we took in half a dozen other places. And so we do not know as yet what light, if any, they may shed on Doctor Harris's theory.

From Cape Isachsen we again proceeded northeasterly. It was now June and I was able to walk,



Frozen earth heaped into ridge by pressure of sea ice.

although only with care. On the first day of my walking it happened that we were a little short of food, so the time seemed to have come for me to lend a helping hand in the providing. After traveling all night we camped in the morning, and while the others were making camp I walked off about half a mile to the top of an ice hummock of about fifty-foot elevation. With my field-glasses I saw a seal a mile or so to the westward.

Falling Into a Crevasse

AT this season of the year, because of the glare of the sun, it is necessary to wear some protection for the eyes. The best are amber-colored glasses. This we knew when we outfitted the expedition, but the loss of the *Karluk* had made us short of these as of almost every other kind of equipment, and my party had only two pairs. As I had been riding on the sled, the other men who needed them most were using the good glasses and I was using an Eskimo pair of eye-protectors. These consist essentially of a block of wood with narrow slits to look through. I like the Eskimo arrangement in every way except that in walking you cannot see where you are stepping, for the restricted field of view prevents that unless you look directly down at your toes. This was the cause of one of the few adventures of our expedition.

I had just put my field-glasses in their proper place and was starting to walk down the ice hummock when all of a sudden I began falling. Like every one else, I have heard of sinners and others reviewing a whole lifetime while they are falling to their deaths from a precipice. Curiously enough, this saying about sinners was the first thing that occurred to me as I fell. The next thing to occur to me was that evidently I was falling into a crevasse, and that it did not seem right that an Arctic explorer should fall into a crevasse. That is the special prerogative of Antarctic travelers and mountain-climbers. But here I was falling exactly as if I were a Shackleton or a Mawson. The next thing I thought of was that my fall was not exactly like one of theirs, because they were sure that they were going to land on something hard (either a ledge or the bottom of the crevasse), but I had two possibilities. My crevasse was evidently the result of the ice cracking under stress. This would probably have occurred in a gale, and we had had one about two days before. There had been, of course, other gales previously. Now if this crevasse was a week old I should fall on hard, or possibly glare, ice. If it were two days old I might fall into water for this was springtime, when freezing is slow. I had my rifle strapped on my back, my fieldglasses under my arm, a pouch of ammunition also tied to me, and several other things which, when added to my momentum, would make me go down rapidly should I strike water.

I have the word for it of my diary, which I wrote up a few hours later, that all these things and others still passed through my mind while I was falling. I have, therefore, the pleasure of verifying at least one popular old belief, although I have often been distressed at my inability to verify other better attested ones. Later observations showed that all this cogitating was done while I was dropping fifteen feet, at the end of which I landed on glare ice. On striking bottom I remained motionless for some time for fear I might break through the ice on which I had landed, which was not very thick.

I think it was thirty seconds or so until I decided that if my impact after the fall had not broken the ice, then doubtless I could move without danger of

breaking it now. I made the first movement very slowly and carefully, for noticing that both my snowshoes were broken, I assumed that some at least of my bones must be broken, too. But this did not prove to be the case, and after getting on all-fours and disengaging the broken snowshoes from my feet, I stood up to find that, while I was sore in several places, nothing seemed to be broken and my sprained ankle had not suffered particularly.

Land Sighted

LOOKING up, I could see the hole through which I had dropped. The crevasse was about four feet wide and had been completely roofed over with snow. It was hopeless to climb up but I remembered that the hummock which I had climbed was oval, and therefore it was obvious that a short walk along the bottom of my crevasse would bring me out. It turned out to be about forty-five yards to where the crevasse was about nine feet deep, and here I found a broken frag-

ment of ice which enabled me to climb out. Seeing that my ankle was all right, I went for the seal and got him in about an hour. He was a mile and a half or two miles from camp. I knew that dragging him would be hard work and dangerous for my ankle, so I climbed on a hummock and after some signaling was able to attract the attention of one of my companions, who came to my assistance. As he dragged the seal homeward I walked behind slowly and carefully, remembering that it was possible to sprain my weak ankle again, and halfway home I made a misstep and so, after having escaped unhurt from my spectacular fall and other adventures, I suffered a serious injury through the most prosaic of stumbles. For a week after that I had to ride on the sled.

The evening of June 12th Kars-ten Andersen reported that he thought he could see land to the northeast. The conditions of visibility were rapidly changing, and a little earlier I had thought I saw land, but later concluded that it was a fog-bank. Between us Noice and I convinced Andersen that it was only fog he had seen. But the next morning after a few miles of travel the land was plain in front of us. It was only about ten miles to the northeast, and the cliffs of Ellef Ringnes Island, which we had left a few days before, were still visible to the south. Captain Isachsen could therefore have discovered our island years before us had his weather conditions been fortunate and had he climbed to the top of one of the high hills when he was exploring Queen Louise Fjord.

Without denying that the discovery of this my "Second Land" was exhilarating to me, I know that it meant a good deal more to either of my companions, to whom it was their "First Land." They half apologized for their excitement by saying that putting a new land on the map did not happen to them every day.

When we got to "Second Land" the sun was shining brightly, so after camping I stayed at home to get observations for latitude and longitude while the boys went ashore. Andersen followed the coast-line for some distance and picked up a handful of most marvelously colored pebbles which, in spite of the rule of the expedition that all specimens found belong to the Government, I allowed him to keep and carry home to his friends, who are doubtless now using some of them as jewelry.

Noice went seven or eight miles inland, but as he found the topography undiversified and as a farther walk promised him no conspicuous view, since there were no hills anywhere near, he came home sooner than he had expected with the report that the land was remarkably uniform, although it rose gradually toward the interior.

My observations showed the southwest corner of "Second Land" to be 102.25° west longitude, 79.84° north latitude.

A Land That is Entirely Barren

THE work of the next two or three weeks showed that this is a roughly triangular island about thirty-five or forty miles in its greatest diameter, and we judged it to be about eight hundred feet high. It is the only land I have seen in the North which in its entirety appears to deserve the name of barren. We found some signs to show that caribou have visited it, but there were none when we were there and the visitors must have been but transient, for we saw practically no lichens or grass. There must have been some somewhere, for there were a few lemmings. We saw none of these, only the ekgurgitations of owls which had been feeding on lemmings. Neither did we see the owls, and the remains appeared to be several years old. But we did find a large number of Hutchins geese.

There is a multitude of water-fowl on most parts of the north coast of the North American mainland. The first tier of islands to the north, such as Banks and Victoria Islands, have two kinds of ducks, the King Eider and the Old Squaw, and also the Canada goose, the black brant, and the Hutchins goose. On the second tier of islands going north, such as Melville or Prince Patrick, we found all these, but in much smaller numbers. But in the third tier of islands, such as our own "First Land" and Ringnes Islands, there are no white geese or black brant, and the ducks are found

only on the south coast, or at least were so the years we were there. The Hutchins goose alone goes north into what we may call the fourth tier of islands. At least we saw no other, but they were more numerous than we have ever found them anywhere else. As this island is never visited by human beings and apparently rarely by wolves or foxes, it is evident that the Hutchins goose has found it as safe a home as possible for her young.



Monument built by Sir Robert McClure in 1855 at the Bay of God's of Mercy to mark where he abandoned his ship "Investigator."

Most geese prefer to have their nests near a lake or a river, probably partly because of their food habits, but mostly because the water is for them a safe retreat from predatory animals other than man. But the Hutchins goose has her nest in the high hills, commonly at great distances from any water in which she can swim, and not necessarily close to even a trickling rivulet. Although they were more numerous in "Second Land" than we have ever seen them elsewhere, we would only see forty or fifty in a ten-mile walk, so, in our experience, these geese are not numerous in any land.

"Second Land" was an excellent illustration of how something to eat can be found in the most unpromising places. As I have said, it was exceedingly barren, so there was no ordinary game on the land. The ice outside of it was half a dozen years old and we should have had to go ten or fifteen miles from shore to get to the edge of the moving pack where seals are to be expected. But we wanted to follow the land to map the coast-line, and so, as I walked along, taking compass bearings from point to point, and making notes in my pocket memorandum-book, I also kept an eye for the nests of the Hutchins goose and was able to pick up twenty or thirty eggs between camps. Those alone would not have been enough for both men and dogs, but we had some seal blubber with us, which for a few days served as an emergency ration for the dogs, and the eggs were enough for us. This is the only time on the last expedition that we robbed bird's nests. We don't make a special virtue of this, for, contrary to what the theorist would expect, none of us was hungry for a change of food. Perhaps the robbing of nests is no more cruel than the killing of caribou, but to the caribou-killing we were hardened enough so that we always felt a reluctance to robbing nests when a caribou or seal was to be had. On "Second Land" we should have had to kill some of the geese as well had our stay on the island been longer, and as a matter of fact we did kill one. This was, however, to get the skin for a sure identification of egg specimens which we gathered and took home to show this northern habitat of the Hutchins goose

Comments on Dr. Cook's Book

THE discovery of "Second Land" brings up certain interesting literary and scientific considerations. I have often wondered how a magazine article should be written and often wished I knew how to make a book. I read some popular narratives with an idea of finding out how it is done, and have avoided others for fear reading them might make mine seem to lack originally through unconscious copying. I have been told that Peary's style is too bald. I have heard from the readers of books many expressions of delight over the antics of puppies and dogs and practical jokes of sailors which are an outstanding feature of the narratives of the great northern explorers Nansen, Sverdrup, and Amundsen. An appreciation of canine and sailor humor seems a family trait with these writers. It is a good thing to be able to enliven one's narratives in this fashion, no doubt, but what I have always wanted is a convincing style. People have told me that the things I write about seem so simple and easy that one not only loses interest, but gets a feeling of unreality. Commonly these people have also mentioned the fact that in spite of how thoroughly discredited Doctor Cook is, they personally have been convinced by his realistic style. A man could not tell things with such fidelity of detail if they had not really happened.

There, evidently, was the model of the convincing style I wanted but did not have, and there, accordingly, was a book I must read. But, somehow, I had never read it until one day in Seattle, more than two years after the discovery of "Second Land," I happened to see in a bookstore a book that cost only a dollar and was labeled *My Attainment of the Pole*, by Dr. F. O. Cook.

Had I not been prejudiced by ten years of Arctic experience, I should, no doubt, have found the book as convincing as it was interesting. It goes into minute details of events and of psycho-analysis. It tells with utmost verisimilitude how meals were cooked, how camps were pitched, how astronomical observations were taken with frost-bitten fingers, and is vague only in such uninteresting details as the latitude and longitude that resulted from the computations. The journey northward from Cape Thomas Hubbard toward the Pole was undertaken with high courage. The prize that had eluded so many courageous and determined men lay there, far away beyond the icy horizon. Others had followed the gleam to failure always, and to tragic death in some cases. And now the question was, "Would this become another failure, another tragedy, or the final triumph of the ages?" The literary suspense created is so successful that one almost forgets having read in the preface that the Pole is actually attained and the writer is still alive. Your admiration and your sympathy are equally enlisted as he struggles bravely northward and faithful Eskimos and faithful dogs and his own brave heart to carry him on. But all the forces of hunger and cold, adverse wind and stubborn ice barrier are against him and make the outcome increasingly doubt-

Continued on page 75



Making snug for the night.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

CHAPTER EIGHT
The Lion's Wrath

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

HIS Majesty the King was, of course, inaccessible to such as I. And the time was short.

Did I say that the hour was even then after six? The streets were very dark, for overhead the sky was overcast, and as I walked rapidly down the Lane to the Temple Stairs, a thin, penetrating drizzle began to fall.

My first thought had been to take boat to Westminster and to go to the house of Mr. Betterton in Tothill Street, there to consult with him as to what would be my best course to pursue. But I feel sure that You, dear Mistress, will understand me when I say, that I felt a certain pride in keeping my present Project to myself.

I was not egotistical enough to persuade myself that love of Country and loyalty to my King were the sole motive powers of my Resolve. My innermost Heart, my Conscience perhaps, told me that an ugly Desire for Revenge had helped to stimulate my patriotic Ardour. I had realized that it lay in my power to avenge upon an impious Malapert the hideous Outrage which he had penetrated against the Man whom I loved best in all the world.

I had realized, in fact, that I could become the instrument of Mr. Betterton's Revenge.

That my Denunciation of the abominable Conspiracy would involve the Disgrace—probably the Death—of others who were nothing to me, I did not pause to consider. They were all Traitors, anyhow! and all of them deserving of punishment.

So on the whole, I decided to act for myself. When I had seen the Countess of Castlemaine and had put her on her guard, I would go to Mr. Betterton and tell him what I had done.

I beg you to believe, however, dear Mistress, that no thought of any reward had entered my mind, other than a word of Appreciation from my Friend.

II

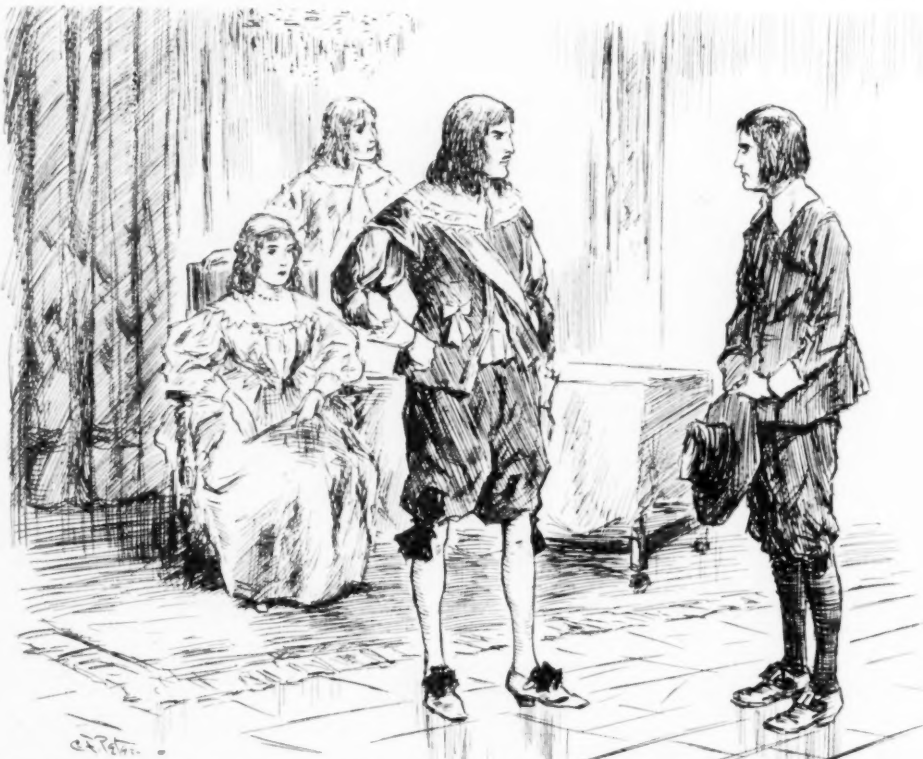
I HAD, as perhaps you know, a slight acquaintance with Mistress Floid, who is one of my Lady Castlemaine's tirewomen. Through her, I obtained speech with her Ladyship.

It was not very difficult. I sent in the two Documents through Mistress Floid's hands. Five minutes later I was told that my Lady desired speech with me.

Of my interview with her Ladyship I have only a confused memory. I know that she asked many questions and listened to my stammering Replies with obvious impatience; but I have only a very vague recollection of her flashing Eyes, of her Face, flaming with anger, of her jewelled Hand clutching the documents which I had brought, and of the torrent of vituperative abuse which she poured upon the Traitors, who she vowed would pay with their lives for their Infamy. I know that, in the end, I was allowed to kiss her hand and that she thanked me in her own Name and that of His Majesty for my Loyalty and my Discretion.

I went out of the room and out of the house like a Man in a dream. A whirl of conflicting Emotions was rending my heart and my brain, until sheer physical nausea caused me nigh to swoon.

Truly it was a terrible Experience for a simple-minded Clerk to go through, and it is a marvel to me that my brain did not give way under the Strain.



"You can inform your worthy friend that two hundred years hence my descendants might fight him on a comparatively equal footing."

But my instinct—like that of a faithful dog seeking shelter—led me to the lodgings of Mr. Betterton in Tothill Street, the very house in which his father had lived before him.

He had not yet returned from the Theatre, where he was at Rehearsal; but his Servant knew me well and allowed me to go up into the parlour and to lie down upon the sofa for a moment's rest.

It was then nearing seven, and I knew that Mr. Betterton would soon be coming home. I now felt infinitely weary: numbness of body and brain had followed the conflicting Emotions of the past hours, and I was only conscious of an overwhelming desire to rest.

I closed my eyes. The place was warm and still; a veritable Haven of Quietude. And it was the place where dwelt the Man for whose sake I had just done so much. For awhile I watched the play of the firelight upon the various articles of furniture in the room; but soon a pleasing Torpor invaded my tired Brain, and I fell asleep.

III

THE sound of Voices upon the landing outside, the opening and closing of one door and then another, recalled me to myself. The familiar sound of my Friend's footsteps gave me an infinity of Pleasure.

The next moment Mr. Betterton came into the room. He was preceded by his Servant, who brought in a couple of Candles which he placed upon the table. Apparently he had said nothing to his Master about my presence here, for Mr. Betterton seemed vastly surprised when he saw me. I had just jumped to my

feet when I heard him entering the room, and I suppose that I must have looked somewhat wild and dishevelled, for he expressed great astonishment at my Appearance.

Astonishment, and also Pleasure.

"Why, friend Honeywood!" he exclaimed, and came to greet me with both hands outstretched. "What favourable Wind hath blown you to this port?"

He looked tired and very much aged, methought. He, a young Man, then in the prime of Life, looked harassed and weary; all the Elasticity seemed to have gone out of his Movements, all the Springiness from his Footstep. He sat down and rested his elbows on his knees, clasped his slender hands together and stared moodily into the fire.

I watched him for awhile. His clear-cut Profile was outlined like an Italian Cameo against the dark angle of the room; the firelight gave a strange glow to his expressive Eyes and to the sensitive Mouth with the firm lips pressed closely together, as if they would hold some Secret which was even then threatening to escape.

That look of dark and introspective Brooding sat more apparent now than ever upon his mobile face, and I marvelled if the News which I was about to impart

would tend to dissipate that reckless, searching glance, which seemed for ever to be probing into the future decrees of Fate.

"I have come to tell you news, Sir," I said after awhile.

He started as from a Reverie, and said half-absently:

"News? What news, friend? Good, I hope."

"Yes," I replied very quietly, even though I felt that my heart was beating fast within my breast with excitement. "Good news of the Man You Hate."

He made no reply for the moment, and even by the dim, uncertain light of the fire I could see the quick change in his face. I cannot explain it exactly, but it seemed as if something Evil had swept over it, changing every noble line into something that was almost repellent.

My heart beat faster still. I was beginning to feel afraid and a queer, choking Sensation gripped me by the throat and silenced the Words which were struggling to come to my lips.

"Well?" queried Mr. Betterton a second or two later, in a calm, dull, unemotional Voice. "What is thy news, friend Honeywood?"

"There is a plot," I replied, still speaking with an effort, "against His Majesty and the Countess of Castlemaine."

"I knew that," he rejoined. "'Tis no news. There is more than one plot, in fact, against the King and the Castlemaine. You surely haven't come out on this wet night," he added with a mirthless laugh, "in order to tell me that!"

AFTER all that I had gone through, after my tussle with my conscience and my fight against myself, I felt nettled by his flippant tone.

"I know not," I said firmly, "if there is more than one plot against His Majesty the King. But I do know that there is one which aims at striking at his sacred Person to-night."

"That also is possible," he retorted, with still that same air of flippant Carelessness. "But even so, I do not see, my dear Friend, what You can do in the matter."

SYNOPSIS.—This is the story of Thomas Betterton, a famous actor, and Joyce Sanderson, as told by John Honeywood, clerk to Theophilus Baggs, a lawyer. Betterton is infatuated with Lady Barbara Wychwoode. His attentions to her are resented by her brother, and by Lord Stour, her lover, and they hire some ruffians to make a dastardly attack on him. They refuse to accept Betterton's challenge to a duel, considering him as beneath their notice. Baggs, Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode are engaged in a plot to seize and dethrone King Charles II., and Honeywood is ordered to make copies of a treasonable document in connection with the plot. To avenge Betterton Honeywood decides to disclose the plot to Lady Castlemaine.

"I can denounce the Plot," I riposted warmly, "and help to save the life of His Majesty the King."

"So you can, my dear Honeywood," he said with a smile, amused at my vehemence. "So you can! And upon the King's gratitude you may lay the foundations of your future Fortune."

"I was not thinking of a Fortune," I retorted gruffly; "only of Revenge."

At this he looked up suddenly, leaned forward and in the firelight tried to read my face.

"Revenge?" he queried curtly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I replied earnestly, "that the Plot of which I speak is real, tangible and damnable. That a set of young Gallants have arranged between themselves to waylay His Majesty the King this night in the house of the Countess of Castlemaine, to kidnap his sacred Person, force him to abdicate, then proclaim the Duke of Monmouth King and the Prince of Orange Regent of the Realm."

"How do you know all this, Honeywood?" Mr. Betterton rejoined quietly, dragged, meseemed, out of his former Cynicism by the earnestness of my manner.

"I was one of the first to know of it," I replied, "because on a certain day in September I was employed in copying the Manifesto wherewith that pack of Traitors hoped to rally distant Friends around their Standard. For awhile I heard nothing more of the Affair, thought the whole thing had fizzled out like a fire devoid of fuel; until to-day, when the Conspirators once more met in the House of Mr. Theophilus Baggs and arranged to carry their execrable Project through to-night. Careless of my presence, they planned and discussed their Affairs in my hearing. They thought, I suppose, that I, like Mr. Baggs, was one of their Gang."

Gradually, while I spoke, I could see the dawn of Comprehension illumining Mr. Betterton's face. He still was silent, and let me speak on to the end. He was once more gazing into the fire; his arms were resting on his knees, but his hands were beating one against the other, fist to palm, with a violent, intermittent Gesture, which proclaimed his growing Impatience.

Then suddenly he raised his head, looked me once more straight in the eyes, and said slowly, reiterating some of my words:

"The Conspirators met in the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs—then—"

he—"

I nodded.

"My Lord Stour," I said, deliberately measuring my words, "is up to his neck in the damnable Conspiracy."

Still his searching gaze was fixed upon me; and now he put out his hand and clutched my forearm. But he did not speak.

"I was burning with rage," I said, "at the insult put upon you by my Lord Stour . . . I longed to be revenged . . ."

His clutch upon my arm tightened till it felt like a Vice of Steel, and his Voice came to my ear hoarse and almost unrecognizable.

"Honeywood," he murmured, "what do You mean? What have You done?"

I tried to return his gaze, but it seemed to sear my very Soul. Terror held me now. I scarce could speak. My Voice came out in a husky whisper.

"I had a copy of the Manifesto," I said, "and I knew the names of the Conspirators. I wrote these out and placed them with the Manifesto in the hands of my Lady Castlemaine."

DEAR Mistress, you know the beautiful picture by the great Italian artist Michael Angelo which represents Jove hurling his thunderbolt at some puny human Creature who hath dared to defy him. The flash of Anger expressed by the Artist in the mighty god's eyes is truly terrifying. Well! that same expression of unbounded and prodigious Wrath flashed out in one instant from the great Actor's eyes. He jumped to his feet, towered above me like some Giant whom I, in my presumption, had dared to defy.

The flickering candle light warring with the fireglow and its play of ruddy Lights and deep phantasmagoric Shadows, lent size and weirdness to Mr. Betterton's figure and enhanced the dignity of magnitude of his Presence. His lips were working, and I could see that he had the greatest difficulty in forcing himself to speak coherently.

"You have done that?" he stammered. "You . . . ?"

"To avenge the deadly insult—" I murmured, frightened to death now by his violence.

"Silence, you fool!" he riposted hoarsely. "Is it given to the Mouse to avenge the hurt done to the Lion?"

I guessed how deeply he was moved by these Words which he spoke, more even than by his Attitude. Never, had he been in his normal frame of mind, would he have said them, knowing how their cruel intent would hurt and wound me.

He was angry with me. Very angry. And I, as yet, was too ignorant, too unsophisticated, to know in what way I had injured him. God knows it had been done unwittingly. And I could not understand what went on in that noble and obviously tortured Brain. I could only sit there and gaze upon him in helpless Bewilderment, as he now started to pace up and down the narrow room in very truth like a caged Lion that hath been teased till it can endure the irritation no longer.

"You are angry with me?" I contrived to stammer at last; and indeed I found much difficulty in keeping the tears which were welling up to mine eyes.

But my timid query only appeared to have the effect of bringing his Exasperation to its highest pitch. He did in truth turn on me as if he were ready to strike me, and I slid down on my Knees, for I felt now really frightened, as his fine voice smote mine ears in thunderous Accents of unbridled Wrath.

"Angry?" he exclaimed. "Angry . . . ? I . . ."

Then he paused abruptly, for he had caught sight of me, kneeling there, an humble and, I doubt not, a

pathetic Figure; and, as you know, Mr. Betterton's heart is ever full of pity for the Lowly and the Weak. By the flickering candle light I could distinguish his noble Features, a moment ago almost distorted with Passion, but now, all of a sudden, illumined by tender Sympathy.

He pulled himself together. I almost could see the Effort of Will wreathed with he curbed that turbulent Passion which had threatened to overmaster him. He passed his hand once or twice across his brow, as if he strode to chase away, by sheer physical Force, the last vestige of his own Anger.

"No—no—" he murmured gently, bent down to me and helped me to my feet. "No, my dear Friend; I am not angry with You . . . I—I forgot myself just now . . . something seemed to snap in my Brain when you told me that . . . When you told me that—" he reiterated slowly; then threw back his head and broke into a laugh. Oh! such a laugh as I never wish to hear again. It was not only mirthless, but the Sound of it did rend my heart until the tears came back to mine eyes; but this time through an overwhelming feeling of Pity.

And yet I did not understand. Neither his Anger nor his obvious Despair were clear to my Comprehension. I hoped he would soon explain, feeling that if he spoke of it, it would ease his heartache. Mine was almost unendurable. I felt that I could cry like a child, Remorse warring with Anxiety in my heart.

Then suddenly Mr. Betterton came close to me, sat down on the sofa beside me and said, with a Recrudescence of his former Vehemence:

"Friend Honeywood, you must go straightway back to my Lady Castlemaine."

"Yes," I replied meekly, for I was ready to do anything that he desired.

"Either to my Lady Castlemaine," he went on, his voice trembling with agitation, "or to her menial first, but ultimately to my Lady Castlemaine. Go on your hands and knees, Honeywood; crawl, supplicate, lick the dust, swear that the Conspiracy had no existence save in your own disordered brain . . . that the Manifesto is a forgery . . . the list of Conspirators a facitious one . . . swear above all that my Lord Stour had no part in the murderous Plot—"

I would, dear lady, that mine was the pen of a ready Writer, so that I might give you a clear idea of Mr. Betterton's strange aspect at that moment. His face was close to mine, yet he did not seem like himself. You know how serene and calm is the Glance of his Eyes as a rule. Well! just then they were strangely luminous and restless; there was a glitter in them, a weird, pale Light that I cannot describe, but which struck me as coming from a Brain that, for the moment, was almost bereft of Reason.

That he was not thinking coherently was obvious to me from what he said. I, who was ready and prepared to do anything that might atone for the Injury, as yet inexplicable, which I had so unwittingly done to him, felt, nevertheless, the entire Futility of his Suggestion. Indeed, was it likely that my Lady Castlemaine's Suspicions, once aroused, could so easily be allayed? Whatever I told her now, she would of a surety warn the King—had done so, no doubt, already. Measures would be taken—had already been taken—to trap the infamous Plotters, to catch them red-handed in the Act; if indeed they were guilty. Nay! I could not very well imagine how such great Personages would act under the Circumstances that had come about. But this much I did know; that not one of them would be swayed by the Vagaries of a puny Clerk, who had taken it upon himself to denounce a number of noble Gentlemen for Treason one moment and endeavoured to exonerate them the next. So I could only shake my head and murmur:

"Alas, Sir! all that now would be too late."

He looked at me searchingly for a second or two. The strange glitter died out from his eyes, and he gave a deep sigh of weariness and of disappointment.



"He will not fight me?" he said simply.

"Aye!" he said. "True! true! It is all too late!"
Imagine, dear Mistress, how puzzled I was. What would You have thought of it all, yourself, had your sweet spirit been present then at that hour, when a truly good, yet deeply injured Man bared his Soul before his Friend?

Just for a second or two the Suspicion flashed through my mind that Mr. Betterton himself was in some secret and unaccountable manner mixed up with the abominable Conspiracy. But almost at once my saner Judgment rejected this villainous Suggestion; for of a truth it had no foundation save in Foolishness engendered by a bewildered brain. In truth, I had never seen Mr. Betterton in the Company of any of those Traitors whose names were indelibly graven upon the tablets of my Memory, save on that one occasion—that unforgettable afternoon in September, when he entered the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs at the hour when Lord Douglas Wychwoode had just entrusted his Manifesto to me. What was said then and what happened afterwards should, God help me! have convinced me that no sort of intimate Connection, political or otherwise, could ever exist between my Lord Stour, Lord Douglas Wychwoode or their Friends, and Mr. Betterton.

IV

EVEN while all these Thoughts and Conjectures were coursing through my brain, my innermost Consciousness kept my Attention fixed upon my friend.

He had once more resumed his restless pacing up and down the narrow room. His slender hands were closely linked together behind his back, and at times he strode quite close to me, so close that the skirts of his fashionably cut coat brushed against my knee. From time to time disconnected Phrases came to his lips. He was talking to himself, a thing which I had never known him do before.

"I, who wished to return Taunt for Taunt and Infamy for Infamy!" he said at one time. And at another: "To-day . . . in a few hours perhaps, that young Coxcomb will be in the Tower . . . and then the Scaffold!"

I listened as attentively as I could, without seeming to do so, thinking that, if I only caught more of these confused Mutterings, the Puzzle, such as it was, would become more clear to me. Picture the two of us then, dear Mistress, in the semi-darkness, with only fitful candle light to bring into occasional bold relief the fine Figure of the great Actor pacing up and down like a restless and tortured Beast; and mine own meagre Form cowering in an angle of the sofa, straining mine ears to catch every syllable that came from my Friend's lips, and mine eyes to note every Change of his Countenance.

"She will think 'twas I who spied upon him," I heard him say quite distinctly through his clenched teeth. "I who betrayed him, her Friends, her Brother."

"He will die a martyr to the cause she loves," he murmured a few moments later. "A Hero to his Friends—to her a demigod whose Memory she will worship."

Then he paused, and added in a loud and firm voice, apostrophizing, God knows what Spirits of Hate and of Vengeance whom he had summoned:

"And that is to be my Revenge for the deadliest Insult Man ever put upon Man! . . . Ha! ha! ha!

ha!" he laughed, with weird Incontinence. "God above us, save me from my Friends and let me deal alone with mine Enemies!"

HE fell back into the nearest chair and, resting his elbows on his knees, he pressed his forehead against his clenched fists. I stared at him, mute, dumbfounded. For now I understood. I knew what I had done, knew what he desired, what he had striven for and planned all these past weary weeks. His Hopes, his Desires, I had frustrated. I, his Friend, who would have given my Life for his welfare!

I had been heart-broken before. I was doubly so now. I slid from the sofa once more on my knees and, not daring to touch him, I just remained there, sobbing and moaning in helpless Dejection and Remorse:

"What can I do?—what can I do?"

He looked at me, obviously dazed. He had apparently become quite oblivious of my presence. Once more that look of tender Commiseration came into his eyes, and he said with a gently ironical smile:

"You? Poor little, feeble Mouse, who has gnawed at the Giant's prey—what can you do? . . . Why, nothing. Go back to our mutual Friend, Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and tell him to make his way—and quickly too—to some obscure corner of the Country, for he also is up to the neck in that damnable Conspiracy."

This set my mind to a fresh train of thought.

"Shall I to my Lord Stour by the same token?" I asked eagerly.

"To my Lord Stour?" he queried, with a puzzled frown. "What for?"

"To warn him," I replied. "Give him a chance of escape. I could tell him you sent me," I added tentatively.

He laughed.

"No, no, my Friend," he said drily. "We'll not quite

go to that length. Give him a chance of Escape?" he reiterated. "And tell him I sent You? No, No! He would only look upon my supposed Magnanimity as a sign of cringing Humility, Obsequiousness and Terror of further Reprisals. No, no, my Friend; I'll not give the gay young Spark another chance of insulting me . . . But let me think . . . let me think . . . Oh, if only I had a few days before me, instead of a mere few hours! . . . And if only my Lady Castlemaine . . ."

He paused, and I broke in on the impulse of the moment.

"Oh, Sir! hath not the Countess of Castlemaine vowed often of late that she would grant any Favour that the great Mr. Betterton would ask of her?"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I regretted them. It must have been Instinct, for they seemed innocent enough at the time. My only thought in uttering them was to suggest that at Mr. Betterton's request the Traitors should be pardoned. My Lady Castlemaine in those days held the King wholly under her Domination. And I still believed that my Friend desired nothing so much at this moment than that my Lord Stour should not die a Hero's death—a Martyr to the cause which the beautiful Lady Barbara had at heart.

But since that hour, whenever I have looked back upon the Sequence of Events which followed on my impulsive Utterance, I could not help but think that Destiny had put the words into my mouth. She had need of me as her tool. What had to be, had to be. You, dear Mistress, can now judge whether Mr. Betterton is still worthy of your Love, whether he is still worthy to be taken back into your Heart. For verily my words did make the turning point in the workings of his Soul. But I should never have dared to tell You all that happened, face to face, and I desired to speak of the matter impartially. Therefore I chose the medium of a pen, so that I might make You understand and, understanding, be ready to forgive.

CHAPTER NINE

A Last Chance

I

OF course what happened subsequently I can only tell for the most part from what Mr. Betterton told me himself, and also from one or two Facts revealed to me by Mistress Pyncheon.

At the moment, Mr. Betterton commended me for my Suggestion, rested his Hand with all his former affectionate manner upon my Shoulder, and said quite simply:

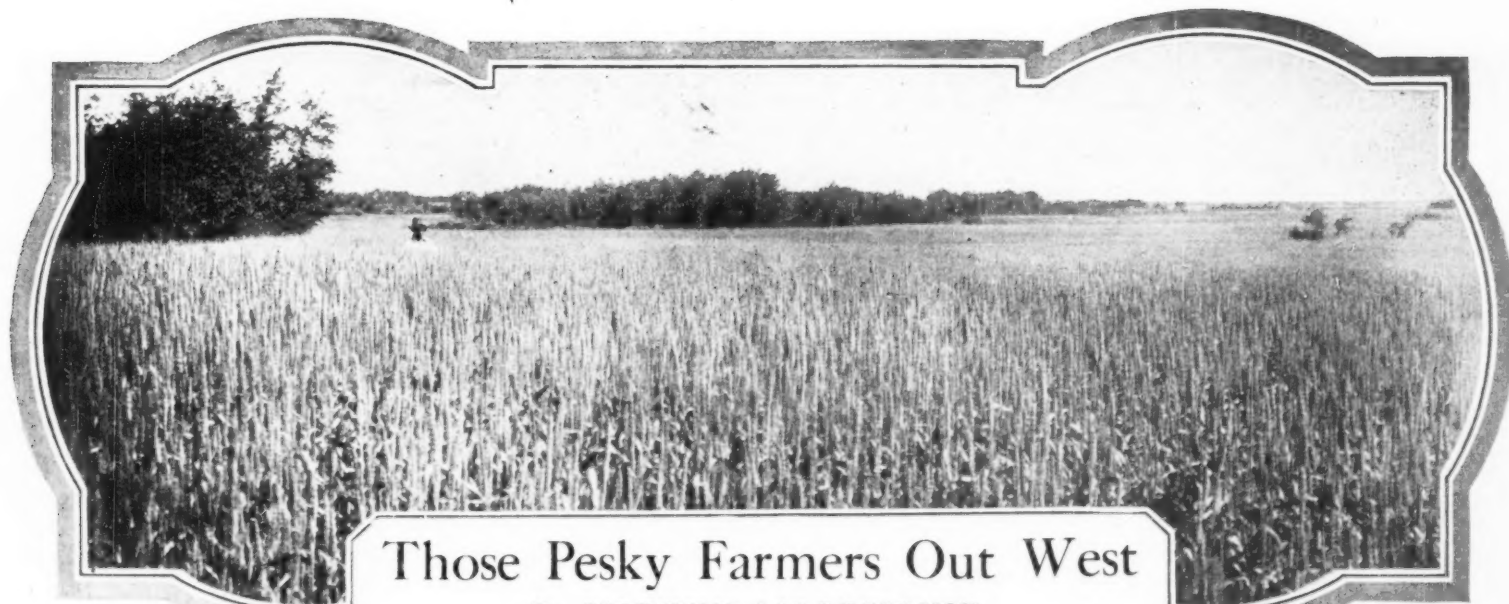
"I thank you, Friend, for reminding me of this. My Lady Castlemaine did indeed last night intimate to me that she felt ready to grant any Favour I might ask of her. Well! I will not put her Magnanimity to an over severe test. Come with me, friend Honeywood. We'll to her Ladyship. There will be plenty of time after that to go and warn that worthy Mr. Baggs and my equally worthy Sister. I should not like them to end their Days upon the Scaffold. So heroic an Ending doth not seem suitable to their drabby Existence, and would war with all pre-conceived dramatic Values."

He then called to his Man and ordered a couple of Linkmen to be in readiness to guide us through the Streets, as these were far from safe for peaceful Pedestrians after dark! Then he demanded his Hat and Cloak, and

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"Silence, you fool," he cried hoarsely.



Those Pesky Farmers Out West

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

Author of "Deep Furrows," etc.

ONCE upon a time there was a row in the Winnipeg city council and at the height of the confusion a worthy alderman leaped to his feet and, hoarse with emotion, shouted:

"Get together fellows. For Gawd's sake, let's try to bring order out of ca-hoss!"

It is too bad that this level-headed citizen is not "with us to-day"; for in the political confusion of the hour he would be a man with a message. With the war over and the heralded "period of reconstruction" moving in, the first big vanload of difficulties has been gee-hawed to the national doorstep and dumped in a clutter. It is little wonder that political leaders who believe that a stitch in time saves embarrassment are nonplussed by the subtractions which the war has wrought in the old party machinery. Parts are missing, cogs bent; rust and moth have corrupted and thieves have broken through and stolen allegiance until it would seem that new machinery altogether might better be built.

The decision of the organized Grain Growers of Western Canada, supported strongly by the farmers of the East, to take definite political action by the formation of a Farmers' Party has broken the glass in the political barometer; so that soothsaying the result of the next election is about as satisfactory as filling the churn with buttercups or milking cowslips or frying pig-weed! It can't be done by holding a wet finger in the air or tossing straws aloft when the finger turns cold on all sides at once and the straws loop the loop. So, anxious eyes in the East have been scanning the Western political sky for the sundogs which presage disturbance and it is quite possible that a few of the uninformed have been listening for the critters to bark!

Why it is East vs. West

IT is a way of the East to only half understand things Western, to only half appreciate Western difficulties and the Western viewpoint. Away back in the days when the West was shod in moccasins and shoe-packs and hob-nailed boots, patent-leathers twinkled under the ballroom lights of Montreal and the West went East for everything. The Old have always looked upon the Young with tolerant smiles and the thing becomes a habit of thought that is not set aside easily. Halfcock opinion based on incomplete information and disseminated by editors who have never been farther West than the magazine illustrations—and a lot of them have not!—has not tended to better understanding. Every little while a party of American editors tours the West, piloted by the chauffeurs of the railway and the Department of Immigration. Just the other day the autos were buzzing in Winnipeg, carrying cards with the greeting: "Welcome, Editors." The Government might well afford to spend some money in giving every hard-working editor and sub-editor in Eastern Canada a whiff of Western air and a full ration of first-hand information. The West would treat them right. Meanwhile, school geographies notwithstanding, Canada is divided into two parts, East and West; it is bounded on the

East by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and on the south by a Tariff Wall—on the north by that "glorious heritage of ours" and on the West by the Grain Growers and such popular institutions as Hon. Bob Rogers, R. B. Bennett, Hon. Frank Oliver and the Calgary Eyeopener of that fine old Indian, Bob Edwards!

A welt of Laurentian rock and an area of pulpwood lies between Eastern and Western Canada—a difference of distance that can be bridged by thirty-six hours on a train and a burnt tongue from too much smoking. Unfortunately this geological barrier has developed a segregation of interests, while the divergence of topography has created special channels of activity for the populations of each section. Thus, the Western prairies have foreordained the preponderance of agriculture in the West for all time to come. Both East and West, therefore, have individual problems which are traceable to environment and occupation and their harmonious solution calls for a better understanding of viewpoints on both sides.

Especially is this so now in a time of misconception and general suspicion. The catastrophe of the Great War has bred distrust of Governments the world over. The peoples of the world have been harried into corners with their backs to the wall. They are still dazed and scarcely know which way to turn for guidance. The one thing which obsesses is the belief that any system which permitted such a crime against civilization to occur must be wrong. But what is to take its place?

Are we going back to party Government in Canada or have the lashes been lost for good from the party whips? Blood is stirring in old veins these days while convention badges flutter from lapels once more and caucus doors are opening and shutting with all the secrecy of yore. Before this article will be in print a big Liberal Convention will have been held at Ottawa; perhaps a Conservative Convention will follow. Labor forces also are organizing as never before, and always there are the Returned Soldier and the Union Government which "raised particular hell" with the old party influences in the East just as the "independent movement" in the West has scattered the sandpile of the Liberal Party or bids fair to do so. Things are going to happen and one thing sure is that the West is going to be right in the middle of whatever does happen. Which means simply that "those pesky farmers out West" will be found seated firmly upon their National Political Platform whether the said platform is erected in the hall of one or other of the so-called national parties or in a special hall of its own. (Watch every party convention shape its planks to size!)

Why is the Farmers' Party

TO dig down and examine the character of the soil which has grown this new plant is quite in order. Why should there be a Farmers' Party at all? Who are these Grain Growers anyway? What have they

accomplished? Where are they heading for and who's their Moses?

The Grain Growers' Movement began in 1901 in what is now the great Province of Saskatchewan when, at the call of W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, an indignation meeting of farmers was held and an association formed to protest against abuses in the grain trade. Since the early eighties the settlers on the prairies had been at the mercy of grain dealers and the railway. Conditions had become unbearable. In self-defence the farmers began to organize associations for mutual protection against the wholesale robberies of the combines in the grain trade by seeking legislative remedy. The movement was instantly popular and spread rapidly until it embraced nearly every farming community in the three prairie provinces, until there were over three thousand local associations. It took twelve years, this growth, and during that time many improvements in conditions were brought about as the direct result of the organized farmers' efforts. Their whole attitude was determined by their experience. The tariff and economic conditions of Canada became the topics of long winter-evening chats and in the mind of the Western farmer grew a passion for reform. This assumed the form of an attack upon the old national policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, established in 1879.

To understand the greater independence of political attitude on the prairies it is necessary to remember the period of Government under the Territorial Parliament at Regina before the provinces were formed. Locally there were no parties at all then. Haultain was opposed by R. B. Bennett, although both became Conservatives afterward. In the early days, between 1887 and 1892, the Territorial Government and the Dominion Government were fighting over the control of executive authority. The Territories had no control of their finances and the real issues of responsible Government were fought for sternly by Senator Jim Ross, of Moosejaw, and Hon. Frank Oliver, of Edmonton. The spirit of the West was a brotherhood bred by pioneer conditions which had taught each man to depend upon his own resources and his nearest neighbor. While the West stood solid for the interests of Western Canada and its development, therefore, people in Eastern Canada were being brought up under the personal influence of Sir John A. Macdonald, of George Brown and Laurier. Partizanship was inevitable. Liberalism and Conservatism in the East were known in terms of Laurierism and Macdonaldism, while the West looked at the issues rather than the men.

The independent attitude of the Grain Growers, therefore, is a natural attitude. Within the provincial areas they have exerted their influence and the great contrast between some of the Western provincial legislation and the Federal legislation is a result. It is true that the Grain Growers' organizations were brought into existence primarily to get a greater return for their labors, for the products they were marketing, and to this end they organized the great co-operative institutions which have become such a factor in the agricultural life of the West. But that very act of organizing co-operative institutions with

groups of from one score to ten score individuals dotting the prairies has had the effect of creating an interest in public affairs. Community organization creates a more intelligent appreciation of political forms and of citizenship. The Grain Growers' Movement, based upon co-operation, has created vast business interests, and concomitant thereto has developed a great school of political thought.

But what has so suddenly developed out of this school of thought the decision to enter into direct political action when the avowed declaration of the Grain Growers from the first has been: "We must keep out of politics?" Analogy is found in the action of the Labor Unions in the Old Country. They, too, were organized primarily to improve conditions for the workmen in the matter of wages and working hours; but the time came when it seemed desirable to bring their ideas to bear more closely upon the life of the Old Country and the Labor Party thereupon was created. The Farmers' Party is the political expression of the co-operative movement and the Farmers' Platform on which it stands is the new national policy which the farmers believe sincerely to be the only solution of national problems at this time. The legislation which it advocates is not class legislation but national in scope, and the new policy is the outcome of long and careful and intelligent thought by men who have reached their conclusions through the hard school of experience. A more democratic administration of public affairs is the demand of the farmers, speaking on behalf of social progress. They have tried waiting for others to do something. They have got tired waiting, that is all.

The Germ of the Idea

IT was at the annual convention of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association in February, 1914, at Moosejaw, that the idea of an independent political movement on the prairies first manifested itself. It took the form of a resolution, strongly supported, calling upon the Grain Growers' Association to undertake the promotion of a "third party." At the time it was prevented from crystallizing by the influence in the convention of the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, now Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan but then manager of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company. He was ably supported in his attitude by the late F. W. Green, one of the directors of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. The argument which they advanced was that the existing Government of Saskatchewan was in reality a farmers' Government and that the farmers had received everything they had asked for, including the co-operative institutions which Hon. Walter Scott had given them. No action was taken, therefore, by the convention.

That same year the war broke out and distracted attention. During 1916 the Non-Partizan League, a farmers' political organization which was flourishing south of the border, made a strong bid for organization and power in Saskatchewan, but it gained no headway, owing largely to mediocrity of leadership. In Alberta, however, the Non-Partizan League established a following and entrenched itself more successfully.

Now, Western Liberal members in the House of Commons were not blind to the trend of affairs on the prairies. They were trailing their fingers in the currents of public opinion at home and saw the inevitability of a new political party taking formation in the West unless one or other of the old line parties absorbed the demands of the organized farmers by in-

"The Thread of Flame" is a new novel by Basil King, which will shortly commence in MACLEAN'S. It's not generally known that this famous author is a Canadian: He writes MACLEAN'S that he is very proud of this fact, and hopes his friends in this country will not forget the fact. Three of his biggest successes have been: "The Inner Shrine," "The Street Called Straight," and "The City of Comrades."

cluding in the party platform the reforms and political policy which the farmers were advocating. The step necessary has not been taken—the bold step of declaring independence of the old line party machines which have Ottawa as the seat of office.

In 1917 the Liberals held a convention in Winnipeg and the opportunity of gathering behind them to the fullest extent this rising flood of progressive agrarian opinion was presented to the Western Liberals in the House of Commons. But the old Liberal whip gave one last crack and the followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were gathered into line. Once more the West had missed assertion of its independence at Ottawa.

Western Liberalism did not favor the Laurier war policy. Also it was felt that the Liberalism which attained power in 1896 had not fulfilled its economic obligation, a failure which made it all the easier to split into factions. Had the Liberals organized a separate Western group, determined to go to Ottawa to see the war through, to enforce the Military Service Act justly, at the same time reserving themselves for insistence upon economic reforms after the war was won—had they adopted this course their position to-day in Western Canada would have been undisputed. The Liberal Party would have had a brilliant rebirth, led by a strong Western group.

The Wreck of Old Line Parties

UNION Government came out of the loins of the old line parties for the purpose of carrying on the war. It was merely a formal union, because in no way did it merge the real principles of progressive Liberalism from the West with the more paternal elements of the older provinces. Well, the war is over and the Union Government has performed the work for which it was created. With the declaration of peace has come the era of reconstruction with its special economic problems. The mind of the West, therefore—especially that organized portion of it which is represented by the Grain Growers' Movement—has returned with greater vigor than ever to its demands for economic reform.

The Grain Growers looked over the wreck of the old line parties which the influence of the union had caused.

"The war is over," said they to themselves, "and the vital difference that occurred between Laurier Liberals and Conseriptionist Liberals in 1917 has released the influences which were formerly exerted upon the Western provinces by the united Liberal Party. The restrictions which the war placed upon the formation of an independent party are absent. The road is open."

The result has been that all the accumulated feeling of independence which has been growing during the past fifteen years has blossomed forth in the movement of the Grain Growers towards definite political action. It is an independence which is conveyed by

political sophistication that will refuse to turn aside for a red herring on a string or give emotional response to fervent pleas on extraneous issues, backed by the waving of the flag. For Westerners have studied the history of the political parties in Canada and they feel that when it comes to political principles there is little to choose between them—that Liberalism and Conservatism, too often in the past, have had the common objective of gaining office and sharing in the spoils thereof. Selah!

Thus it is that the Farmers' Party is in the field. It is being organized as a separate arm of the Farmers' Movement; so that its fate is not interlocked with the existing organizations in any way. Nevertheless it has the full backing of the powerful farmers' business and educational institutions, both West and East. It has the same leadership that has piloted the Grain Growers' Movement to its present place of economic importance nationally. In Alberta the new political organization is being fathered by H. W. Wood, President of the United Farmers of Alberta and of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. In Saskatchewan the outstanding figures in the new political organization are J. A. Maharg, M.P., President of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, and Mr. J. B. Musselman, the Association's energetic Secretary. In Manitoba, where the political organization is just getting under way, the Hon. T. A. Crerar, formerly Minister of Agriculture, is to the fore. In Ontario, the fourth fighting unit in this independent political movement, there are such well-known men as Drury, Good, Halbert, Morrison and others.

The Farmers' Party movement has been confined so far to provincial boundaries in its organization activities. The final step will be taken when an inter-provincial convention is held to bring together these provincial units and unite them in a national organization. When that time comes it may be found that the Farmers' Platform, which is really a new national policy for Canada rather than a farmers' platform at all, has gathered supporters from so many different classes that the movement will broaden out under the new name, "National Party of Canada."

The organized farmers mean business in this political action of theirs and they do not propose to be side-tracked by offers from other political parties. Certain Eastern interests are recognizing that fact already and hints that the Grain Growers are Bolshevistic have been made. This may be dismissed by pointing out the difference between Bolshevism and radicalism. The whole instinct of the farmer is opposed to disorder and unsettled conditions. He needs stability in his business of farming.

It may be well to remember in this connection that without the solid, sensible farmers' organizations in Western Canada the Government would have had a fine time trying to reach a working basis in meeting the wheat market problems of the war. Without the Grain Growers' organizations they would have had to cope with a lot of howling creatures on the prairies. Without the conservative element and the business institutions of the organized farmers Western Canada would be rampantly revolutionary.

What with the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Farmers, Labor, the Returned Soldier and Union Government it would appear as if Canada was in for an interesting time of it politically in the near future. It is to be hoped that everybody will keep in mind the national viewpoint and try "to bring order out of ca-hoss."



This photograph contrasts the two methods—four horses pulling a binder, and a powerful tractor doing the same work, in the same field.

WHAT THEY WILL DO TO PRICES

"THE Cost of Living must not come down quickly. I don't want it to; you don't want it to. You may think you do, but you don't. Let me illustrate:

"Supposing there was in your neighborhood a tall brick chimney that had a slant on like the leaning tower of Pisa. Right in the spot where it was inevitable that the chimney would fall were some very expensive buildings. If you wanted to pull down that tower, where would you start? At the bottom? At the middle? Or at the top?

"At the top of course; you and your neighbors would get together, erect a scaffold, and take it down—brick by brick. That's the same way—and the only safe way. Just so, the Cost of Living in Canada must be reduced gradually, brick by brick. One Toronto newspaper reports me as saying the Cost of Living will come down by inches; the expression used was 'notches.' That's the way it will be—notch by notch."

Never before has there been a Board in Canada with the amazing powers possessed by this Board of Commerce. It is totally independent of the Government, and not controlled in any way by the Government. The Board gets its powers from Parliament, under the Board of Commerce Act. It has the powers of the Dominion Railway Board—and then some!

Commissions are weak, puny, effete affairs compared with this Board over which the Government has appointed Judge Robson to preside. It can issue injunctions for any purpose, and has all the powers of a Superior Court, even to commitment for contempt. Under the Combines and Fair Prices Act it can enlarge the scope of our inquiries to include any article of necessity to the public.

Every day the Board is asked whether it can send the profiteers to jail—and whether it will send them. This Board was not created for that purpose; it is on the job to reduce the costs of certain necessary articles. Of course, the profiteers will be sent to jail if they are caught with the goods,—but that will only be incidental.

Canada Well Ahead of United States

THERE have been some remarks made, in the newspapers and by public men who should know better, to the effect that Canada is just trailing along behind the United States in this campaign to cut living costs. There's not an iota of truth in that!

The other day Mr. O'Connor visited Washington to make certain inquiries. While there he met the Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer, and gave him the outlines of the Act creating this Board.

"And you really have all those powers—powers which might conceivably give you more influence than any court in the land?" he asked Mr. O'Connor, incredulously.

"We certainly have," he was assured.

"Well, I must say that I am amazed, and that Canada is certainly showing the way," he said, perhaps somewhat enviously.

At this writing, the Board is meeting with nothing but hearty co-operation from all classes in its work. Wholesalers, retailers, manufacturers and farmers, have shown no evidence of a desire to thwart action.

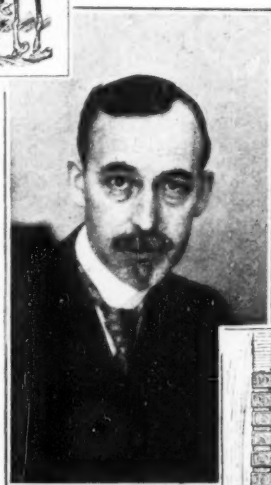
What the public wants is action—and quick action! They got it in the case of sugar, and before the readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE receive this issue, there may be further action announced along similar lines. The Board has fixed a minimum profit for the retail dealer of one cent a pound on sugar. This does not mean that sugar will sell for the same price all over Canada, because the costs of transportation are being taken into careful consideration. But, no retailer can legally make more than a cent per pound profit.

What will happen if certain concerns decline to sell their sugar? This is a question which has been asked. Just this: The Board will examine into the stocks carried by any such concerns—and make them sell!

What will happen if retailers decline to sell sugar, except with a large or small order for other groceries? The Board has encountered this problem, too. Nothing will happen—except that the offenders will be heavily fined, or sent to jail—or both—as is provided by already existing laws.



The Strap-hanger?
Alley in Memphis
"Commercial Appeal."



W. F. O'Connor, K.C.,
Vice-Chairman, Canadian
Board of Commerce.

Why not a special
War-medal for our
war-profiteers?
London "Daily
Express."



An Interview With W. F. O'Connor, K.C.

Vice-Chairman of the Board of Commerce

Absurd Solutions Offered

"MANY absurd solutions of our problem are presented to us almost every day. One of the favorite suggested remedies is that of an embargo. A man came to see me this morning, and said:

"I'll tell you how to bring down prices; stop all food from being exported; stop everything needed in the country from being exported, if necessary."

"Well, suppose we do; what will happen?" I asked him.

"Why, prices will drop."

"Sure they will, and—so—will—your dollar!"

Precautions must be taken against prices coming down too fast, as is intimated at the beginning of this article.

For, tumbling prices would have a psychological effect on the public, which might cause quicker drops and more vast disaster than any purely economic causes. Psychology plays a big part in this—and in any mass action. Look at what happened in the panics of 1893 and 1917. If merchandisers saw prices break a little, and then some more, they would get the idea that quick drops were coming, and they would unload as fast as possible. This would cause still more acute breaks, until panic would result. One has to be a student of psychology, as well as economics, finance, and business organization and administration, in order to cope with our problems.

Discussing the probable results of a sudden tumble in prices, and its effect on credit, with a prominent bank credit man recently, this question was put to him:

"Supposing your bank had loans of \$1,000 each, to twenty small retailers, all of whom were operating on a narrow margin, both as to profit and working capital; supposing prices suddenly dropped 15 per cent.; what would you do? Would you call those loans?"

He answered in this fashion:

"We do not believe prices will always remain at their present level; when they'll drop, we don't pretend to know. But—we don't look upon them as normal, or stable, and in making our loans we have made allowances for these contingencies in most cases—and for even more than 15 per cent."

Many big businesses do not want to see their product sell for more. This may seem queer—but it isn't even altruistic. Here is an example:

One of the "coal barons" was sitting in his office discussing with his directors various details of his own business. A telegram was brought in, informing him that the price of a certain grade of coal, in which he dealt largely, was being raised quite a bit per ton.

"By G—, I don't want that to happen," he exclaimed to a visitor. "I hope we can stop that jump."

"I don't see why you should object—except as a philanthropist, and one who wishes his fellow-men well," said the other, who was a professional man.

"Don't you see the vicious circle? Our employees

will see that we are getting more for our coal. They will demand more wages. Our troubles have begun anew. No, I don't want to see coal prices go any higher."

Boycotts Won't Be Needed

WHILE the Board of Commerce was sitting recently in Toronto, a well-known club-woman asked Mr. O'Connor what attitude would be taken by the Board if a coterie of women should start a boycott. In case prices were maintained at their present levels, or increased, in a certain neighborhood, or certain city, she suggested that "concerted action" might be used with effect to lower prices.

The vice-chairman informed her that boycotts in such cases would not likely be frowned upon by the legal authorities.

"But," stated Mr. O'Connor emphatically, "there will be no occasion for boycotts, as the Board of Commerce will see that prices are not allowed to remain at an unreasonable level."

It has been announced that prices on the necessities of life will not—must not—go higher. A sum of \$2,000 has been named as the fine which will be inflicted on any person, or persons, who endeavor to indulge in future profiteering. The milk producers' organization is the first to dispute the justness of this pronouncement, and at the time this number of MACLEAN'S went to press were threatening—or promising, if you like it better—to place winter prices in several parts of Canada at a level higher than ever before attained. As Mr. O'Connor says:

"Prices have reached their peak. They should not go higher, and they will not be allowed to go higher. From now on this country should see a steady, gradual drop, though there should be no hesitation in asserting that we will never see pre-war prices again."

The question of the organization, administration and supervision of the cold storage plants in Canada is one which will be probed most thoroughly. Nationalization of all cold storage plants has been suggested on many sides as the panacea for a great many of our ills. Mr. O'Connor's famous report on the packers will make this subject, as well as the control to be exerted in future over the packing industry, of exceptional and vital importance.

The board will make use of the embargo—as a weapon. In fact it has already used it. A short time ago the whole Canadian West was crying out for sugar, wailing that \$1,000,000 worth of fruit would be spoiled if they didn't get the sugar—and get it quick! Their wail was justified.

A Cabinet Committee met in Ottawa, debated the question, and decided that the only way out of the difficulty was to go into the open market, and buy sugar to ship westward. Then the Board of Commerce having been just created, grappled with the question. It learned that there were several ships in harbor, ready to sail with thousands of tons of sugar, for export from Canada to other countries.

The Board of Commerce proclaimed that no sugar could be exported, pending the appearance before it in Montreal of representatives of certain specified refineries, "in re certain facts which would be investigated." The Court sat. The refineries' representatives appeared.

"What's this all about?" they inquired, mystified. (You must remember that demurrage charges at the rate of about \$18,000 a day on these boats would soon be piling up.)

The situation was outlined to the refineries. To do them justice, they had already tried to sell this sugar, or much of it, in this country, and had failed because no persons could be found to buy it at the prevailing price, because a drop was being anticipated.

"We've got to have 2,000 tons of sugar—and at once," Judge Robson told them. "This Board will adjourn for half an hour, and perhaps you gentlemen would like to talk the matter over among yourselves."

The embargo proved a pretty good club, for when the Board resumed its session the refineries announced that they would be able to let the Board have some sugar—yes, just about 2,000 tons could be spared, and at a reasonable price.

"How about the embargo?" asked the refineries' spokesman.

"It's lifted," announced the Court.

"THE THREAD OF FLAME."

In the December issue of MACLEAN'S will appear the first instalment of Basil King's latest novel. Basil King is one of the greatest of Canadian novelists and the author of many best sellers, including "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," and "The Street Called Straight."



THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying



Will Board of Commerce Get Results?

THE prayer of the public has at last been answered," says the *Winnipeg Tribune*, welcoming with open arms the Board of Commerce to the Manitoba metropolis. The newspapers throughout Canada greet the announcement that the new Board is actually on the job with more or less enthusiasm—occasionally with mild scepticism, based on past performances of similar bodies.

"Action of any kind, even if unfortunately not successful, will have the support of the people in preference to lethargic indifference" in the opinion of the *Stratford Beacon*. The people are tired "of camouflage and procrastination, and can no longer be humbugged with phrases," warns the *Quebec Telegraph*. The *Vancouver Sun* receives the announcement of the Board rather facetiously, and advises its readers to

take it "cheerfully or sceptically, according to taste." The *Woodstock Sentinel-Review* suggests that "people generally should fortify themselves against disappointment over the actual results." The *London Advertiser* relates the history of O'Connor's first investigation, and the probes following conducted by Henderson, Nicholson and Dr. McFall, and then asks:

"Is it any wonder that the appointment of the Board of Commerce was received with more or less suspicion? . . . the result (of the investigations so far) as far as the consumer was concerned was nil."

Several newspapers view the personnel with distinct approbation and look for good results on this account. The *Winnipeg Telegram* says that "the faith of the Canadian people in Mr. W. F. O'Connor has been amply justified." *Turner's Weekly*, speaking of Judge

Robson and Mr. O'Connor, says "certainly a happier choice could not have been made." This same paper, by the way, favored the formation of a "Consumers' Commission," on the ground that a "Board of Commerce" hardly suggests a prime interest in the consumers' affairs as a consumer." The *Winnipeg Tribune* waxes enthusiastic over the appointment of "Judge Robson, possessing qualities of fearlessness and resourcefulness."

The amazing powers with which this Board has been endowed receives rather belated attention from the newspapers. Just after its formation the *Toronto Star* stated that "there is still some doubt as to the power of the Board of Commerce to do more than investigate." This was before the Board really got into action on the sugar question, and the *Ottawa Journal* answers the *Star's* doubts as follows:

"That doubt does not exist in the minds of anybody who has studied the act under which the Board derives its powers. True, criminal proceedings against profiteers must be taken by provincial officials, the Federal Government having no power to do so, but if the Board of Commerce prepares an indictment and asks the provincial officials to take the necessary action in the courts, those provincial officials will comply, or soon be deprived of their jobs by the people. Newspapers like the *Toronto Star* will see to this."

Other newspapers point out that the Board may even cancel patents, alter the tariff, and commit for contempt of court. The *Ottawa Journal* adds:

"The Board may, itself, try any person accused of profiteering or it may send him to the criminal courts for trial, or it may try him and pronounce prohibition against future continuance of the acts complained of and, as well, send him to the criminal courts for punishment for his past acts. . . . Non-compliance means a fine of \$1,000 per day during his non-compliance or two years' imprisonment."

The *Victoria, B.C., Times* reports hundreds of appeals to Ottawa for investigations into the costs of necessary commodities, and points out that "There are already four pressing subjects for the Board's agenda—footwear, clothing, flour and sugar." The *Toronto Star* believes that the "New Board of Commerce should assign to one of its experts the task of preparing a report on the Canadian fortunes running into millions that have been made in the last twenty-five years, and how they were made in each case, and to what extent misgovernment has been responsible for the enrichment of a few at the expense of the many. It would be a highly useful report."

The *Toronto Times* takes its readers to task for "calling upon Cabinet Ministers to do everything for us," and advises everyone to "get out and assist the Board of Commerce to reduce the cost of living," and suggests the opening of new markets throughout the cities of Canada as one way to cut costs.

No single action taken by the Board of Commerce up to September 20 attracted one tithe of the attention that the orders on the sale of sugar did. The *Winnipeg Tribune* is gratified that the Board of Commerce is "effectively 'on' its big task," and adds:

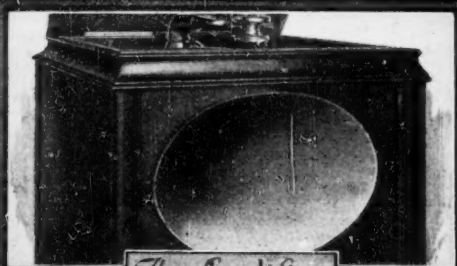
"The Board's prompt intervention in the sugar situation, and its firm and intelligent ruling, will cure the acute situation that had developed. . . . more power to the elbow of the Board."

The Board's order fixed the profit on sugar, as far as the refiner, wholesaler and retailer were concerned. The retailer may not make more than one cent per pound. The *Toronto Globe* calls attention to the fact that "fifteen cent sugar" is being sold in certain cities, and calls upon the Board for quick and drastic action. "Sugar selling at fifteen cents," adds the *Globe*, "should be traced through the wholesaler to the refinery, so as to locate the profiteering link or links in the chain."

The *Kingston Whig* complains because the Board has fixed the profit on sugar, and asks: "But what is the use if the price immediately takes a jump?" The *Calgary Albertan* believes the "Board would do an excellent stroke of business if it would strip sugar of mystery and show who are getting all the big money." The *Sydney, C.B. Record* protests against the fact that the Board has not excommunicated any of the refineries,

The BRUNSWICK

Method of Reproduction



The Amplifier

How We Banished Metallic Sounds

BEFORE The Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the wood-crafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequency.

Higher Standards

Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.



Brunswick

This achievement, all acknowledge, is one of the great steps in the progress of phonographic art. It brings out tones hitherto lost. It banishes the raucous.

Another amazing advancement is the Ultona, our own all-record player—in-built, not an attachment. This reproducer, at a turn of the hand, presents to each make of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest triumphs of The House of Brunswick since its establishment in 1845.

Hear—Then Judge

You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon which phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your own town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.

Prices \$77.00 to \$2,750.00.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
SALES COMPANY

819 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

and says that "publicity would put a stop to a great deal of the profiteering through which the people are being robbed." It—as well as other papers—asks for the suspension of the sugar duty.

The Nelson News believes that by the action of the Board "the possibility of exorbitant profits is eliminated." "This will drive home to anyone who is profiteering," adds the News, "that the Board has both the power and the will to take speedy action when it is necessary."

"There is no doubt," says the London Advertiser, "that the action of the Board of Commerce, if carried through consistently, will eliminate profiteering." This action must be supplemented, this paper also claims, by tariff legislation.

Mr. O'Connor's announcement that the Board would fix profits on everything does not meet with the approval of the Charlottetown Guardian, which says in P. E. I. "the result of the Board's order was an immediate increase in the price of sugar of 27 per cent."

The Prince Albert Daily Herald, to go toward the other end of the Dominion, is equally disgruntled, complains that the Board's order boosted prices, and concludes:

"It is evidently done on the theory that supplies at high prices are preferable to no supplies at all, yet it was in order to bring down the high prices that the Board of Commerce was appointed."

Next to sugar, bacon has received the greatest amount of attention at the hands of the Board—and the public and press. The Winnipeg Telegram says:

"When bacon brought from the United States, of similar quality to that manufactured here, can be sold in Winnipeg for four and a half cents less per pound after paying freight, duty, and the high rate of exchange, there is something wrong with the price of the local products. . . ."

"The Board of Commerce is beginning to uncover things. Let the good work go on."

The Toronto Mail and Empire is authority for the statement, quoting Judge Robson as authority, that the "Board may recommend the abolition of the duty on bacon." The Mail believes this to be due not so much to the tariff as to Canadian "resistance to price-lowering after the hog passes out of the farmer's hands."

The Belleville Ontario looks askance at the Board's probe into bacon prices and profits, and prophesies that the result of this investigation "will be that we will have another excuse from the packers." The Ontario expects that "our education in economics may be slow, but it seems likely to be sure and costly."

The question of a general fixing of prices and profits attracts wide attention and involves the use of much ink and white paper. The Montreal Gazette points out that the "Board has its limitations," and adds:

"There is no intention, apparently, of cutting prices by reducing costs. Profit-fixing is the goal to be aimed at. Labor will not be touched. According to Mr. O'Connor, vice-chairman of the Board, the policy will be to ascertain actual cost, and then determine the rate of profit allowable thereon; which suggests that the business of middlemen, wholesalers and retailers will be the chief concern of the Board."



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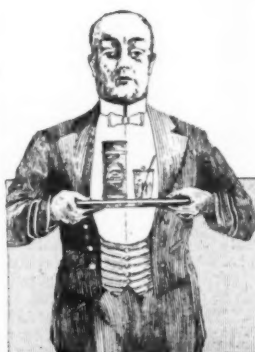
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REVIEW & REVIEWS

The Man Who Plots to Overthrow the World

Powerful But Unknown Figure in Switzerland is at Centre of Bolshevistic Web

THE world stands aghast to-day at the spectacle of the spread of Bolshevism, but it is clear that there is no real conception of the tremendous organization that has been built up with the avowed purpose of putting the whole globe under this form of government. All over the world a powerful organization is at work. It is heavily financed and craftily directed. Lenine and Trotzky in Russia are merely instruments of this terrible secret order. The centre of the mob is in Switzerland where one Fritz Platten sits and directs his dark forces. Such at least, is the story that William G. Shepherd tells in *Everybody's*.

The facts that Mr. Shepherd gives are direct confirmation of the articles that have appeared in *MACLEAN'S* by Lt.-Colonel J. B. Maclean, T. M. Fraser and C. H. Cahan, K.C., bearing on the spread of the doctrine in Canada. He writes in part:

Trotzky screamed like a frightened witch, scratched like a cat, and kicked with all limbs, like a crab, when I saw eight British jackies carry him bodily off the *Kristianiafjord* in the bay of Halifax in March of 1917.

Trotzky enraged! We, standing on the deck of the ship, were not greatly moved. And as he stood below us, on the tiny tug which had come out to carry him to land, waving his arms at us, shouting out wild Russian curses, we were inclined to laugh.

Trotzky enraged! The time was to come when the rage of this wild-eyed man would mean life and death to thousands of human beings.

If one of us on the *Kristianiafjord* that day had drawn out a revolver and taken the life of that shouting individual, we might have helped to save the lives of perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand Allied soldiers on the Western front, who were slain in the great drives which the Germans were able to make after Trotzky had signed peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk.

Trotzky was going to Russia under orders. From a certain man in far-away Switzerland—a man greater than he, with wilder ideas than he, with eyes that had more steel in them than his, and with a heart that had even less pity, if that were possible—had come to Trotzky, in his Ghetto home in New York City, the message: "Go to Russia. The time has come."

And so, by word from the supreme command, Trotzky was on his way.

In the meantime, Lenine, whose name within a few

months was to make Russia tremble, was in the care and keeping of this same mysterious man.

To Lenine, who was in Switzerland, came orders like those which had gone across the Atlantic to Trotzky. "Go to Russia!" ordered this mysterious master.

Lenine tried to obey. But the Allies refused to permit him to pass through France and England.

Between Switzerland and Russia lay Germany. When Lenine failed, the master merely waved his wand; he conquered even the stubborn German Foreign Office; yes, more than that, even the German grand headquarters, with the Kaiser, von Hindenburg and Ludendorff rolled into one.

He proved to the Germans that if they would permit one Nikolai Lenine and his followers to go through Germany into Russia, they would upset Russia by a second revolution that would lay her, weak and white, at Germany's feet. Even the masters of Germany yielded to the arguments of that man who could give orders to such men as Lenine and Trotzky.

A car was prepared by the Germans at the Swiss frontier. Its windows were sealed, so that the passengers could not look out and discover the war-time secrets of Germany. Its doors were guarded so that no one could leave it.

That car, one day in March of 1917—while Trotzky was languishing in a cell in Halifax—was boarded by thirty men. One of them was Lenine, the rest were Lenine's followers, except one. That one was the man who had given Lenine and Trotzky their orders—the master Bolshevik of the world.

So Lenine got to Russia.

Trotzky, released some weeks later at the request of Kerensky, found his way to Russia by way of Japan. And thus the two servants of the master Bolshevik of the world began their work.

This story is not fancy.

There is a super-Bolshevik behind Lenine and Trotzky; behind all the other Bolsheviks in all the other lands of earth.

His name is Fritz Platten. He is so much a man of mystery, even in Switzerland, where he lives, and in his home town of Zurich, that his photographs are unobtainable. *Everybody's Magazine* is able to show the accompanying photograph of Platten only because it was taken in Bolshevik Russia, last spring, where Platten felt safe in making himself known.

Platten remained for some weeks in Petrograd after he arrived with Lenine. We used to hear the names "Lenine" and "Trotzky" banded about the streets and see them in the press; never the name "Platten." The newspaper correspondents from America and other countries used to go to the dancer's palace in Petrograd, which had been seized by Lenine and Trotzky and their small forces, and obtain interviews from them, but none of us even knew that there was such a man on earth as Platten; much less that such a man was in Petrograd and that he was behind the scenes pulling the wires in the preparations for the great tragedy that was at hand.

While Lenine and Trotzky were talking, Platten was doing things. For instance, he saw that Lenine and Trotzky needed more speakers and assistants. Platten, with the greatest ease, again worked his miracle with the German high command. A "sealed train," instead of a "sealed car," was sent through Germany from Switzerland. It contained two hundred and fifty men who later all mounted to eminence in the Bolshevik régime. Many of them attended the Brest-Litovsk peace conference.

Platten's strength was not merely diplomatic or political. He had physical bravery. Riding with his henchman, Lenine, one day, in the streets of Petrograd, a man with a knife tried to kill Lenine. Platten jumped on to the man from the automobile just as he was about to drive the knife into Lenine.

When, finally, Platten saw that his two followers had their job—that of turning Russia completely crazy—well in hand, he went back to Zurich to begin on the rest of the world.

The centre of Bolshevism to-day is in the office of Fritz Platten in Zurich. He is every inch and ounce a Prussian. He is so attached to Germany, and the German tongue, that when recently the Socialists of Switzerland moved their headquarters from German Zurich to neutral Berne, Platten refused to be nominated for the secretaryship of the party. This, by the way, is said to be the only defeat that Platten has sustained in political life in many years.

Platten has a mind that works like a piece of steel machinery. He is pitiless in his plans; no mercy enters into them.

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When Germany Was Winning

The Submarines Nearly Beat Us In 1917

THAT in the early part of 1917, the

Allies were actually anticipating defeat as a result of the submarine campaign is stated very emphatically by Rear Admiral W. S. Sims, the commander of the American Navy in European waters, in the course of a series of articles that he is writing in *World's Work*. He tells of the tremendous inroads that the undersea pirates were making on allied shipping and of the inability of the Admiralty to check, owing to the tremendous load that Britain was bearing almost unaided. It was feared at the time, he declares, that the fall of 1917 would see the end. Many of the British leaders feared it—practically all, in fact, with the exception of Lloyd George, who remained optimistic and cheerful.

The story that Admiral Sims tells, bears out the articles that were published at the time in *MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE* and the *Financial Post*. He writes in part:

Physically Admiral Jellicoe is a small man, but as powerful in frame as he is in mind, and there are few men in the navy who can stand up against him in tennis. His smooth-shaven face, when I met him that morning in April, 1917, was, as usual, calm, smiling, and imperturbable. One could never guess what was going on in his head by any outward display of emotion. At this time it is not too much to say that the responsibility for the safety of the British Empire rested upon Admiral Jellicoe's shoulders. I find the absurd notion prevalent in this country that his change from Commander of the Grand Fleet to First Sea Lord was something in the nature of a demotion; nothing could be farther from the truth. As First Sea Lord, Jellicoe controlled the operations, not only of the Grand Fleet, but also of the entire British navy; he had no superior officer, for the First Lord of the Admiralty, the position in England that corresponds to our Secretary of the Navy, has no power to give the slightest legal order to the fleet—a power which our Secretary possesses. Thus the defeat of the German submarines was Jellicoe's direct responsibility. Great as this duty was, and appalling as was the submarine situation at the time of this interview, there was nothing about the Admiral's bearing which betrayed any depression of spirits. He did manifest great seriousness, possibly apprehension, but British stoicism and the usual British refusal to say die, were keeping him tenaciously at his job.

After the usual greetings, Admiral Jellicoe took a paper out of his drawer and handed it to me. It was a record of tonnage losses for the last few months. This showed that the total sinkings, British and neutral, had reached 536,000 tons in February, 603,000 in March, and that sinkings were taking place in April which indicated the destruction of nearly 900,000 tons. These figures showed losses which were three and four times as large as those indicated by the intentionally inconclusive statements which were then being published in the press.

To say that I was surprised by this disclosure is expressing it mildly. I was fairly astounded; I had never imagined anything so terrible and I expressed my consternation to Admiral Jellicoe.

"Yes," he said, as quietly as though he were discussing the weather and not the future of the British Empire. "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue."

"What are you doing about it?" I asked.

"Everything that we can. We are increasing our anti-submarine forces in every possible way. We are using

every possible craft we can find with which to fight submarines. We are building destroyers, trawlers, and other like craft as fast as we can. But the situation is very serious and we shall need all of the assistance we can get."

"It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.

"They will win, unless we can stop these losses—and stop them soon," the Admiral replied.

"Is there no solution for the problem?" I asked.

"Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe announced. He described the work of destroyers and other anti-submarine craft, but he showed no optimism over their ability to control the depredations of the U-boats. The stories that were being published concerning the numerous sinkings of German submarines I now found to be untrue. Since the beginning of the war, only fifty-four German submarines were positively known to have been sunk, and Admiral Jellicoe now told me that the German shipyards were turning out new submarines at the rate of three a week. Stories had recently found their way into print about the voluntary surrender of German U-boats; no such surrender had taken place; the stories had been circulated merely to depreciate enemy morale. I even found that members of the Government who should have been well informed, and also British naval officers, actually believed that many captured German submarines were carefully stowed away at the Portsmouth and Plymouth navy yards. The fact was that the supplies and communications of the forces on all fronts were threatened, that German submarines were constantly extending their operations farther and farther out into the Atlantic, that German raiders were escaping, that three years' constant operations had seriously threatened the strength of the British navy, and that Great Britain's control of the sea was actually at stake. Bad as the situation then was, Admiral Jellicoe had every expectation that it would get worse. The German submarines would soon have the long daylight of the British summer for their operations, and they believed that the submarine would force a decision in their favor in that period. So far as I could learn there was a general belief in British naval circles that this plan would succeed. With losses approaching a million tons a month it was a matter of very simple arithmetic to figure how long the Allies could stand the strain. The best authorities calculated that the limit of endurance would be reached about November 1, 1917; in other words, that, unless some method of successfully fighting submarines could be discovered almost immediately, Great Britain would have to lay down her arms before a victorious Germany.

"What we are facing is the defeat of Great Britain," said an American diplomat, then in London, after the situation had been explained to him.

In the next few weeks I had many interviews with Admiral Jellicoe and other members of the Admiralty. I sat in conference with them every morning, and, for all practical purposes, became a member of their organization. There were no secrets of the British navy to which, as an American, I did not have complete access. All members of the Government desired that the United States should understand the situation completely, so from the beginning they discussed matters with the utmost frankness. They deprecated the generally prevailing impression that any new invention could control the submarine in time to be effective. Those were the days when the American press was constantly calling upon Edison and other great American inventors to solve this problem. In fact, inventors in every part of two hemispheres were turning out devices by the thousands. A regular department of the Admiralty, headed by Admiral Fisher, had charge of investigating their product; in a few months it had received and examined not far from 40,000 inventions, none of which answered the purpose, though



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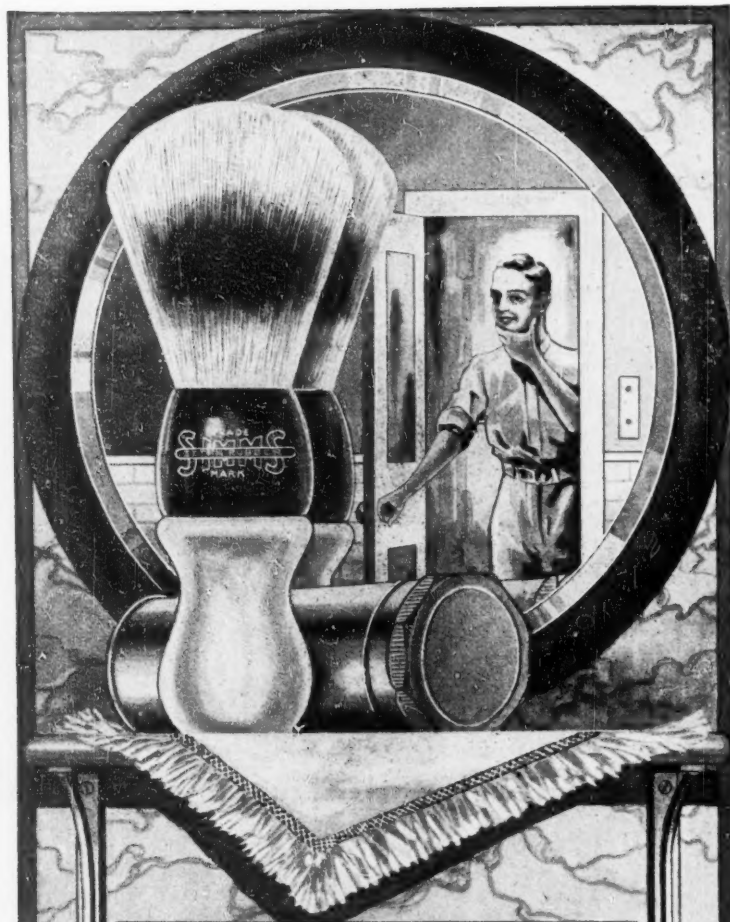


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BRANCHES—TORONTO LONDON MONTREAL

many of them were exceedingly ingenious. British naval officers were not hostile to such projects; they declared, however, that it would be absurd to depend upon new devices for defeating the German campaign. The time element was the important consideration; unless the U-boats were checked in two or three months, the Germans would have won the war; should Mr. Edison or any other great genius invent an anti-submarine device, it would not serve their purposes, because, long before it could be perfected and installed, the shipping situation would have forced an Allied surrender.

I discussed the situation with members of the Cabinet, such as Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, and Sir Edward Carson. Their attitude to me was very different from the attitude which they were taking publicly, for in their speeches these men naturally would say nothing that would improve the enemy morale; but in their talks with me they repeated practically everything that Jellicoe had said. It was the seriousness of this situation, of course, that sent Mr. Balfour and the British Commission to the United States. What a dark moment that was in the history of the Allied cause! Not only were the German submarines sweeping British commerce from the seas, but the Germans were also defeating the British and French armies in France. When we recall that the high peak of success with the U-boats was achieved at the very moment that General Nivelle's offensive failed on the Western front, we can get some idea of the real tragedy of the Allied situation in the spring of 1917.

"Things were dark when I took that trip to America," Mr. Balfour said to me afterward. "The submarines were constantly on my mind. I could think of nothing but the number of ships they were sinking. At that time it certainly looked as though we were going to lose the war."

Of all the influential men in the British Government there was only one who took an optimistic attitude. This was Mr. Lloyd George. I met the Prime Minister frequently at dinners, at his own country place, and elsewhere; and the most lasting impression which I retain of this wonderful man was his irrepressible gaiety of spirits. I think of the Prime Minister of Great Britain as a great, big, exuberant boy, always laughing and joking, constantly indulging in repartee and by-play, and even in this, perhaps the darkest crisis of British history, showing no signs of depression. His face, which was clear in its complexion as a girl's, never betrayed the slightest anxiety, and his eyes always sparkling, never disclosed the faintest shadow. It is a picture which I shall never forget—that of this man upon whose shoulders the destiny of the Empire chiefly rested, apparently refusing to admit, even to himself, the dangers that were seemingly crushing it to extinction, heroically devoting all his energies to uplifting the spirits of his countrymen, and in his private intercourse with his associates, even in the most fateful moments, finding time to tell funny stories, recall entertaining anecdotes of his own political career, poke fun at the mistakes of his opponents, and turn the general conversation a thousand miles away from the Western front and the German submarines. It was the most inspiring instance of self-control that I have ever known; only one other case in history can be compared with it, for Lloyd George's attitude at this period constantly reminded me of Lincoln in the darkest hours of the Civil War, when, on news of such calamities as Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, he would entertain his cabinet by reading selections from Artemus Ward, interlarded with humorous sayings and anecdotes of his own. Perhaps Lloyd George's cheerfulness is explained by another trait which he similarly had in common with Lincoln; there is a Welsh mysticism in his nature which, I am told, sometimes takes the form of religious exaltation. Lloyd George's faith in God and in a divine ordering of history is evidently so profound that the idea of German victory probably never seized his mind as a reality; we all know that



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Lincoln's absolute confidence in the triumph of the North rested upon a similar basis. Certainly only some such deep-set conviction as this could explain Lloyd George's serenity and optimism in the face of the most frightful calamities. I attended a small dinner at which the Premier was present four days after the Germans made their terrible attack in March, 1918. Even on this occasion he showed no evidence of strain; as usual his animated spirits held the upper hand; he was talking incessantly, but he never even mentioned the subject that was absorbing the thoughts of the rest of the world at that moment.

Like this I always saw the head of the British Government; never did I meet him when he was fagged or discouraged, or when he saw anything but a favorable end to the war.

On several occasions I attempted to impress Lloyd George with the gravity of the situation; he always refused to see it that way.

"Oh yes, things are bad," he would say with a smile and a sweep of his hand. "But we shall get the best of the submarines—never fear!"

But the cheerfulness of the Prime Minister was exceptional; all his associates hardly concealed their apprehension. On the other hand, a wave of enthusiasm was sweeping over Germany. Americans still have an idea that the German Government adopted the submarine campaign as the last despairing gambler's choice, only half believing in its success themselves. There is an impression here that the Germans never would have staked their Empire on this desperate final throw had they foreseen that the United States would have mobilized all its men and resources against them. This conviction is entirely wrong. The Germans did not think they were taking any chances at all; the ultimate result seemed to them a certainty. They calculated the available shipping of the Allies and the neutral nations; they knew just how much their submarines could sink each month; and from these statistics they mathematically deducted the time when the war would end. They did not like adding the United States to their enemies, but this was because they were thinking of conditions after the war; for they would have liked to have had American friendship in the period of readjustment. But they did not fear that we could do them much injury in the course of the war itself. This again was not because they really despised our fighting power; they knew that we would prove a formidable enemy on the battlefield; but the obvious fact, to their eyes, was that our armies could never get to the front in time. The submarine campaign, they said, would finish the thing in three or four months; certainly in that period the Unprepared United States could never summon any military power that could affect the result. Thus from a purely military standpoint the entrance of 100,000,000 Americans affected them about as much as would a declaration of war from the planet Mars.

We confirmed this point of view from the commanders of the occasionally captured submarines. These men would be brought to London and questioned; they showed the utmost confidence in the result.

"Yes, you've got us," they would say, "but what difference does that make? There are plenty more submarines coming out. You will get a few, but we can build a dozen for every one that you can capture or sink. Anyway, the war will all be over in two or three months and we shall be sent back home."

All these captives laughed at the suggestion of German defeat; their attitude was not that of prisoners, but of conquerors.

Admiral Sims then proceeded to show that the difficulty lay in the shortage of destroyers. The British navy had only 200 ships of this class and at least half of these had to be kept with the fleet for emergencies. The bulk of the remainder had to be kept in the channel for the conveying of troops and supplies to France. Not more than fifteen at any one time were on guard around the coast of Ireland where the undersea boats lurked!

A
Diagram
Picture



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Pointed
Corn

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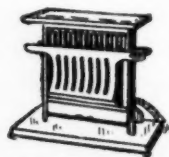
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Canada Is Ordained to Lead

Messages From Life Beyond Indicate This

A SERIES of articles on spiritualism and the life beyond the grave have been appearing in the *Cosmopolitan* from the pen of Basil King, the famous Canadian author. It is not necessary to have any belief in the possibility of communicating with those who have "passed over" in order to find a deep interest in Mr. King's articles. He applies what he believes to have been messages received from beyond to the problems of this world and extracts many beautiful thoughts therefrom.

For instance, he has attempted to get information as to how our institutions are regarded by those who have gone to spirit land.

Are there any distinctions made "over there" as to denominations? Do we retain our identities and our own particular interests? Some of the answers he receives from his particular medium—who goes by the name of Henry Talbot—are most interesting. There is, particularly, his question, as to how the various nationalities are regarded. In this connection, he writes:

Nationality forming so large a part of the interest of this phase of life, I ventured to ask my chief correspondent for a word as to the peoples with which the readers of this magazine have probably most to do. With regard to American people, he said he would rather ask the statesman whom I have quoted on the subject of Russia earlier in this paper.

"Torch-flashing is the mission of the American people," this statesman wrote when he came. "We have climbed higher on the mountain of civilization than have other peoples, and must plant our banner and flash our torch from each peak as we ascend. The foreign element in the nation is a golden thread in the woof of our weaving. We must live up to the standard of the past and outdistance its merit by our progress toward the standard of the future. We are the leaders of the clear-sighted virtue."

As to these claims to civilization and virtue, Henry Talbot explains that they are not assertions of attainment but only of a comprehension of principles that will lead to this attainment—"the truest grasp of God's idea, and the clearest sense of harmony." The words imply, therefore, no national boast, but only a recognition of that quickness to perceive the light and run up to a pinnacle and flash it, which, I think, any one would concede as part of the national American equipment.

Of the British, Henry Talbot says:

"The British are the producers of civilization. They are the pioneers who bring enlightenment to dark places. They develop the backward, while we develop the advanced. They are the nurse, and we are the governess of mankind. We are all one people even in your sphere, and as such must cooperate lovingly."

The following is what he says of Canada:

"The Canadians have a mission for which they have been specially selected. They are to represent the Anglo-Saxon God-idea. Their task will be one of production. It is not yet clear to me just how, but they will represent God. They understand the mission of sex better than any people, and this will be the kernel of their greatness. They are greatly honored here, and much loved."

Asking what he meant by the understanding of the mission of sex better than any people, I get the following:

"The men are more intelligent toward the women, and have more intuitive tenderness. The women are more manly at heart. They clash more radiantly than other nations, and produce a harder and

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clearer-visioned race. They are untrammelled."

Of Mexico, he gives me this:

"Mexico is of the second generation of nations. Her fecundity accumulates, but her riches are still stored away. When man can show his worthiness to use the heritage of God, then Mexico will be ready to offer her service and receive her reward. Mexico and Russia are blind children wailing in the streets—rich children, but blind. If your pity be not moved by their plight, you cannot profit by the wealth they own."

On my requesting a word that would serve as a guide to my own mental stand toward the Germans, he wrote:

"You cannot do better than to emulate the attitude which we take here—one of

loving sympathy for their deformity of soul. If you could understand the tragedy of their condition, you could not harbor hatred. When they are blatant with brutality, treat them like patients suffering from delirium who must subject themselves to discipline. No one in your sphere has any conception of the nature of punishment."

The object of making these quotations is merely to show purpose. With the conception of a New Earth goes a truer vision than we have ever had before of the mission of men, religions, nations. Each has an end to serve. It is true of every race, religion, and individual that, in the eternal scheme, there is a place into which that one alone can fit.

Will Whites Die Out in America?

Claims Climate is Too Hot For Blonde Races

WILL the United States and part of

Canada be populated ultimately by races of dark-skinned people? Such is the conclusion to be drawn from an article published in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, from the pen of Dr. Austin O'Malley. He points out that nature has designed men so that they fit their environment. The human being who lives in the tropic regions must have a brown skin to resist the heat rays. White men may live in those regions but they will always be visitors. A white race could not grow up in Africa. He proceeds to divide the globe into "color belts" and assigns the territory of the blonde races to land above the fiftieth parallel. Quite a slice of Canada is south of the fiftieth. Will all the United States and part of Canada, therefore, ultimately be depleted of blonde inhabitants and fill up with men of a swarthier skin?

Dr. O'Malley writes, in part:

Anthropology and tradition show us the earliest man was white, and that he lived at about the latitude of the Euphrates Basin. The colored and blonde races were such by development. As the white man migrated southward he slowly acquired protective skin pigment and became brown. Farther south, in the tropics, he grew black to defend himself from the ultra-violet rays of the sun and to radiate heat more readily. As he migrated northward he lost the protective pigment which was worthless to him, and became whiter, so that he could retain animal heat better.

Physicists that work with extra-spectral rays, Roentgen rays, Becquerel rays, rays from radium, and the like emissions must protect themselves by rubber, lead, glass, sheet lead, and similar means. The ultra-violet radiation changes the protoplasm of cells so as to let in salts which disintegrate and kill the cells. There were more than twenty physicians killed in the United States alone by the action of the x-ray before methods for protection were devised. Similar rays exist in the sunlight. Finsen, in Denmark, found that

skin pigment can protect animal tissues from the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Therefore, the stronger and more direct the sunlight upon the earth and the less relative cloudiness of the sky the more darkly pigmented the people that live under it. The Eskimos, an apparent exception, are dark, as a protection against the sun-glare on the arctic snow during their day of six months.

Skin pigment has a relation also to somatic heat. The blacker an object is the quicker it radiates the heat it receives; the whiter it is the slower it radiates received or stored heat. Arctic animals have white hair or fur for this reason, and northern men are white; the farther north you go the whiter men are. Tropical animals have dark pelts and are nocturnal in habit; tropical men are black. A Sioux Indian in Dakota is white, an Apache Indian in Arizona is black.

Men are differentiated into races and thrive, develop, and reach physical perfection within well-defined climatic areas. As fauna and flora exist and persist as distinct species within certain zones bounded by isotherms, men so exist and persist as distinct races. Nature preserves the race that is best fitted to a given environment and kills off the unfit. The natural geographical position for the black man is, roughly, from the equator to the thirtieth parallel of north or south latitude. From the thirtieth to the thirty-fifth parallel is the zone of the brown man, like, say, the Malay. From the thirty-fifth to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude is the zone of the brunette Mediterranean type of white man. The zone of the European blonde is above the fiftieth parallel.

To indicate just what this would mean to Americans of the north-European types, Dr. O'Malley points out that the fiftieth parallel in America passes through British Columbia 480 miles north of the uppermost boundary of the United States. The forty-fifth parallel passes near Halifax, Bangor in Maine, Ogdensburg in New York, Ottawa in Canada, St. Paul, the lower border of Montana, and the uppermost third of Oregon. In Europe it runs near Bordeaux, Turin, through Bosnia, Roumania, and the Crimea. "Madrid, Naples, and Constantinople," says Dr. O'Malley, "are north of Philadelphia; New York is as far south as Naples; Boston and Chicago as Rome; St. Louis as Athens, and Washington city is at the level of French Africa."

Wilson May Run Again

Can Have Nomination For Presidency if He Wants It

IT seems to be an accepted point now that President Wilson can have the nomination for a third term if he wants it. In 1920 the parties will place their men in the field and Wilson has the Democrats so completely under his thumb that he can either take the nomination himself or name his successor. Such, at least, is the view of

Samuel G. Blythe, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. What's more, Mr. Blythe seems to incline to the belief that Wilson will stand. He writes, in part:

Of course the most important candidate of the lot, who may not be a candidate at all, is President Wilson, and there is no vitality to any other Democratic endeavor until his decision is known. Hence the attitude of the President comes first for consideration. I am in receipt of a large amount of inside information as to the mind of the President on this matter, but the weak-



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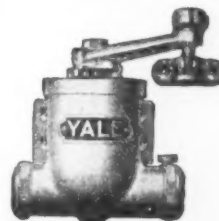
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ness of all that inside information is that none of it comes from the inside of the President himself. The President may have the most definite and detailed decision as to what his course will be in 1920, but I have not met any person who knows what that decision is, and I doubt if anybody else has. Indeed, the probabilities are that the President is as much in the dark about the matter as his intimates and his party fellows. It is more than likely that what he will do in the matter of seeking a renomination in 1920 depends on what happens between now and convention time far more than on what has happened since the latest convention. That is, the President's future, as to a renomination, depends on the future, and not upon the past.

There is no question that he can have the nomination if he wants it. His position is far different from that of his political adversaries. He is ninety-eight per cent. of his party, while their party is ninety-eight per cent. of the men who are seeking the Republican nomination. On the face of things the President's future as a candidate and as a possible President to succeed himself is in large part comprised within the success or failure of his League of Nations and his peace determinations and treaty necessities as he developed them in Paris. If he wins, either com-

pletely or passably, he need not run again unless he wants four years more of power for the working out of his plans; but if he loses he seems in duty bound, both as a matter of personal exemplification and as a matter of party expediency, to run again. What he will require in case of failure is a modicum of his own brand of self-determination.

Pending this we observe a considerable number of Democrats who are forehanded enough to set themselves forth as contestants for the nomination, always with the understanding that they are not in earnest in case the President comes out as a candidate. They are contingent candidates—contingent on the plans of the President. They seek to assure themselves that the President will not violate the precedent that no man shall aspire to be President three times running; but all the time, deep in their hearts, is the undeniable knowledge that precedents do not mean a tenth so much to the President as postulates, and that he'll run if he feels like it, and there is no precedent or unwritten law or tradition or political fetish that will stop him.

So far as the Democratic nomination in 1920 is concerned it would appear that President Wilson is himself personally and without outside delegation considered the Democratic Party in national convention assembled. If he wants the nomination he will get it. If he does not want it someone else will get it. Probably that someone else will be of his selection—probably not positively. Though there is no dispute, and will be none, over the power of the President to get what he wants for himself there may be opposition to his getting what he wants for another.

That is the way the other Democrats talk at present. They are inclined to be independent of such domination—now. Probably they will shrivel if the President says to them to name such-and-such a man, but they protest vigorously at the moment that if he does not take the nomination himself he must keep hands off and let the others fight it out to a finish. They are whistling against the wind. Every last one of them will jump through the hoop at the Presidential demand. The fact of it is that the President will nominate himself or somebody else, unless he magnanimously decides to let the convention do the nominating, and that will be very difficult for him to do, because even if he does decide to allow free and untrammelled action by the delegates and the politicians there are certain others not disassociated entirely from his personal following who will undertake in his name to do a little trammeling themselves.

The Democratic leaders hope that he will not run, but fear that he will. They are convinced he will, in fact; not by what they know but by what they reason. It is an interesting exemplification of the mental sustenance to be derived from optimism to hear one of the avowed candidates talk—any one.

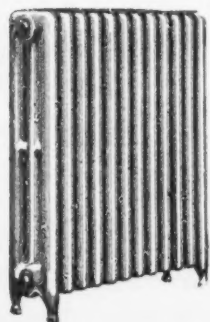


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Veteran Sportsmen in England

*Prominent Men Remain Keen
Athletes Until Old Age*

THE fondness of the Englishman for sport has always been rather puzzling to people of less athletic tendencies. That this fondness remains with the Anglo-Saxon through all stages of his normally long life is a further fact that must be considered. Chalmers Roberts, writing in *Country Life*, refers to this fact and compares it with conditions as he finds them in America. He says:

It is now some years since the longevity of British sportsmen first dawned upon me.

I think it must have been in Cairo toward the end of the last century that I was astonished to see that great consul, Lord Cromer, in spite of an indubitable weight of flesh added to

weight of years, play tennis every afternoon with the secretaries of the British Agency. "The Lord," as he was called all over Egypt, used often to play in tournaments at the Ghezireh Sporting Club, and was reckoned a useful partner in doubles.

Gradually one came to realize, pursuing this same game of comparisons, that the Englishman of sixty is far more fit physically than the American of the same age. Of course, this is speaking generally; there are many exceptions to be found on either side of the water.

We Americans go in for strenuous exercise when young, perhaps too strenuous, and very strenuous work after that—a hard life and a comparatively short one. Englishmen have time to live through several careers from the time they leave the 'varsity until they drop out of public life at about eighty.

The question is how much of this is due to inherent stamina, to climatic and other conditions, and how much to the difference in early training enjoyed by Englishmen and Americans in similar walks of life. In other words, could we, by adopting a different mode of living, produce a similar race of hardy and vigorous old gentlemen?

It may be that our climate itself impels us nervously to excess, both in work and in play. The British climate undoubtedly encourages lethargy; and it may have as much to do as different manners and customs have in inducing the British people to live a little slower, and perhaps a little broader and a little longer, than we do in the United States. There is wide field for exploration in the effect of climate on character.

A slight experience of life in the United Kingdom makes one familiar with eminent Britons who carry their years lightly, even jauntily, and perform astonishing feats in some particular branch of sport. One of the most familiar and admirable examples is that of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who, besides being one of the ablest of living statesmen, the best type of country gentleman, an ornament and a frequenter of London society, still ranks among the best amateur lawn tennis players.

It is indeed a treat to see him play, either with a famous champion like the late A. J. Wilding, or with a well-known amateur like Felix Doubleday. One often sees Mr. Balfour play throughout a long summer afternoon, and appear as fresh and sparkling as ever at the dinner table, and ready to take his share in whatever entertainment is arranged for the evening. It is difficult to realize all this when we remember that he was born in 1848. All through the war, when the heavy duties pressing upon him, both at the Admiralty and at the Foreign Office, would have been enough to break down any ordinary man, Mr. Balfour was constantly seen in society, and seldom spent a week-end without engaging in golf or tennis. It may be that success in one field is the secret of success in the other; that without his exercise, he would not have been able to bear up so bravely under the strain of official work.

In point of versatility and fame in all branches of sport, perhaps the chief acclaim would go to Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who, probably best known for his association with boxing and for his position at the National Sporting Club in London, is still an all-round sportsman, still rides in steep-chases, swims, dives, and flies. Sir Claude has written his various experiences in a volume entitled "Forty Years of a Sportsman's life." He is still in the best of health, and has survived several severe operations, both for compound fractures and for mastoiditis.

Sir Claude still backs himself to walk twenty miles a day for a week; or offers always to walk from London to Brighton in two days. As it is, he is often out all day shooting, and usually takes a two- or three-mile walk daily; but he spends most of his time with the ax, mattock, saw, or bill hook, working on his estate at Champion Lodge in Essex. He is a constant attendant at

race meetings; and is not only a judge but a participant in most swimming and cycling contests. He is a non-smoker, and eats and drinks lightly, but invariably has a pint of port after dinner. He does a slight amount of exercise at light dumb-bells and punching the ball. Sir Claude is the father of four sporting sons, who are all well known in various branches of British athletics.

The well-known actor, Sir Frank Benson, who was born in 1858, has also a distinguished reputation as an athlete. He played football for New College, Oxford; and on one occasion ran eight miles in forty-six minutes in his ordinary clothes—a performance that has never been beaten. Although he has in recent years been constantly occupied with the Benson Shakespearean Repertory Company (which is one of the most famous organizations in England), he is still a keen athlete, and plays hockey and golf constantly. Water polo, cricket, wrestling, boxing, fencing, and riding are sports which he followed for many years.

One of the most notable of British sportsmen was the late Earl of Harrington, who was born in 1844 and died in 1917. He was one of the pioneers of polo in England, and one of the best of English players. Probably no one ever played the game for so many years. In 1881 he took over the mastership of the South Notts Hounds, and after that hardly missed a day, hunting five or six days a week. He rode and hunted up to the last day of his life; and died only because an accident to his hand resulted in blood poisoning. He was exceedingly vigorous, and otherwise in excellent health.

Another veteran who died in the same year was the famous Captain Frederick Selous, the great hunter and naturalist, who was born in 1851. He began ivory hunting in South Africa at the age of twenty, and spent most of his life there. He took part in the Matabele War, and guided the pioneer expedition to Mashonaland. He organized the African hunting expedition of his friend Colonel Roosevelt.

He was quick to respond to the call of his country in time of war, and in spite of his age joined the Legion of Frontiersmen in 1915. His unrivaled knowledge of Africa was of the greatest service to General Smuts. He received the Distinguished Service Order "For conspicuous gallantry, resource, and endurance. He has set a magnificent example to all ranks; and the value of his service with his battalion cannot be estimated." After forty-five years of fearless hunting and exploring, he was killed in 1917 by a German bullet in East Africa whilst leading his men to the charge.

Many other veteran sportsmen came forward to answer the call of war. Perhaps the distinguished King's Counsel, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, is the best known of these. Although born in 1841, he joined up with the volunteer forces organized for home defence during the war, performed extraordinary feats of endurance in route marches and training camps, and, like Sir Claude de Crespigny, had to be restrained almost by force from going to France to take part in active fighting there. Sir Claude even flew over, hoping thereby to avoid detection, but was unfortunately discovered, and, to his great indignation, sent home.

Any list of sporting Englishmen more than sixty years old would be incomplete without a mention of Lord Lonsdale. He has been for many years president of the National Sporting Club, and is noted for his hunting stables, his coaching tours, and his devotion to horse raising. Lord Lonsdale is one of the most picturesque figures in England, and greatly beloved by frequenters of boxing matches and race meetings.

Another famous sportsman of the same age is Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, noted for his defence of Mafeking and, above all, for his origination of the Boy Scout movement. General Baden-Powell still plays golf and polo, and indulges in big game shooting.

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The Head Hunters of Borneo

*The Custom Still Exists—How It
is Carried On*

DESPITE all the efforts of the British and Dutch authorities and the humanizing influence of the missionaries, head hunting is still a persistent and popular feature of native life in Borneo. Peculiarly enough, the natives who are the most inveterate head hunters are, in every other respect, the most good-natured and orderly of people. Carl Lumboltz gives some interesting fact in *Scribner's* with reference to the head hunters and their ways:

After taking heads the men are on the run for two or three days, travelling at night with torches, and in the evening they make a big fire to dry them. The brains, because of the weight, may have been taken out the first evening; this is done through the foramen, and a hole is made with a spear point in the top of the skull. The hair has first been cut off and taken care of, to be tied as ornaments to shields or plaited round the handle of the sword. The Katingans, however, throw away the hair with the flesh. Apprehensive of pursuit, they may dry the head but a little while each night, grass being tied round it when carried. Sometimes damar (resin) is used to dry the flesh and the eyes.

The last night out the head-hunters always sleep near their kampong, and early next morning, while it is still dark, they come singing. The people of the kampong waken, array themselves in their best finery, and go to meet them, the women wearing their newest skirts and bringing pieces of nice cloth to present to the conquerors. The man who cuts the head carries it suspended from his neck until it is taken from him by a woman who gives him the cloth to wear instead, possibly as a badge of heroism. It makes no difference whether this service is performed by his wife, an unmarried woman, or another man's wife. The singing ceases and all proceed to the kampong, to the house of the kapala (chief), where the heads are hung from the beam at the head of the ladder, and the cloths which are bestowed upon the victors are returned to the women. The heads are left hanging, while for the festivities connected with their arrival a hut, called mangosang, is constructed, consisting of an airy shelter made of two rows of bamboo stalks supported against each other and profusely adorned with the inevitable wood shavings.

The head-hunters, who must take their food apart from their associates and in the presence of the heads, now bring water from the river to boil rice, in bamboo, outside on the gallery. When the cooking is finished the heads are brought to take part in the meal, being hung near the place where the men are to eat and about half a metre above the floor, to be out of reach of dogs. A pinch of rice is put into the hole at the top of the skull and the head is addressed in the following words: "Eat this rice first. Don't be angry. Take care of me. Make this body of mine well." During the period of restrictions imposed on the hunters the heads remain at the same place, sharing the meals as described.

For twelve days the hunters do no work and refrain from eating meat, vegetables, fish, salt, and red pepper, rice being the only permissible food. They are obliged to take their food on the gallery, and those who have never been on such expeditions before must also sleep there during that time. A man who has taken part three or more times may join his wife, but he must take his meals on the gallery. When twelve days have passed no more food is given to the heads, which are hung on the beam again, three to five being placed together in a rattan basket, with leaves around them. At the triennial festival, tása, blood of pig or fowl mixed with uncooked rice, is offered to the heads.

Usually the head-hunting raids were, and are still to a limited extent, carried

far away into distant regions and may occupy several months. The Saputans, who were devotees to the custom, would go as far as the river Malawi in the southwest, to Sarawak in the north, as well as to the Murung or Upper Barito River in the east. Sometimes only two to five men would go, but usually there were about ten—an equal number remaining behind in the kampong. Controleur W. J. Michielsens relates an instance of a Dayak from Serayan, whose daughter had been killed by a Katingan head-hunter, who pursued the marauders to their homes, and, on the occasion of the festivities incident to the return of the members of the raid, he cut the head from the murderer of his child while the celebration was in progress. His action was so sudden that they were totally unprepared, and no attempt was made to prevent his escape with the head.

In times gone by when a Saputan man, woman, or child died it was the custom for a member of the family to go forth to look for a head. In the case of an ordinary person one was deemed sufficient, but for a chief five to ten were necessary. When taking a head a cut was made in the slain man's chest with a parang; into the wound the raiders then put their forefingers and sucked the blood from them.

Each head-hunter carried rice in a rattan basket, but he depended for food mainly on sago-palms and wild animals that were killed. After such an expedition has been determined upon the preparations may occupy a year or even longer, but usually about three months. When all is ready for a start a delay of from one to four days may be caused by unfavorable interference of an omen bird. Should a bird chance to repeat the omen when another start is made, the party must return to the kampong and wait a long time. The Dayaks are very much guided in their actions by omens taken not only from birds but also from incidents, and merely to hear a certain bird is sufficient reason to change all plans.

When leaving their kampong to take part in an expedition to New Guinea the Penihings heard the cry of a bird called tarratjan, and requested the lieutenant in charge to wait four days. He replied, naturally, that the company (government) does not employ birds in making decisions, and while the Dayaks offered no further objections, they declared to him that one of them would surely die.

According to my informant it so happened that before arriving at the island one man died. If at such a time a large tree should be seen falling, he said, then they would like to give up the trip to New Guinea entirely, but being afraid of the company they go notwithstanding the warning.

In case a head-hunting party observes a large tree to fall, the expedition is relinquished, and if any young men took part they can never join another venture of the same kind. Old and experienced men, after the lapse of a year, may resume operations. In case of meeting a centipede a head-hunting expedition must return immediately to the kampong, and for four years no such enterprise can be undertaken.

The purposes of head-hunting are manifold. The slain man is believed to change into a servant and assistant in the next life. When a chief dies it becomes an essential duty to provide him with heads, which are deposited on his grave as sacrifices, and the souls of which serve him in the next life. Heads taken for the benefit of the kampong people are hung in the house of the kapala, to counteract misfortune and to confer all manner of benefits. An important point is that the presence of the heads from other tribes, or rather of the souls residing in them, compels evil antoes (spirits) to depart. A kampong thus becomes purified, free from disease. The killing of a fowl is not sufficient to accomplish this, that of a pig helps a little, a water-buffalo more; but to kill a man and bring the head makes the kampong completely clean.



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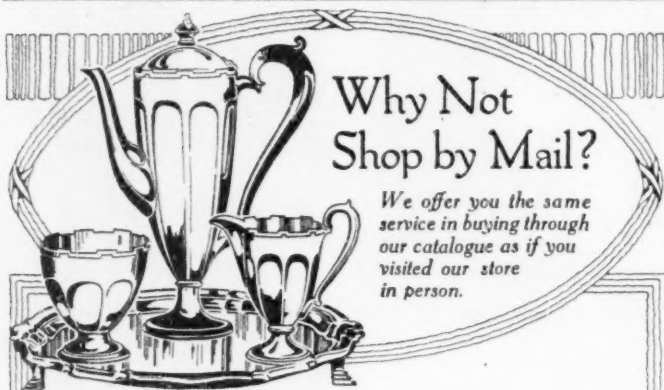
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The Horrors of Bathroom

Writer in "Vanity Fair" Picks Out
Flaws in Modern Architecture

IT is well known to everyone who live in modern houses that the present variety of dwelling place has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It has remained, however, for Robert C. Benchley, writer in *Vanity Fair*, to present the average home of the twentieth century family in all its horror. Mr. Benchley, characteristically, picks out some of the outstanding demerits of the modern house. On the subject, for instance, of bath-rooms he says:

Here, to my mind, is where our civilization has fallen down hardest. No house, unless it is the Hotel Pennsylvania, has enough bath-rooms for the congested early-morning bath-traffic. Houses in which there are two or three bath-rooms, always seem to have seven or eight people waiting, soap and towel in hand, to take a tub at the same hour in the morning. Houses with three or four bath-rooms increase, by some mysterious process of progressive hospitality, the number of possible bathers in the same ratio, so that there are always ten or twelve listening at their keyholes, waiting to hear the click of the catch on the bathroom door which indicates that the lucky porpoise who has been splashing about in there for fully three-quarters of an hour, is all bundled up and about to patter down the hall.

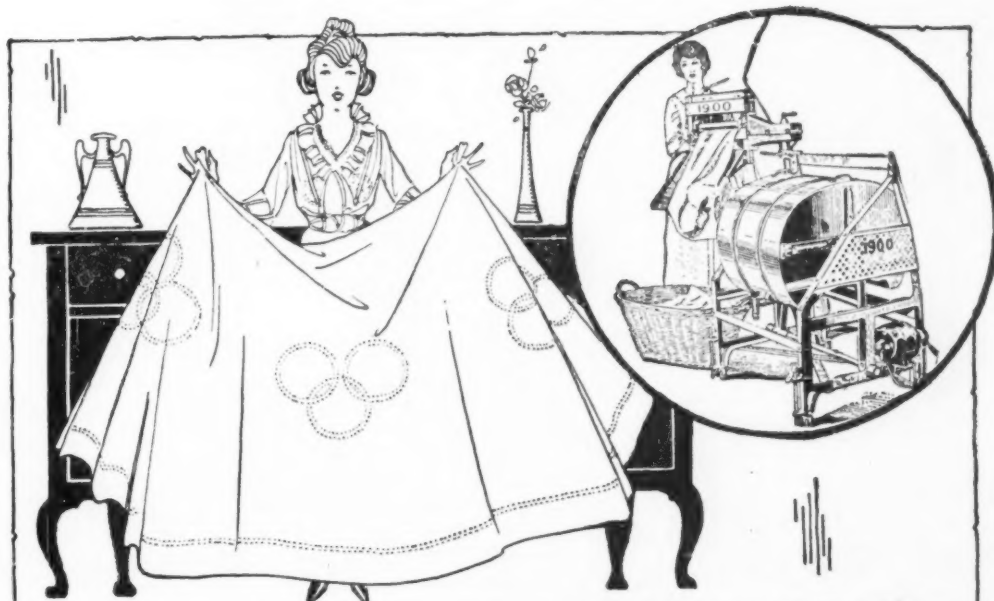
Then follows the cautious peering out through half a dozen apertures, with abortive starts by some of the more timid and a clear getaway by the younger, agile element, the best man winning by a shaving-stick.

It seems to be a principle among householders to invite just three more guests for over the week-end than there is simultaneous tubbing-space for. It does but little good for a bath-room to be provided adjoining each guest-room. Something always slips up even under these arrangements.

I went to visit Harry Legg once, and he had done all that was humanly possible to give his guests equal bathing privileges. Every room had a cozy little bath attached, so that you could lie in bed and wink at yourself in the nickel fittings across the room. But the water system wasn't equal to the strain.

Harry's place was out on the top of a hill and they had to get water up from a private stock well by means of an electric windmill or churn or something. When, at 7.30 p.m., eight people slid into eight bath-rooms and threw in the clutch on eight cold-water faucets, Nature just lay right down on the job and called it a day. My faucet made much-to-do over clearing its throat noisily, but came across with only a dessert-spoonful of sparkling water, and you can't do much with that amount in a tub if you're any kind of a man at all. And so I, along with seven others, gave it up, and took an extra skid over my face with the old McCormick reaper to try and make up for the lost bath.

It will be seen from this pitiful little incident that the problem is a hard one. Something radical must be done about the bath-room situation in all these new houses which are being built, but I, frankly, haven't any idea what it is to be. Perhaps a couple of swimming-pools, respectively. Perhaps a long line of showers, in which everyone could congregate and sing, as in a locket-room. I don't know. I am not an architect. But it seems to me that I have perhaps done enough in pointing out the situation in no uncertain terms.



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The "1900" Cataract is a really superior machine. Attaches to any electric socket—requires but 1 or 2 cents worth of current per hour. It will do your washing, wringing, blueing and rinsing. It is equipped with a swing wringer that can be used over your stationary tubs, for wringing from rinsing and blueing waters at the same time that the washing is going on. TRY before you BUY. Write for particulars of our trial offer.

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Electric Washer**

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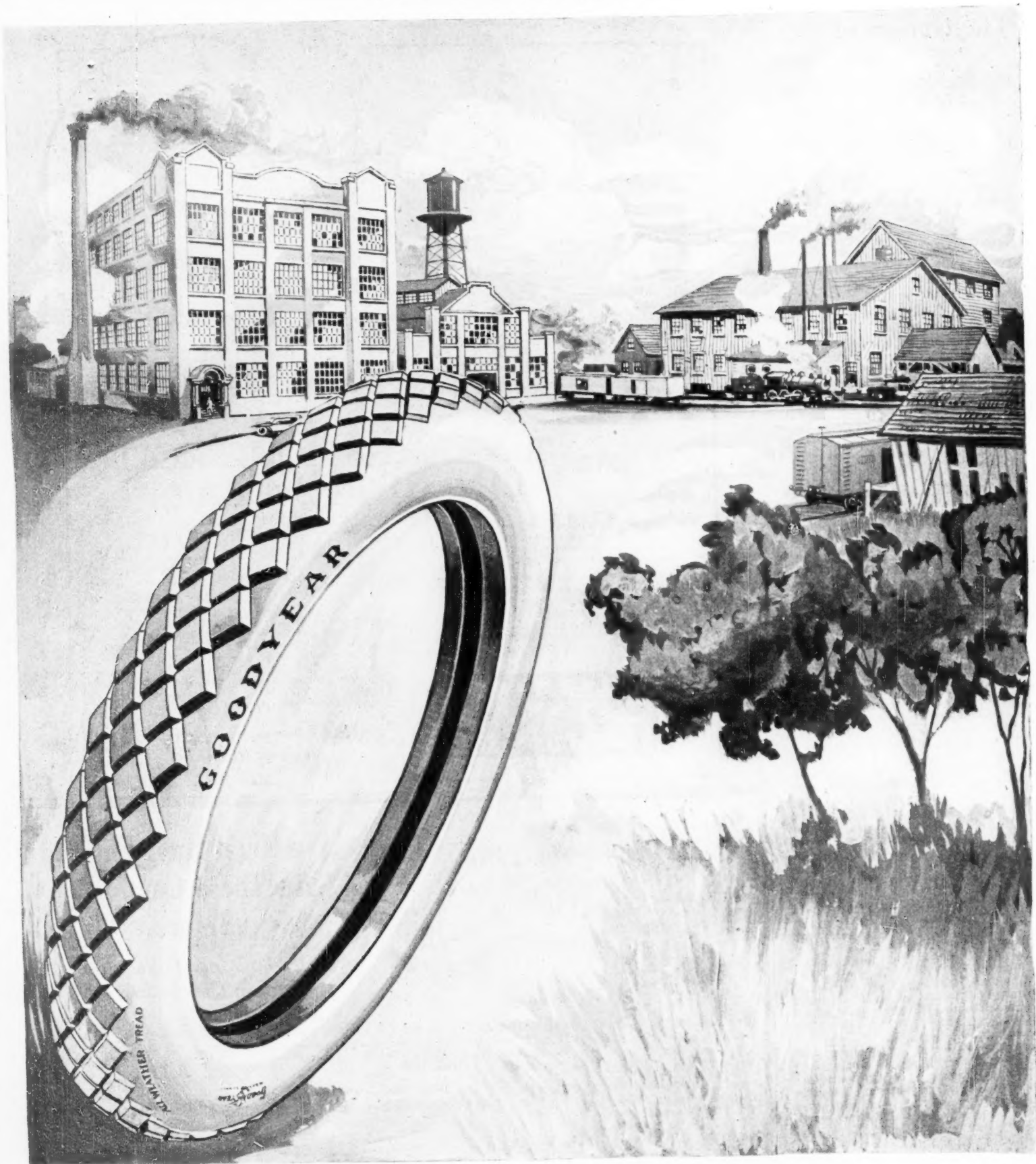
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What will they be like six months from now? Will you need a new tire?

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In a short time he can astonish grown folk or his young friends by telling accurately about any or all the wonderful things in the world.

In the olden days there were no books. Fathers passed on to their children by word of mouth legends and learning that they had acquired—and the children remembered it word for word by learning a little every day. This method was used for many centuries. But now by use of a wonderful new system of child education—THE

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Answers any question a child can ask

There is that about "The Book of Knowledge" which brings out the very best in a child—and **makes him want to study**. There is no reason why this work should not be in your home next week. If ever a child needed special training it is **now**—when Canada is finding her feet again.

At the left read about the beautiful book we send free to any Father or Mother—if you really desire to see your child get ahead, don't let this opportunity slip by. Get your copy at once by mailing in the coupon to-night.

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Sad Life of German Crown Princess

*Infidelity of Frederick William
Caused Unhappiness to Wife*

THE story of the unhappy life of the Crown Princess of Germany with her husband is told by Princess Radzi-will in *Good Housekeeping*. The writer has become famous as the narrator of stories of the crowned heads of Europe and latterly by reason of a remarkable volume on the rise of Bolshevism. In the present narrative she presents the Crown Prince in a very unfavorable light. After telling of the courtship, during which Frederick William behaved very well, with only occasional lapses into his habitual brutality, she proceeds with her account of what followed the wedding:

Something pleasant and totally unforeseen, too, had happened. The Kaiser, who so hated the Grand Duchess, had been expected to hate her daughter also: to the surprise of those about him he was attracted by her. He found her lively and amusing; he liked to be with her and to talk with her. The Crown Prince jealously looked somewhat askance at this unexpected friendship of his father for his wife,

perhaps threatening his own influence with the Kaiser, but he did not yet openly object to it.

Cecile had begun to hear stories contradictory to the character of the Crown Prince as he had made her see it. At twenty-one, when she had met him, he already had had many affairs with women. It was not merely, she learned, so that he might see something of the world that his father had sent him to Bordighera; it was to break off an amour which had angered and alarmed the Kaiser. Cecile had found a distressing animality in her husband from the night of her marriage. She also discovered that he was cruel to his dogs and horses and brutal with his servants. She learned that he was inordinately vain and extravagantly and ridiculously ambitious. She tried to forgive these things.

She had not fully realized yet that he was incapable of sustained affection, and that the only love which he could feel was a temporary physical infatuation. Her knowledge of that came at the end of her few months' happiness; she saw then that he had grown tired of her. He sneered at her display of affection for him. He refused, when she asked help of him in her inexperience of the Berlin court, to advise or help her, saying that, since she had been clever enough to in-

gratiate herself with his father, she ought to be clever enough to solve her problems for herself. He absented himself from her for days, except on formal occasions, and did not even make a pretense of explaining to her where he had been.

The time approached when the Crown Princess must undergo the travail of women. The change in her slender, graceful figure produced no consideration or tenderness toward her from her husband, but increased his indifference to her because she was no longer beautiful to him. She was surrounded by persons who were either critical of her or indifferent toward her. Her Hohenzollern relatives resented her affection for Russia and France; they criticized her way of dressing, her tastes, her manner. Their only interest in her was that a possible heir to the German throne was about to be born. Her own attendants took their tone from them.

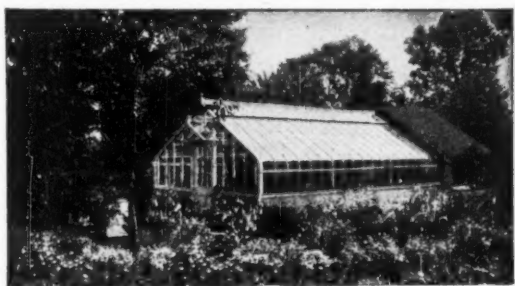
As the time for the birth of her child approached, Cecile—she was only nineteen—longed inconsolably for her mother. She saw almost nothing of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser was absent on his annual journey to the fjords of Norway. The Kaiserin was busy with the household cares which absorb every German housewife from the highest to the lowest. She did not dare to beg them to send for her mother, because she knew it would be useless.

The Crown Princess went down into the valley of shadow in loneliness. The Berlin newspapers announced the birth of another Hohenzollern. Her husband paid no heed to the event.

As soon as Cecile grew strong enough, she prevailed upon her physician to order her to St. Moritz for her health. She wrote her mother, begging her to meet her there. The Grand Duchess responded, and they took rooms at the same hotel. The Kaiser, learning they were together, telegraphed the Crown Princess to return at once to Berlin. The Crown Prince's neglect of her had hardened Cecile's heart, and she threw the Kaiser's message into the wastebasket.

Soon the Crown Prince appeared at St. Moritz and ordered her to return with him. Princess Cecile, astonished as much at the manner of the command as at its substance, refused to go back until she had finished her visit with her mother. He repeated his command and struck her. She struggled with him. Her screams aroused the guests and attendants of the hotel. The Grand Duchess, hearing her daughter's cries, rushed to her room. She found Cecile in a paroxysm of tears and the Crown Prince standing over her. Anastasia Michaylowna seized her son-in-law by the shoulders and forced him out of the room.

She wrote at once to the Kaiser, demanding protection from him for her daughter against his son. The Kaiser



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HERE is a snug little house for a snug little price. Don't think, however, that, because the price is what it is, the house is not our best type.

From start to finish it is made with our standard materials, in the best possible way.

Our price covers everything complete, with work room, heating system, benches and ventilating apparatus.

The greenhouse is 18 feet wide and 25 long.

Send for further particulars and price.

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the one remedy you may take and feel safe—safe that the good expected or promised will be accomplished—safe that it will suit you. Beecham's Pills meet the universal need for a safe and speedy medicine to relieve the headaches, low spirits, restless nights, bad dreams, bitter taste, mental dullness, muscular fatigue caused by indigestion.

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Beecham's Pills have proved beyond cavil or doubt their beneficent power to correct defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. The very first dose will make you feel better and with judicious use as occasion requires there will come to you a buoyant feeling of health and strength. In body, brain, blood and nerves a trial will show you what a splendid change for the better Beecham's Pills can make.

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Sold everywhere in Canada. In boxes 25c and 50c.

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By G. Hawley Walker, Clothier, Toronto.

"My time is spent in doing the work that my daily sheet of figures shows me ought to be done. That's my idea of management. And it leaves me plenty of time to spend on the floor of my store, in contact with customers—but no time for the kind of details no manager should bother with.

"These figures that I speak of tell me exactly what is happening in every department of the business every day—what lines are moving, where the profit is, what needs attention, what's on my books. I couldn't get along without them. But the *preparation* of those figures—that's a detail that I don't worry about. A young man and a Burroughs Machine look after that, and I never give it a thought.

"I remember that I was accused of extravagance when I bought a Burroughs Adding Machine, but it is, and has always been, a well-paying investment just the same. It compiles, in a few minutes every morning, figures that would cost me a great deal to get by any other method—

and that I have to have. Also it enables one young man to handle all our bookkeeping and accounting work. That end of the business runs itself, satisfactorily and economically.

"I wouldn't be without a Burroughs—because I believe in management."

The A B C of Business

The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for adding, for bookkeeping and for calculating—among them a model which will fit into any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the savings of a few months.

Burroughs offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. John, N. B.; Halifax, N. S.; St. Johns, Nfld.; Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. The home office for the Dominion is at Windsor, Ont.



Burroughs

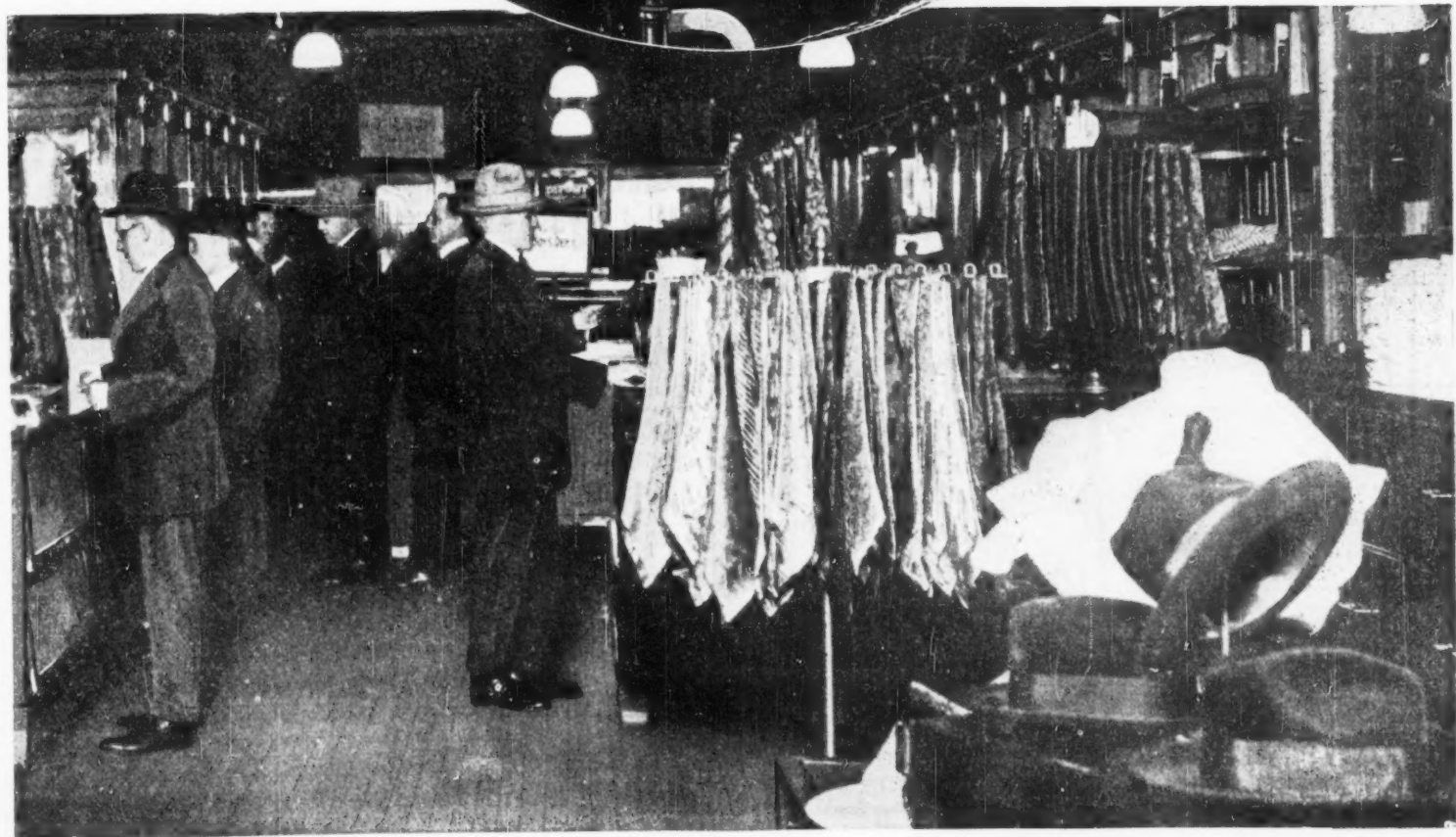
Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Adding - Bookkeeping Machines

Does
Require
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The retail clothing business of G. Hawley Walker, Ltd., at Toronto, uses its Burroughs Machine to compile the figures that direct the store's management—as well as to do all the miscellaneous figuring that is done in the business.



recalled the Crown Prince and in attempted reparation permitted Cecile to finish her visit with her mother. Cecile had come to realize fully now the brutal character of her husband; she had begun to suspect as well his essential sneakiness, his viciousness, and his mean pleasure in revenge.

A bitter interview took place between them when she rejoined him in Berlin. He accused her of having deliberately falsified what had taken place at St. Moritz in order to undermine his influence with the Kaiser. Her indignant denials increased his rage. He was jealous of her popularity among the people of Berlin.

Cecile's pride, which revolted against his misrepresentation of her, aided his meanness. Finding herself misjudged, she became defiant of what her critics might think of her. There had appeared in Paris the slit skirt. Cecile, whose gowns all came from Paris, wore among the formalities of a grand court ball a skirt which had an unmistakable slit. Her sisters-in-law exclaimed in horror, and Cecile was reprimanded by the Kaiserin. It had been planned, at another ball, that the royal family should appear in ancient German costumes imitated from the portraits of their ancestors. Cecile presented herself in an antique Russian dress. She replied, when they expostulated bitterly with her, that she had had Russian ancestors. The Crown Prince spoke of her loudly as "the Russian," and it be-

came a derisive nickname for her, used continually by all the family.

To the distressing bickerings which went on continually between the Crown Princess and her husband, there began to be added money troubles. The Grand Duchess Anastasia, wildly extravagant herself, had taught her daughter nothing of the control of money. Cecile got inextricably into debt and was rescued by the Kaiser, who warned her, however, that the next time he might pay bills contracted in Berlin, but would pay none in Paris. She got in debt again in Paris, and this time her mother paid.

The Crown Prince, instead of aiding her in financial matters, added to her embarrassments. He was even more extravagant than herself. At times Frederick William's expenditures left them nothing with which to placate the tradesmen, and the superintendent of the household finally told him that if he met his demands, he would not have enough left to be able to obtain ordinary supplies.

The Crown Prince, with this source cut off, borrowed money from a friend and gave a promissory note. The friend, doubtful of the security, discounted the note at a bank. When Frederick William asked him to renew it, he replied that the matter was now out of his control and the bank would present it for collection in three days. The Crown Prince, in panic for fear his father might find out, begged help

from his wife. Cecile's love for him was dead, but she yielded to his pleadings. Under his urgings she let him take the ruby and diamond parure which had been the Kaiserin's wedding gift to her, and he arranged to pawn it in Vienna.


The time was approaching when Cecile would bear another child, and the Kaiser in recognition of the event planned to give her ruby bracelets to match the Kaiserin's parure. He instructed her head maid to obtain the jewels without letting the Crown Princess know; he would then give them to the jewelers to be matched. The maid found the case that had contained them empty. Horrified at the loss, she first summoned the police, then notified the Kaiser. William II, unwilling to distress Cecile, ordered the loss concealed until the police had made their search. The Prussian royal jewels, by the investigation which was made, were discovered in the establishment where they had been pawned by a friend of the Crown Prince.

The man was arrested and confessed his actions as a go-between. The Kaiser redeemed the jewels. He notified Cecile that they would remain thereafter in the possession of the Crown Treasurer; she would not be permitted to have possession of them, but would be allowed to take them when she wished to wear them. Cecile indignantly inquired of him why she should be punished in that way for having tried to help her husband by a transaction in which

she herself had received no profit. The Kaiser replied that he had already talked with the Crown Prince, who had assured him: frankly that he had nothing to do with the affair and that Cecile had pawned the jewels in order to pay dressmakers' bills, about which she had not wanted the Kaiser to know.

Cecile, furious at this cowardly deception, refused to defend herself. She secretly left Berlin that night for Schwerin. There she saw her brother, the Grand Duke, and begged him to arrange a separation for her from the Crown Prince. The Grand Duke argued with her without avail; he finally told her that he would do what she asked, but that she must of course understand that, in that case, she would never be allowed to see her children again. After giving her time for reflection upon this, he prevailed upon her to let him take her back to Berlin.

The Grand Duke obtained an interview with the Kaiser and explained to him what actually had occurred, and the Kaiser gave Cecile back the jewels, together with the bracelets he had intended for her as a gift. He advised her if the Crown Prince got into difficulties again, not to try to assist him but to come to him. But the breach between the Crown Princess and her husband had widened. For Cecile it was no longer a question of living with a man she did not love; she lived now with a man whom she had begun to hate.



**The Author of
The Four Horsemen
of the Apocalypse
and the pen he wrote it with
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

*Grand Duke
Moritz - Godes
February 25
1914*

*To Don F. D. Waterman
Distinguished Fellow, American Society
of Pen and Pencil, 100 Broadway, New York
City, New York. I have the honor to
acknowledge the receipt of your letter of
the 15th inst. and in reply to inform you
that the same has been forwarded to the
proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
Vicente Blasco Ibañez*


*A friend of mine told me that he
has called your attention to the Water-
man's Fountain Pen held in my hand
in one of my pictures.*

*I bought it in Buenos Aires eight
years ago when I was travelling in
South America giving literary lectures,
and since then I have written with
it my novels, Four Horsemen of the
Apocalypse, Our Sea, and actually
the latest one, entitled The Enemies
of the Woman. Furthermore, I have
written with it hundreds of articles for
the newspapers in favor of the Allied
cause and the ten big volumes of my
History of the War of 1914.*

*As you see the poor pen has worked
well. For this reason, it is a little old
and tired, but continues to serve me.*

*Best regards from
VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ*

**Reproduced above is the original letter from
Señor Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the translation**



Better Than Imported

How many people seem to think that because an article is "imported" it must be better — yet such is not this case.

Since 1914 many Canadians who had been in the habit of wearing imported underwear were unable to procure it and in most cases their dealers recommended them to try "CEETEE." In all known cases they were more than pleased, admitting that "CEETEE" was better than anything they had ever worn.

"CEETEE"

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE UNDERCLOTHING

Means ECONOMY plus COMFORT

"CEETEE" is manufactured from only the finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is made on exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary underwear machinery — each garment is fashioned to fit the human form. It has all selvedge edges, every join is knitted, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.


People wear "CEETEE" Underclothing because they know it to be perfect.

**Worn by the Best People—
Sold by the Best Dealers**

In all sizes, for Men, Women and Children

**Made in Canada from all British material by
The Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd., Galt, Ontario**

Look for the Sheep on Every Garment



How Your Efficiency May Be Increased

By Chas. Percival, M.D.

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Dominion is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his in.

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevents it burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect, nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by ab-

sorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously feeble.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging by two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

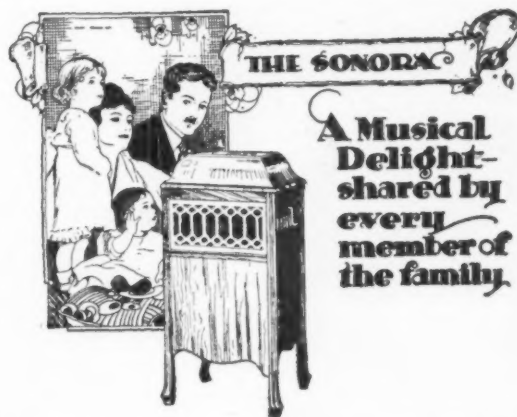
Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way" of the Internal Bath, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Suite 241, Tyrrell Building, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in MacLean's Magazine.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



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**COWAN'S
MAPLE BUDS**

WIDELY KNOWN BY A FLAVOR ALL THEIR OWN

Lenix Gets His Reward

Continued from page 26

nothing had happened, he might chance to find a new cutter in his place. He did know, however, that Holdaway would have no compunctions about hiring another cutter in his place if he could get one who could turn out the number of staves in a day that Len could. But such a cutter was not to be found. There was only one other and he was not in Kent County. Martin Ash was that other's name, and what he could do towards reducing a pile of basswood bolts to staves, in a given time—was history. Len had never met the gentleman, but towards him he possessed a wholesome and fearful respect. "If Boss Holdaway could get hold ob dat man Ash," he told himself, "dere wouldn't be no chance fer dis nigger, no-how." And he was quite right. The fact is, Holdaway had tried to get hold of that man Ash, on more than one occasion, and failed. Ash, being an A 1 cutter had an A 1 job, and being a wise negro, stayed satisfied.

Lenix hummed a song as he shuffled down the path to the highway.

"Oh take me on de steamboat,
Down on de ole Miss-iss-ippi.
Oh I'ae a goin' ter leab yo',
But, honey, don' yo' cry."

As he neared the road the song dwindled to a murmur and the murmur to a whisper. Len wanted to make sure that the road was clear of embarrassing obstacles. Homer Hudson was one of these, and Homer's house had to be passed. No use to meet a prize-fighter with a warped disposition, if such a thing was to be avoided, particularly when one owed him money and had failed in a promise to pay up.

Len's eyes strayed to the white cabin in the grove of butternuts. There was no smoke rising from the chimney, no sign of life at all. The front room blinds were drawn down. Homer was most likely sleeping—and would sleep till noon, as was his custom. Ordinarily, Len would have put no dependence in such signs. He would have climbed the eight-rail fence and circumvented that cabin as a collie pup circumvents the yard of a scarred and vicious bull-dog whose teeth he has felt and remembers. He would have played safe. But this morning he was in a hurry; fifteen dollars and thirty cents to get rid of and four miles still stretching before him—to be walked. For once, he would trust to luck. He slid softly and swiftly forward, keeping well in the shadow of the fence. All was well. He passed the gate with the spring latch and spring hinges and ducked around the short curve of the road like a hunted buck seeking shelter. Once around the bend and he was safe from Homer's eyes, he thought. He gave a sigh of relief as he topped the rise of the hill. Now a straight, unobstructed road lay before him. He removed his coat and threw it over his arm. His form straightened and he swung out in a long stride which carried him easily and swiftly along. He resumed his singing, allowing his basso to rumble as deeply as it so minded. 'Twas a song suited to his stride. "Ma'ch time, an' mashall music"—he called it.

"I am leabin' yo', sweet Southern Gal ob mine,
Gal ob mine.
When his country calls yore soljer mus' obey,
An' clear de way.
But aldough de seas divide—an' de clouds ob
battle hide—
Yo' eber in dis heart ob mine I'll stay.
An' cling alway.
Oh, tis bitter hard ter leab yo', Gal ob mine—
Gal ob mine—
When in yore starry eyes de tear-drops shine—
Hush, don' repine—
Let me kiss dose tears away—shor' I'll return
some day—
An' we'll—"

Abruptly the song ceased and Len's face grew troubled. Around the curve of the road had issued the squat, square figure of that sporting individual, Homer Hudson. "Loramighty," murmured Len. "Aint dat life ter a T, dough. Side-step trouble, an' run plum inter its mudder. Dat's me every time."



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HOMER advanced slowly, painfully, as one whose feet have grown tender through much contact with gravel roads. So do all great forces advance—armies, tanks, avalanches. There was something deadly and sinister in that movement, that slow, certain, not-to-be-swept-aside-or-obstructed advance of the negro pugilist and chicken-fighter. Len felt his soul groveling low and his brow running rivulets. "Dat nigger 'll bend me an' break me an' leab me shattered," he groaned, inwardly. Outwardly he smiled a cheerful smile and accosted the glowering Homer with:

"Well I do declar, Homer; is dat yo' all, yourself?"

Homer disdained to reply. He came forward in a mincing, dead-sure-of-himself manner and paused in front of Lenix.

"Nigger," he said, his eyes rolling. "Is yo' prepared ter die a sudden an' violent deff?"

"Is I which, Homer?"

"Is yo' prepared to go out sudden an' painful? Kase yo' am goin' now."

Lenix swallowed the lump in his throat and shuffled his feet uneasily. "Dat nigger's been drinkin' right heavy an' he's sore. He's been fightin' roosters wif Sam Hall ober ter Bridgetown. He's los' money; he's sure worked up ter a pitch ob gore an' murderation. It's quiet him er bid good-bye ter all I hol' dear."

Beneath one arm Homer carried a gunny-sack from two holes in which protruded the bloody and battered heads of a pair of red game-cocks. His checked suit was crumpled and creased. His collar lay limp on his fat neck. The white derby hat was dented and awry. Homer had, evidently, been having a wild night of it.

Len came out of his abstraction with a start. Homer had placed the sack on the road and was fumbling in his stocking. Len knew what that meant—a razor! He recoiled a step and his teeth froze together. "Annuder minute 'll see me sliced, carved an' quartered, less I stop dat nigger," he thought.

"Homer," he managed to articulate, "Homer, hol' on a minute."

"Nigger, I'se beyond all holdin'," said Homer with deadly finality, and produced a huge razor. "I'se comin' inter yore home now, Len Ballister, liar and cheat—an' I'se not goin' ter knock on de do' needer."

"Homer," Len's voice was pleading, "Homer, dere aint no kinder use ter spile our good time dat dere way—none 'tall."

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' dis. Dat t'ousan' dollar reward, it done come along dis mornin'. It's at de lawyers, Bury an' Weston. Dey done write me so. I come on lookin' fer yo', kase I want yo' all ter go down to dat office an' get dat money fer me."

"Yo' mean ter say dat reward money come?" Some of the sinister chill had vanished from Homer's voice. "Yo' mean ter tell me dat t'ousan' dollars hab arribe, Len?"

"Jes' dat. It's here, Homer, an' I'se on my way ter Bridgetown now—what yo' s'pose ter do? Yo' can't guess, I'll bet."

HOMER closed the razor and slipped it back in his sock. "Well, yo' all might continue on yore way—an' agin, yo' might. It all de-pends. If yo're tellin' me true,—all right; if not dere's goin' ter be a red splash on dis here white road—an' soon! Now den, why am yo' goin' ter Bridgetown? An' remember—no more lyn'."

"Cross my heart, Homer, I speak gospel truff. I'se goin' ober dere ter get a tie pin I'se habin' engraved fer yo' all, dat's what I'se goin' fer."

"An how 'bout dat twelve dollars an' nine cents yo' borrow from me?"

"Aint I tellin' yo' I want yo' ter go down ter de lawyers an' get dat money? Aint dat enuff? Yo' kin deduction it from the t'ousan', see?"

"An' how 'bout dat garden hose yo' borrowed?"

"I'll bring dat ober ter night when I

fetch ober de beer an' roast chickuns."

"When yo' which?"

"When I bring ober de eats an' drinks fer de lil' celebration us'll hab, Homer."

"Yo' mean us am goin' ter celebrate dat dar way, Len?" Homer's gold tooth glittered in a smile.

"Why sure us am goin' ter celebrate, Homer; sure!"

Homer crammed his hands in his pockets and looked reflectively away. By and by his blood-shot eyes strayed back to Len's watching ones.

"Dere's jes' one lil' point dat I feels like habin' cleared up," he said suspiciously. "How come yo' ain't goin' af'er dat money yore own self, Len?"

"How come? Well I'll tole yo' how come I aint." Len drew closer and put his hand timidly on Homer's shoulder. "It's not good business fer me ter go down, dere myself, dat's all. Yo're my frien', Homer, an' I'se goin' ter confide a lil' pussonal matter wif yo' all. Dem lawyers, Bury an' Weston, dey am actin' fer two er free parties dat I owe small bills ter. Dey t'reaten ter sue an' jail me if I don't pay up. Now, I don't owe dat money, nohow, udderwise I'd a paid long since. Yo' know dat, Homer! Well yo' see, come I go down dar, dem lawyers dey'll say ter me: 'Now, Mr. Ballister, we got yore money here an' we'll pay yo' all except what yo' owe our clients.' An' dey'll deduction de money fer dem bills an' scoff in my face, see?"

"But dey'll do dat anyways, Len."

"No so. I gib yo' written order fer dat t'ousan'. Yo' present it an' dey'll hab ter pay yo' de whole t'ousan'. I know de law. Dat's it. Yo' all aint de one owes de debts, yo'se simply actin' power of attorney fer him, see? Yo' dasn't pay his bills kase yore jurisdiction don't run dat far. Dey'll hab ter pay yo' all of dat t'ousan'. So, Homer, I'se mighty glad I met up wif yo' all. When I look in de chickun pen an' fin' yore game roosters gone, I knowed yo'd be in Bridgetown, so I kept on walkin'. Besides I wanted ter get dat beautiful pin wif initials an' c'es."

Homer removed his battered Christy and-smoothed the wrinkles of his closely cropped head.

"When'll I go, Len?"

LEN took a note book and pencil from his pocket and proceeded to write an order on Bury and Weston. "Yo'll go right off immediate, Homer. Dere's no time ter lose. Dem lawyers am liable ter ab-scondicate wif dat money if us don't act quick. Here yo' is. Yo' take dis order ter dem shysters. Lisen. It reads:

Bury and Weston.

Please pay to bearer, Homer Hudson, the One T'ousan' Dollars Reward which has been placed to my credit, with you.

(Signed) LENIX BALLISTER."

Homer took the slip of paper gingerly, folded it, and put it in his vest pocket.

"What time'll yo' all be back, Len, an' whar'll I meet yo'?" he wanted to know.

"I may be gone sometime, Homer," Len answered. "Bes' say meet me dis afternoon 'bout five, at yore place. How's dat suit?"

"Dat's all right, only I don't wanten be luggin' all dat money aroun' all day."

"Won't need ter," Len promised.

"Well, so long, frien' Homer, an' here's ter a good ole night ob it ter night." Homer smiled and shook the hand Len offered to him.

IT was not until Lenix had put two more miles between him and the danger which had threatened that he felt like resuming the interrupted song. He had no more than got nicely started on it again when he espied coming towards him a tall negro dressed in a new suit of jaunty tweeds and wearing a shiny new Christy hat. The negro was about the size and build of Len. He walked with a sprightly step and swung his arms as though he owned them and believed in keeping them occupied. As the two neared each other, Len had the other's number accurately catalogued.

"Dat feller am a stove-cutter. Sure am. His arms an' han's show dat, an' de pucker 'tween his eyes. Won'er who he am?"

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See page 66

"Mornin', sah," Len greeted the stranger. "Nice mild mornin'."

"It am so, it am so," answered the other pleasantly. He returned Len's scrutiny easily, and taking a cigar from his vest pocket proceeded to give its wrapper greater adherence by lolling it about between his lips. Len stood by, watching. He was admiring the tailor-made tweed suit, and the glittering Christy with the tiny red and dappled feather in its band. He had always wanted a suit and a hat like those.

"I'se jes' on my way ober ter Chatville East," the other negro informed him. "I'se lookin' fer a job as stove-cutter. Do yo' all chance ter know a man named Holdaway; he's boss at de Drayder Cooperage, I believe?"

Len's heart turned a somersault. "Yes," he answered, "I know dat man all hunky."

"Well, he done offer me de job two er free times, but I had a good place in St. Thomas mill an' I didn't want'er leab. My name's Ash," he informed. "Martin Ash."

"Loramighty," breathed Len. "Dis means I'se froo at Drayder's less I play my kyards, an' play 'em both sides an' de middle."

"An' yo' all's on yore way down ter see 'bout de job ob cutter at Drayder's mill?" he asked.

"Dat's so. I is."

Len sighed and looked sympathetically at the stranger.

"Well it's too bad, it is so," he muttered, as though to himself.

"What's dat?" asked the other quickly, catching the words.

"I was jes' t'inkin' dat it's too bad

yo' all hab had yore trip for nuffin, but of course yo' didn't hear what happened down dere at de mill? How could yo', seein' it jes' happen las' night?"

"Why, what happen down dar?" the other asked excitedly.

"Why, it's smallpox. Nine cases done break out in de mill at same time. I had a nephew workin' dere. He took sick las' night too, an' he died this mornin'. De place am quarantened, dat's why I'se on my way ober ter Bridgetown ter look fer job."

The strange negro's cigar slipped from his twitching fingers.

"Hebens ob love!" he shivered. "Smallpox! Ugh!"

He shuddered and wiped his face on a red handkerchief.

"Ob course if yo' not scared ter run de risk—" commenced Len, but Ash threw up his hands.

"I wouldn't go down in dat town fer all de money in it," he declared. "No siree, I'll get just as far away from it as my shanksmare 'll carry me, I will. Am' yo' sure yo' aint been near any ob dem cases?" he asked fearfully, edging away.

"No, I aint been," Len assured him. "I'se mighty scared ob it too, dat's fer why I'se on my way ter Bridgetown ter look fer a job now."

THE two sat down under a tree and lapsed into silence. After a time Ash took two more cigars from his pocket, handed one to Lenix and lit the other.

"It puts me in a mighty bad fix," admitted the stranger. "De mill at St. Thomas burn down free days ago an' I done lose all my workin' clothes. I aint got no money ter get me outer dis

place, eben if I knowed where I could get a job. No mill foreman is goin' ter hire me in dese togs."

"No," agreed Len. "He aint. He'd fink yo' was a imposter. Yo' best get a suit sumfin like I'se wearin' now."

"Yes, I'll hab ter do dat, but how? An' den how in Sam Hill am I goin' ter get to where dey's needin' a stove-cutter? Tell me dat."

"Yo' kin allars get a job stove-cuttin' in Windsor," said Len thoughtfully. "Dey's needin' good cutters dere, I un'erstan'. But Mister Ash, fifty miles am a powerful long hike ter make; it am so."

"I couldn't walk fifty miles if my life depended on it," groaned Ash. "I'se got flat feet an' corns. It's been powerful painful comin' as far as I hab."

LEN essayed to wipe the corner of his one eye while he took a new survey of Ash with the other. "I feel I'd like ter help yo' if I could," he said at length, "but yo' see I'm a pore man outin' a job myself."

"Thanks jus' same," said the other heartily. "If I could only get ter Windsor, I'd be all hunky. I'm not spry enuff on my feet to bum a freight, so I'm down an' out."

"A ticket ter Windsor ud cos' yo' 'bout one fifty," said Len, "but yo'd need ter get some workin' clothes too."

"Yes, sure would. A five spot ud look like glory be ter dis here nigger; 'twould so."

Len fingered the three greasy five spots in his trousers pocket, his mind working, planning.

"Dat suit yose wearin', yo' might swap it for workin' clothes," he suggested—"and," he added, noting the

look on the other's face, "get 'nuff boot-money ter carry yo' fer Windsor."

"I'd awful hate ter sacrifice dis here suit ob clothes," said Ash. "It done cost me twenty free bucks jes' a week ago. Tailor in St. Thomas made it fer me."

"Well," Len sighed and stood up. "Course dat was jes' a suggestion an' no harm done. Come ter fink on it, yo' might hab some trouble doin' it too. People are mighty 'spicious, an' dey'd fink yo' had some ulterior motive in tryin' ter swap. No, I reckon dat plan aint at all feasible—unless," he added, "you's all lucky 'nuff ter bump up against a chap like me dat aint giben ter astin' fool questions."

The other rose too, grimacing with pain as he put his sore feet down on the hard gravel.

"Here," he said, after considering quickly. "Have yo' got five dollars on yo'?"

"I'se got dat much an' no mo'," Len answered, "but dere's de rent an' de grocery bill ter pay."

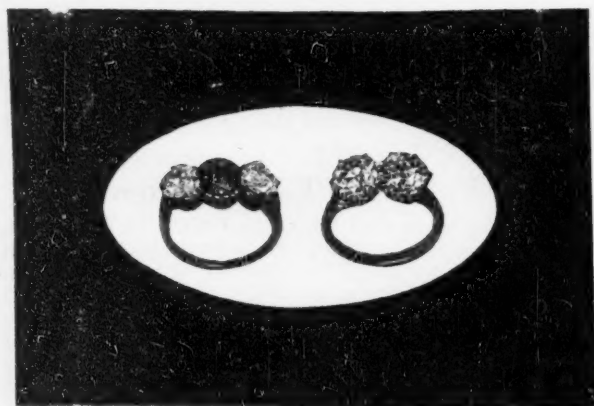
"Dem kin wait," said the other. "Now den, 'sposin' I'se willin' ter swap clothes wif yo' all, do I get de five dollars boot-money?"

Len looked thoughtfully down at his feet, managing to take in the other's tan boots at the same time. "It all depends," he said slowly, "yes it all depends. If yo' all was a brudder Excelsior, in distress, now—"

"What's dat?"

"Why, it's a secret brudderhood society similar ter der Free Mason society. 'Help yer Brudder Celsior, dat's it motter. Now, if yo' was a brudder Celsior—"

"Oh, I'se a Celsior, all right," ad-



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PERFECTION SALAD

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope KNOX Acidulated Gelatine | 1/2 teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring, |
| 1/2 cup cold water | found in separate envelope |
| 1/2 cup mild vinegar | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1 pint boiling water | 2 cups celery, cut in small pieces |
| 1 teaspoonful salt | 1/4 cup sweet red peppers or fresh |
| 1 cup finely shredded cabbage | peppers finely cut |

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, Lemon Flavoring, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain, and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Note—Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe, and you have a delicious Fruit Salad. If the Sparkling package is used, use tablespoonfuls lemon juice should be used in place of the Lemon Flavoring.

BANANA SPONGE

- | |
|--------------------------------------|
| 1/2 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine |
| 1/4 cup cold water |
| 1 cup banana pulp |
| 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice* |
| 1/2 cup sugar |
| Whites of two eggs beaten stiff |

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cook. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired.

Note—If the Acidulated package is used 1/4 of the Lemon Flavoring contained therein may be used in place of the lemon juice in the above recipe.

Write for the Knox Recipe Books; they are free for the asking. If you give your grocer's name and address.

"Whenever a recipe calls for gelatine—it means KNOX"

KNOX GELATINE

Mrs. Charles B. Knox

Dept. C, 180 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Que.



mitted Ash. "I'se hab all de degrees. Now den, let's swap."

"By rights, I should try yo' all out de signs," said Len. "But I aint got time fer dat now. Ober yon'er, behind dem alders, is a good spot fer us ter change clothes. Come 'long."

I N exactly fifteen minutes the change had been effected and Ash issued from the alders a humble working man. Len came forth dressed in all the glory of a tweed suit, shiny Christy and tan boots. "Look yo', brudder," he said pointing across the field to a dim smoke line rising above the hills, "yo' make right 'cross dere an' yo'll fin' a lil' station wif a flag hangin' up inside. All yo' hab ter do is flag de train when she come along. Dey'll be a wes'boun' local in 'bout half an hour. An' now, brudder Ash, good-bye an' good luck."

"Good-bye," Ash made across the road and climbed the fence. As he put his hands in the pockets of the newly acquired trousers his fingers encountered a ten-cent piece. He had made a better bargain than he thought.

Len stood watching him limp across the green meadow to the next fence. "Gollies!" he chuckled, "dat nigger, he fin' dat ten cents an' fink I done ferget ter take it out ob dat pocket, but he's sure wrong dere. It's bad luck ter swap clothes 'less yo' leabas a coin in pocket ob de ones you're tradin'." He felt deep in the pockets of his tweed trousers and gave a grunt of disgust. "It'll serve dat nigger right if he don't get on job," he muttered, "he's shorley insulted luck by not leabin' a coin in dese pants pockets."

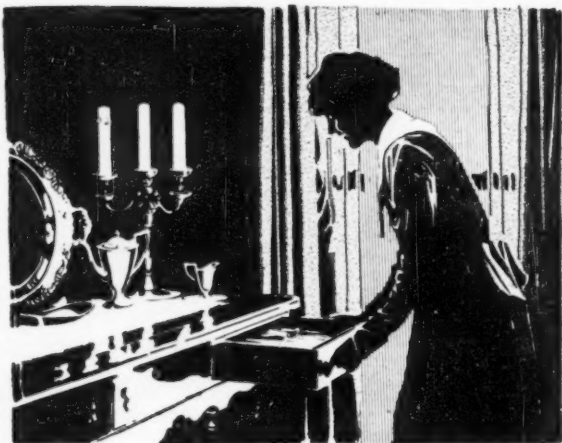
T HE shadows of twilight were stretching across the white road when Lenix shook hands with several new cronies he had made that day and stepped jauntily out for Chatville East. He had had a most glorious holiday. In his hand he carried a yellow walking stick with a brass swan for a handle. On his hands were new tan gloves and on his feet new fawn-colored spats. The orange necktie about his high collar seemed to leap out to mock the less gorgeous sunset colors fading in the west.

How he was going to side-step trouble from Homer Hudson he did not know. Undoubtedly he would be able to look that fighting darkey down and make him cower—as he usually did. His powers had been reinforced by his new clothes. He felt equal to Homer, almost equal to Jane Ann.

At thought of that large, wrathful lady, Len's knees experienced weakness. He paused in the road as though to turn back. But he didn't. Trouble had to be faced sometime, might as well be tonight, as any time. However, he deemed it expedient to take the longer way home, thus avoiding collision with Homer Hudson, so he took a side road until he reached a thoroughfare running parallel with the river road.

It was dark when he rounded the last bend in the road and saw the electric lights of Chatville East blinking up as though to welcome him home. It portended well; but how about Jane Ann?

His steps grew slower and his heart grew heavy. Somehow home, to him, spelt trouble. Duns, sheriffs, bailiffs, policemen, wakeful nights. Man



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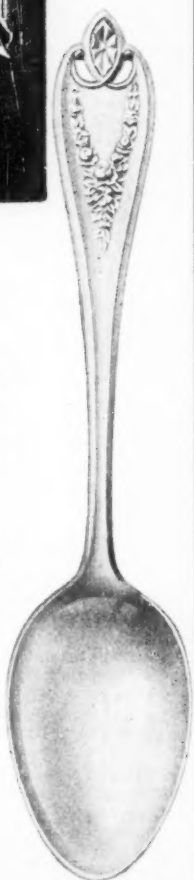
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can't always dress in new tweeds and
smell like a newly crushed geranium, or
gather about him admiring fellows to
listen to him talk while they smoke his
stogies. No, a man must have a home,
a wife and worry.

LENIX was a long time covering the
last mile of his journey. Every-
thing seemed so peaceful, so calm along
the road. It seemed foolish to hurry
straight into trouble, so he took his
time.

As he opened his garden gate and
crept up the path to the window his
very heart quaked with apprehension.
Joyfully he noted that the lamp had not
been lit. This meant that Jane Ann
was out. Thank goodness for small
mercies. He opened the door and stepped
in. Orinoco bounded from behind
the stove to meet him, then catching a
sniff of the new scented clothes, bolted
to his hiding place with a howl.

Len lit the lamp and almost collapsed
with pleasurable surprise. The supper
table was set. There was a clean cloth,
and a bunch of yellow-rod beside his
plate. There was all manner of good
things on the table too; roast chicken,
pickles, newly-made bread. The tea-
pot was simmering on the stove. Len
hung his Christy on a peg and squared
away to that supper. As he ate he
kept listening for the gate-latch to
click. But he was through eating and
was preparing to light his last remain-
ing stogie, before he heard it. He
braced himself to meet whatever was
coming, his eyes turned to the door.
Voices—high-pitched, excited, sounded
outside—a number of feet were scrap-
ing the gravel walk.

"Policeman, likely," thought Len.
Then the door opened and Jane Ann
burst into the room, behind her Homer
Hudson, Boss Holdaway and several
others. Len rubbed his eyes. All the
faces were smiling on him, hands were
outstretched to him. What did it all
mean? Homer came forward, his gold
tooth aglitter in a smile.

"I done get it, Len, I sure did!" he ex-
ulted, taking a long envelope from his
pocket. "Look yo', here 'tis: a check
fer t'ousand dollars."

Len dropped back into his chair, his
mouth open. He was speechless. Jane
Ann ran forward and gave him a hug.
"An' yo' all knowed dat money was
dere and didn't tell me. Oh yo' bad
Len! An' lan' sakes, look at de clothes
dat nigger am wearin', too. Well dey's
all comin' to him, dat's all."

Len roused himself. "I jest don' un-
'erstan'," he said feebly. Jane Ann
patted his hand. "Dat's all right, hon-
ey, Len. Yous' mighty secret, yo' is."

"Boss Holdaway, here, he done say
he knowed sumfin' was on yore min',
an' when yo' lef' dis mornin' ter look
afer yore reward he got de impression
dat yo' all was sore."

"I guess I was wrong dere, Len," put
in Holdaway, heartily.

"Sure was, Boss," said Len. He mo-
tioned Jane Ann to resume.

"Well den, yo' met up wif Homer
an' got him to call fer de money, didn't
yo'?"

Len nodded, "Dat's right."

"Well, when Homer go afer it, dem
lawyers won't gib it ter him. Dey says
eider yo' er me mus' go along wif him,
so Homer he don't come an' get me."

"And yo' bofe went an' got it?"

"Sure did." Jane Ann placed her
hands on her hips and smiled about her.
"Funny part ob it is, how did yo' all
come ter sen' dat check back to dem
lawyers when yo' got it from special
messenger dis mornin'?"

Len sat straight up. "Yo' all mean
dat check was in dat envelope dat man
gib me an' made me sign fer, Jane Ann?"

"Sure was. Whyfer yo' sen' it back?
Dey say, yo' mark 'dead' an' 'moved' ter
Chicago, Mich.' on it. Whyfer yo' do all
dat?"

Len glanced about him. All eyes
were upon him. He stood up and smiled.

"Frien's," he said, "I reckon it's up ter
me 'splain dis here fing. I did
get de check dis mornin', leastwise I
knowed de check fer de reward was in
dat letter. But I wanted ter gib Jane
Ann a s'prise, so I send de letter back



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to de lawyers, knowin' dat it would be all right. Den I went down ter der mill ter ask off fer day. Nex' I go lookin' fer Homer, kase I want him ter get a s'prise too. I knowed if I send Homer fer de money dem lawyers would want Jane Ann 'long. So, finks I, I'll jest mosey 'long ober ter Bridgetown an' gib fings a chance ter work out as I plan 'em. Now I come home an' fin' fings hab done jest dat. It's mighty satisfactory, an' I want ter t'ank yo' one an' all fer yore good wishes."

Everybody pressed about. Len shook hands with each in turn. When it came Holdaway's turn he looked anxiously into Len's face.

"Course yo'll be back tomorrow, Len?" he asked.

"Course, Boss, course. Money don't make no difference ter me."

Homer edged in close enough to whisper a question in Len's ear. Len shook his head. "It won't be finished till nex' week, Homer," he answered. "Aint dat provokin', a'fer me walkin' all de way ter Bridgetown, too? But," he added, "it's sure some peach of a tie-pin, Homer."

The Banshee Bell

Continued from page 22

"I heard something," I admitted. "You rather made a mystery of the thing and I—"

"It is a mystery."

"I'm hard to convince. Why don't you make them stop?"

"Make who stop?" and he smiled.

"Whoever is ringing that bell."

"Ah!" he said soberly. "If only we knew that. You evidently think as I thought—that it is someone playing tricks. When I came here I laughed at the terror that filled the breasts of these superstitious foreigners. No one would live here in this cabin. It was too close to 'the bell.' Teachers came and stayed a week or so and left. It was all they could do to persuade the children to attend school. At last I volunteered to live in the cabin—I'd been using a tent up till that—and also to teach until a permanent teacher could be obtained. This I've been doing since last September. Sometimes in the middle of an arithmetic lesson I'd be called to attend a sick man. It was a very strenuous but not uninteresting life. But I'll have to admit that the bell tried my patience. Sometimes for a week on end it would be silent but suddenly it would peal forth again—no joyous wedding-bellish peal either but a monotonous dingle-dangle that was—well, damnable. No other word fits the case."

I nodded understandingly. "I've ridden over all these trails, 'he went on, 'and forded every fordable stream. I've penetrated into the deepest fastnesses and that will-o-the-wisp bell always fell silent just as I thought I had a hot scent. Once I'd have sworn it was right over my head! The Indians are so scared they're cleared right out. There's black magic in it, they think."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I'm convinced of one thing: no human hand is ringing that bell."

I must have turned a little white for he went on hurriedly: "I don't want to alarm you but now you're here I feel it's only fair to acquaint you with the facts. I wanted to be the first to tell you."

I nodded. And I thought how lucky for Margaret Smithson that she'd been sidetracked!

"Two years ago a man disappeared and he's believed to have been murdered. That was in March and the bell rings almost continuously in that month. His body is supposed to have been thrown into some deep crevasse in these canyons, but it's never been found. Now if, knowing all this, you want to pack up at once—"

"Someone's got to stay and teach those kids," I heard myself murmuring.

Oh, Miss Smithson would never stay here! And having pretended all along that I was the teacher I just had to stick it out. This was evidently the "nice trustee."

"I'll get a rig and drive you to the

"I'll bet it am," smiled Homer. "Well, it better be, nigger." He gave Len a good-natured slap on the back and picked up his hat.

"Here yo', Homer, where yo' all goin' at?" Jane Ann, who was donning a huge apron, flashed the question.

"Home, I guess, Jane Ann," answered Homer.

"No sah, yo' isn't neider. Yo' folks all am goin' ter sot right down, an' us am goin' ter hab a feed what is a real feed. Now den make youselfs comfortable. Aint dat right, Len?"

Len smiled about him. "Seems ter me dat a good feed am comin' ter my frien's dis night," he said. "I'd awful hate ter fink a'fer all my udder plans workin' out so well dat de lil' supper I had counted on gibbin' 'em was lef' un- et."

Hats came off and chairs rattled. Homer edged forward again and managed to whisper in Len's ear.

"How 'bout our blow-out, Len?"

"Homer," Len answered, "de night am still young. Us'll start in here but there's plenty of time."

"Dat's so," agreed Homer.

crossing anytime you say. You—pardon me—hardly look rigorous enough for mountain life to say nothing of this nerve-racking spook business."

"Do you think I'm a quitter?" I demanded. "And why didn't you label yourselves 'haunted' and not bring an unsuspecting girl across a continent—"

"We don't want the kind of teacher that's likely to get cold feet," he broke in, quickly. "Besides, I've always understood that Bluenose people are hard to scare."

"I'm not a bluenose," I said, mournfully.

So I explained about the error I'd made at the crossing, and I told him he might as well consider Miss Smithson a total loss because she'd never stay now, that in all likelihood she'd already taken the first train east, and no one could blame her. I wasn't at all communicative about myself. I didn't tell him that this was my very first real adventure, or that I was practically an Easterner though losing no opportunity to refer to myself as a Westerner! I just told him what I thought he should know and no more.

"Then do you remain—or not?" he asked.

I straightened up and took a long breath. He had put the question in such a way that I felt as though I were before a stern tribunal. Old Irish folklore stories flooded my mind and my childish belief in fairies revived, all in an instant. My pulses beat madly. That danger-defying instinct which is the heritage of the Celtic races stiffened my spine. A kind of eager, terrified delight thrilled me. I'd see the spook hanged first!

"I'll stay," I said simply.

I read approval in the doctor's eyes. As trustee, sealing a bargain with an employee, he insisted upon shaking hands. Then I got him some breakfast and when he had eaten he took the baby and rode away again. I didn't see him for a week.

I THINK it was the longest week of my life! I fared forth valiantly and taught the school and I cooked my meals and attended to the parrot and worried a little about what Mother would say and then resolved not to tell her for a while but to write Natalie and enlist her aid in keeping up the bluff to the home folks. After all I might not be so courageous when I'd heard the bell again. I too might turn tail and flee homeward.

Doctor North arrived early on the following Sunday with a fine string of fish he'd caught the evening before. He stayed all day and was very entertaining. Accompanied only by the phonograph we sang many old songs and I found that he had a glorious barytone. The bell rang that night and the parrot scolded and muttered. I stuffed cotton

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wool in my ears and slept the sleep of the pure in heart.

On Monday Doctor North brought me the supplies that had been ordered for the teacher. He took away my letter to Natalie to post at the train and on Thursday he called again to chop some wood for me. He said people were healthy and time hung heavily. On Saturday we took a lunch and went berrying down the trail. We heard the spook bell suddenly as we were returning by way of the cedars. Plainly the monotonous clangor came from a thick poplar bluff adjacent and not over five hundred yards away. We both stopped, and listened in a kind of fascinated awe.

"Couldn't we go through that bluff?" I suggested, eagerly.

"If we had rubber waders. It's surrounded by swamp."

"Oh dear! And there isn't an old church in there I suppose? Or an Indian grave with a bell on it?"

"Nary a one! We've thought of all those things. I've beaten all through those poplars often."

A brisk breeze was ruffling them so that an incessant shadow seemed to darken and lift again across the silvery-green mass. I watched them, puzzled, piqued, baffled quite. The same breeze ruffled my companion's brown hair so that a tuft of it like a burnished wing fell over his brow and kept him occupied in shaking it back. He reminded me at such times of pictures of Rupert Brooke. Sometimes I caught him watching me in an odd way as though he were wondering if my courage were genuine or only assumed in order to impress him. Little did he guess how

often in my lonely shack in the dead of night—but then of course I never did pose as a heroine! Sometimes the look he gave me sent a warm thrill through all my being, it said so much more than lips ever did. I'd been made love to heaps of times but never before in this silent way.

That evening in the cool fragrance under the friendly stars he told me he'd been five weeks without coughing. And I went back to the cabin after calling out good-byes for ten minutes and (as was our habit) until the echoes confounded the real cries—and sent an order to the city (I had my cheque-book with me) for some things. Topping the list were rubber waders.

A LETTER from Natalie at the end of another week. The little Nova Scotian was there! More, she had made a big hit with everybody and with Donald McCann in particular. Anything might happen, Natalie hinted. Don, who had been sweet on me, was hanging round, it seemed, like bad weather. Oh yes, Miss Smithson was getting enthusiastic about the West now. When the Bar Cross man had arrived at the railway he'd found her almost distracted. Would they send for me? Or was I serious about this school business.

Was I serious? Well, the chief trustee's praise perhaps had been a big factor in making me contented. I believe I've actually forgotten to say that both teacher and taught seemed highly satisfied. School carried on throughout the summer up here because of the irregularity and uncertainty of the teacher's tenure, and except for worrying about mother and her mid-Victorian prejudices, I was having a glorious time teaching those bright young tow-heads. They liked me, too. Going home I always had a knot of them with me as far as the dwarf cedars. Further than that they wouldn't go on account of the banshee bell. Their elders whenever I chanced to meet them regarded me with awe and admiration so that I began to feel almost Joan-of-Arc-ish living alone in my spook-defying eerie—only that of course I'm not made of the heroine stuff. A good deal of it was bravado, I'm afraid. Needless to say, I never told Doctor North of the times, in the dead of night, I trembled and shook in sheer terror of that bell.

Then came our quarrel, which I may as well admit now was mostly my fault. The Doctor had brought the mail from the Crossing—it was merely thrown off the train for the cliff crossing is just a platform and a dog-house—and my parcel had arrived. Gleeefully I exhibited my rubber boots and before I'd had a chance to ask him to come with me to investigate that poplar bluff beyond the swamp he cut in and ordered me to stay away. He said God knew I was fearless enough to attempt anything, but that alone to that bluff I must not go. No place for a delicate girl, etc. All my Irish flared up and I defied him to stop me. I declared that I hadn't, to my knowledge, asked for his professional advice. Well, the end of the absurd thing was that we parted in a huff. And of course as soon as my wrath simmered down I had a good, long, luxurious weep and felt deliciously miserable for a whole long day—for ten of them really for it wasn't until ten days had dragged by that we met again.

He came up to the cabin in a hot hurry and afoot one dewy evening in July and I could see he was all business. He scarcely noticed Polly even, although she called out her most cordial greeting of "Hello, old dear!" supplemented by a series of blood-curdling whistles and adjurations to "skin a rabbit."

"Mrs. Poldinsky is very sick," he said without preamble. "How soon can you be ready? Ten minutes?"

"But I'm no nurse! And who is Mrs. Poldinsky?" I expostulated.

"She's that deaf old woman that lives back of the poplar bluff. That dashed bell you know—can't get a soul to pass the cedar swamp—she needs a woman's care—inflammatory rheumatism—getting near her heart I'm afraid—bring candles and a bag of salt to heat and a can of condensed milk, also any other little comforts you can think of."

He panted all this out while I got into



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my sweater and began to gather up the articles he mentioned.

"Oh yes, and put on those rubber boots," he added. "Since the rain that swamp's a regular lake."

I can at least obey orders, I thought, and anyway it thrilled me rather to be called on like this even though I were a last resource!

THE old woman's shack was less than half a mile away and we walked rapidly, the doctor going ahead, for the trail was rough and narrow. Once he turned and gave me two letters he had forgotten about and which he'd brought from the crossing that morning. I crammed them into my pocket to read later. And once I so far forgot myself as to seize him by the elbow. It was when we were skirting the poplars. He stopped quickly and looked down at me, oddly, and as I didn't speak—we had spoken less than a dozen words between us—he went on again.

"Don't do that—please," he said in a labored way. "It makes me—it throws me off balance here on this narrow ledge."

"Very well," I said, calmly and began to hum a little tune under my breath, determined to show him I wasn't a bit afraid of the old spook and could do without his arm or even his coat-tail, if need be.

Well, I stayed with Mrs. Poldinsky that night and all the next day which was Saturday and all Sunday up till evening, sleeping a couple of hours at a time on two chairs with my sweater for a pillow. By Sunday she was much better and two women from the valley arrived via a roundabout route to look after her. The bell had commenced ringing on Sunday in the early afternoon. Doctor North came about dark, seemed highly satisfied with his patient's progress and asked me curtly if I were ready to start back.

We left the hut and set forth, by way of the swamp of course. There was a chill easterly wind and the moon was obscured from time to time by scudding clouds. From the poplars came the sinister dingle-dangle of the bell. The only other sound was the rhythmic

slush-slush of our feet as we picked our precarious way across the marshland. Sometimes I would sink almost to my knees and then my companion, still aloof in manner, would be obliged to make of himself a human lift-lock.

His silence and abstraction hurt me—had been hurting me all these long days. I'd tried to be friendly but he simply didn't respond. We'd been such good pals that I felt some sort of explanation was owing me.

"Doctor North," I exclaimed at last. "I'm going to talk and you can go on sulking if you like! I can't stand this ghastly silence. It's too eerie to endure another minute!"

"I haven't any objection," he said in a restrained voice.

"And you're walking far too fast! What do you think I am—a self-starting, record-breaking 1920 model run-about?"

"I'm sorry," and he slowed up at once. "Are you so bored with my company that you're trying to—to shorten the time?" I asked, still exasperated.

My throat felt tightish. I was going to say more but was afraid to trust my voice.

"I'm going east on the early morning train," he stated then, and his voice too sounded queer and trembly. "I'm in a hurry and forgot that a girl can't tramp as fast as a man."

"Going east?" I echoed, stopping in my tracks.

"Yep."

"For—for good?"

"For good—or bad," he replied, stopping also and looking away to the tips of the Ragged Range.

"But you were to stay in Blue Canyon till fall!" I wailed.

He was silent.

"And how about that claim of yours that's turning out so well? The one over at Rabbit Foot mine. Don't you have to stay and—look after it?"

"Oh, that," he said, indifferently.

WHAT had happened? For that Rabbit Foot claim had been one of his pet enthusiasms! Slowly now we plodded on and in dazed wonderment and with a heavy heart I realized that I was to be left alone—alone at Blue Canyon with the bell!

"Here we are at the poplars," Doctor North remarked at length.

I'd never known his voice so listless.

"It's dark in there I suppose—even with the moon up," I observed, shudderingly.

"It may not be. Would you care to go through?"

"With the bell ringing?"

"Best time. We run a chance of laying the ghost then. And I've got my pocket flashlight."


"I'm game." I forced myself to say, though even with the sense of well-being his company always gave me, fear, deadly fear, clutched at my timid heart.

He started on ahead to pick out the best path, his straight figure looming larger than ever through the thin mist that rose from the swamp. He knew his way like an Indian and we groped steadily along through a tangle of underbrush and of spruce and cedar, wolf-willow and poplar. The torch sent out a long cone of light ahead and saved us many a stumble over a fallen tree-trunk. Bye-and-bye I sank on a boulder, exhausted. My companion considerably waited till I'd regained my breath. We hadn't heard the bell for at least ten minutes but we both felt we were headed in its direction—unless indeed it were a will-o'-the-wisp after all. It had had a sternly practical sound to-night. There had never been anything euphonious about it at any time but here in the grove, following it up, I'd sensed a familiar quality in that flat ding-dong. Somewhere, sometime I'd heard a bell like it! Childhood memories poured over me, saddened me a little too. I sighed. Doctor North moved restlessly. I rose, tripped on a root and caught at his arm. The torch that he held fell.


"Excuse me," I said humbly. "I know you don't like being seized suddenly but I—I nearly fell."

"Perhaps we'd better give up the chase. It must be late," he broke in hurriedly, moving away.

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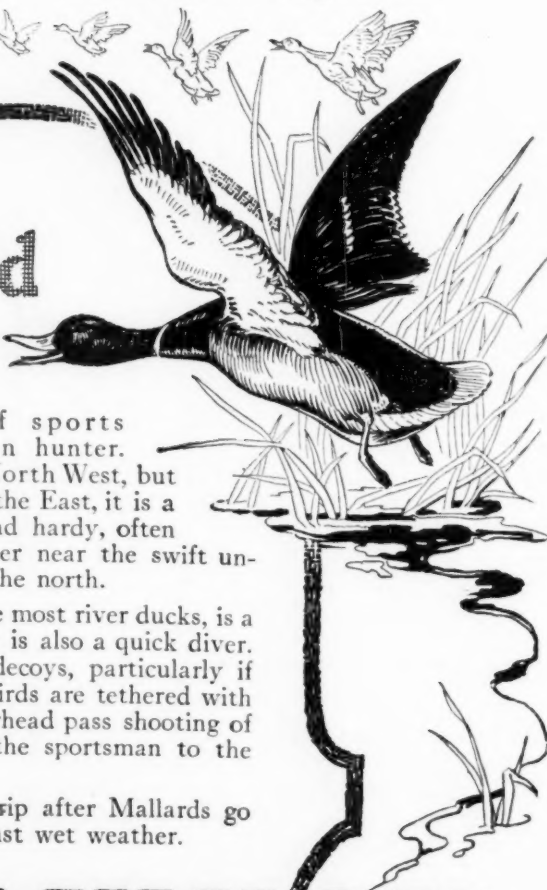
ENGLAND

The Mallard

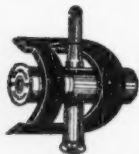
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I buttoned my sweater coat closer and as I did so my hand struck against the letters in the pocket.

"Oh, Miss Smithson's married," I said, to make conversation. "The news was in one of those letters you brought the other day. To Don McCann, an old friend of mine. It was a whirlwind affair and they've gone to Prince Rupert and up the coast to Alaska for a honeymoon."

"Poor little school," said the doctor, sadly.

"Oh I don't know!" I said with spirit. "It's still got me."

He turned quickly. I could hear him breathing thickly, rapidly.

"Has it?" he cried. "Are you going to stay?"

"What will it matter to you?" I returned, puzzled at his eagerness.

"Well I—I've been a sort of chief steward, have I not? Naturally I'm attached to the district. My stewardship has been—"

"And you're throwing it over to—to go East and m-marry some simpering little—"

"I am not," he said tensely as I broke off, gulping.

"Well anyway you're going away and leaving me here all alone! Not another soul to speak to in miles and miles."

"How about the man who writes from the city? Won't he be running up?"—this in savage tone.

"What man from the city?" I demanded, wonderingly.

"The man you're engaged to—who writes you all those letters. I know a man's handwriting when I see it. This one's had character—damn him! He's a millionaire I suppose. Someone who's a big success of some sort. I know the class that would take your eye!"

"Do you?" I asked, composedly, though in reality I was in a tumult of emotions, joy predominating. "Well, Daddy is a success though he's not quite a millionaire."

"What do you mean?" said he in a strained voice. "I'm not feeling in a mood for jokes—"

"Why I just mean those letters were from Dad."

"Why—your father?"

"And he's coming up as soon as he can to see if I'm well and happy. He's just home from the East. I told him I was ridiculously happy up here and he's coming to see if I really mean it."

"And—are you?"

"I—I was."

AND a tiny sob slipped out then. The doctor took a long breath—I could distinctly hear it—and then I don't know just how it happened but we were clinging together like two long separated orphans and I was so happy I was afraid to speak! But then *that* was almost impossible anyway.

"I'm not going away—now," said the doctor and held me very close.

"I'm not either," I whispered. "Though I believe I *would* have gone."

"You're the bravest little girl in all the world!"

"No—just the happiest," I said, softly.

And as our lips met again a third voice spoke:

Clang!

It was the bell! Right behind us it rang forth! We turned at the startling sound and the brassy reverberation beat against the eardrums almost painfully. Doctor North stooped and retrieved his torch and he shot its strong ray into the darkness ahead.

"There it is!" we cried in unison.

Less than a yard away, caught in a crotch of a sturdy poplar and hardly four feet from the ground was a large brazen cowbell! It was square-shaped and it hung there suspended by a bit of leather strap just as it had been wrenched from the animal's neck when she had essayed to reach some tender morsel of herbage that had been a little too far away. The tree had grown and clutched the strap closer so that even the wild winds of March had been unable to wrest the bell loose. It was so caught that it was visible only from the side where we stood.

We had laid the banshee!

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 37

ful. But finally the goal is reached, several astronomical observations are taken which show that the party are at the greatest distance possible from the Equator. The triumph is won, but the question of safe return still remains.

Those who have read the poems of Robert Service, the novels of Jack London and Rex Beach and the other real and imagined tales of the North, are prepared for just the kind of description which Doctor Cook gives us of his return journey. It has literary truth if it has no other. He suffers exactly what we expect him to suffer and he meets each difficulty and each danger as our hero would were we writing a novel of the Far North.

Provisions Run Low

IT is traditional that provisions give out in polar journeys, and accordingly our hero's provisions began to run low. When that happens the traveler always goes on short rations and pulls in his belt, and so we find it here. The dogs and the men lose spirit day by day; they grow weaker and weaker between the short rations and the terrible cold they become little better than living skeletons. You can imagine what thoughts would fill your mind and mine under such conditions, and these are accordingly the thoughts that fill Doctor Cook's mind at night when he has time to think. Daytimes he has little time for thought while he struggles bravely on with increasing weakness of body but an ever-sustaining courage. To add to the difficulties of an already distressing situation, the sunlight, which had befriended him so far, failed when he came back to 86° latitude, and the sky was continually overcast—never, for days on days, a glimpse of the sun to guide through the swirling snow and the fog. Worst of all, the wind was persistently from the east. It is well known that polar ice is always in motion before wind or tide. As the wind blew easterly, it was only reasonable that he would drift west—a condition which actually increased his weariness.

There was nothing to do except to travel south by compass. But south by compass is of course an uncertain direction when the heavenly bodies cannot be seen and when no check on the compass can be maintained by astronomical observations. The situation was getting desperate indeed when one day the sun of a sudden came out bright and clear. This was the long-hoped-for opportunity, and we have as convincing a description as usual as to exactly how the astronomical observation was taken; but, curiously (and, as it were, unfortunately), we have in this case not only an exact statement of the method used in taking the observation, but an actual statement of the result. The latitude observed showed that the party were at 79° 34' north and 101° 22' west. When this was plotted on the chart it showed that they were a little west of Axel Heiberg and a little north of Ellef and Amun Ringnes Islands. And, true enough, when the weather cleared a little more, they could see to the east the beautiful Axel Heiberg and to the south the lower and less picturesque Ringnes Islands, with the gap between which they knew must be Hassel Sound. The ice all about was in rapid motion. Not only had they been carried west, as they feared, by the persistently easterly winds; they were now far west of their intended course, but also they were in immediate difficulty on account of the rapid ice movement and the water lanes between the ice cracks. As every one knows, water lanes are the most serious obstacles that the polar traveler has to meet. Accordingly it was these which prevented Cook's party from making a landing, as it desired, to the east in Heiberg Island and forced it to proceed south and enter Hassel Sound, where it was at last on firm ice.

What makes this narrative remarkable is the fact that, contrary to Doctor Cook's observation, we found that the spot of latitude and longitude given by him did not show any moving sea ice

nor any sea ice at all, and is instead near the centre of the island which we have named "Second Land" and seven hundred or eight hundred feet above sea-level. We have in this fact, which I trust will still remain a fact when the next explorer goes there, either a proof that obviously truthful narratives are not necessarily true; or else we have here the most remarkable instance on record of that well-known (although in non-volcanic regions seldom rapid) geographical phenomenon of land rising from the sea.

Light on the Cook-Perry Controversy

THE story of the island which Doctor Cook did not see, although his plotted route as published in his book lies right across it, would not be worth telling if people's knowledge of the Peary-Cook controversy were proportionate to their interest in it. Those of us who have taken the trouble to sift the facts from the chaff of assertions based merely on sentimental bias know that the evidence is satisfactory both that Peary reached the Pole and that Cook never tried to. There is nothing less admirable than kicking a man when he is down, but, thanks to his "convincing style," Cook is not yet down and, as a consequence, Peary is t yet up in the minds of a good many people who talk loudly on the subject. So this case is worth citing. There has been a good deal of cumulative evidence before. No single fact has been conclusive, but in the aggregate they have given a clear verdict. But here at last we have an incontrovertible proof. Cook shows us how he came nearly straight from the north into the mouth of Hassel Sound. And our "Second Land" lies right north of the mouth of that sound. Therefore even had Cook not cited the astronomical observation which places him near the middle of our island when he says he was on moving ice with open water all around him, he would have been equally convicted by the description in which he says that he could see Heiberg Island to the east of him and the Ringnes Islands to the south, with the gap between them which was Hassel Sound. Had he been in any such position, he must have been either on "Second Land" or must have been just south of it after crossing it, since he came from the north.

After leaving "Second Land" we passed through Hassel Sound. To the south we found the great island of King Christian Land to be non-existent in any such form as that given on the British Admiralty charts, where it shows a greatest diameter of eighty or ninety miles. The error arose when English explorers of Bathurst Island sighted to the north two islands of unknown extent which they named Paterson and Findlay Islands. This was in the '50's of the last century, and in the first decade of our century Captain Isachsen, in his exploration of the Ringnes Islands, looking southwestward, saw land which he named King Christian Island. The geographers did the rest. They assumed that, although these lands were sixty or seventy miles apart, as located by the discoveries, they were merely the north and south sides of the same island. This proved not to be the case.

King Christian Island is, as a matter of fact, about twelve miles in diameter, Paterson about three miles, and Findlay nine or ten miles. There is an expanse of sea between Findlay and King Christian Islands of an approximate width of sixty miles and a greatest depth of one hundred and seventy-two fathoms.

To the northwest of Findlay Island we discovered our "Third Land." This is an island about twelve miles wide and fifty miles in length. It was August by the time we came there and we had for some weeks been wading in deep water on top of the ice, as the summer thaws were well advanced. This was most unfavorable traveling, so we spent the remainder of the summer (twenty-seven days) on the south end of "Third

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Land." Here for once we found no fuel and had to restrict ourselves to one meal a day in cooking, for we had to burn the back fat of caribou, and we did not care to kill enough to supply ourselves with plenty of fuel, as that would have meant a great waste of meat and skins.

This ended the discovery of new lands of any considerable size on our expedition, although during the two following years we explored areas of ocean of even greater extent than in any other years of our trip.

Ebb and Flow

Continued from page 34

wealthy corporation was better able to stand that than they were.

CHRISTIE was the great foe. He lacked nothing whether the men worked or not. There was always a big pay envelope for him whether the pits worked or not. He ate well, slept warmly, wore good clothes, and, as the days went by, suffered from no discomforts. So forcefully were the contrasts between master and man emphasized that everything that touched the well-being of Christie became so much fuel for the fires of hate. He walked the streets, back and forth from hotel to office, as if unconscious of the knots of men whose eyes followed him with deep bitterness in them.

He was willing at all times to reason with them, try to induce them to see the situation in his light, but with the aliens he would have no intercourse whatever. For the men who were being led by some oily-tongued leader lately come out of Central Europe or Russia, he had the deepest sympathy; for those whom he regarded as the common enemy of white master and man he had the bitterest hatred and sharpest antagonism. The greatest offence the men were guilty of, in his eyes, was that they would suffer themselves to be led by a crafty cult, half educated, with just enough knowledge of the catch-words of social philosophy to make a showing before an ignorant crowd.

In the mine offices the staff worked as usual. The pit and mill chiefs had still plenty on their hands, keeping everything in shape for the resumption of work when the battle should be over. Edith Barnsley was kept busily occupied.

During these days she studied the problem of Christie with deep interest. Her sympathies were with the men, or rather with their dependents. As she regarded it the fight was not equal, for the handicap of women and children and poverty took from it any semblance of fairness. It seemed to her that it was like civil war, two sections of one big interest that should be undivided, taking each other by the throat and seeking to choke the other by brute force.

Christie mentioned the trouble to her very rarely now. He had been advised, she knew, to take measures for his own protection, but he ignored the advice and made no change in the routine of his life, rubbing shoulders on the street daily with men who would have cheered the tidings of his death. There was a harder set to his jaw, a straighter line on his lips, and yet, Edith saw real suffering in his eyes. He was not as heedless as his foes declared him to be of the miseries of the camp. Christmas was a little more than a week away and already it was a desperate struggle with many of the people to get bread and fuel.

"THEY can't last much longer," said Chipperfield to his chief one evening at the beginning of Christmas week. "Starvation will force them back. The women are growing more and more bitter every day about the holding-out. When those in a man's home who should be back of him are weakening, he can't make much more of a fight. The women don't figure much on the fine talk of the trouble-makers, it's the cry of the children that counts more with them. The



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Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in rapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of the boy in his first dress suit—and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

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And the autographic film will tell.

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hunger pinch will bring them in on our terms before long."

Christie said nothing for some moments. The two men were sitting in the cosy room of the Chipperfield house, Eleanor with them, listening and busy with her sewing. The Chief looked round the place. It was well furnished, with good pictures on the wall, well lighted and warmed. Outside the cold was keen, a sharp searching wind sweeping, snow-laden, through the streets. Never did the cheap philosophy that was Chipperfield's seem meaner and tawdrier than in this snug room on so bitter a night. Eleanor appeared to notice the visitor's silence and glanced up. His face was unchanged and from its cold severity she could gather nothing. Then he caught her glance and smiled across at her.

"This all must sound very brutal to you," he said.

"In a way, yes, I suppose it does," she replied. "Still, it is difficult to see any other way. Those who make war should understand what war means first. The greater the suffering the sooner it will be over."

He did not respond. What she said was an echo of one view he sometimes took of the situation, and yet it did not please him. He felt that womanhood should have something higher than man's logic. It would have pleased him better, if the well-dressed, well-fed woman sitting in her easy chair under the warm lamplight had said something that would have revealed womanly thought for those who had no comforts in their cold, dingy homes.

He did not stay long. As he walked along the streets he found a deep pathos in the sights, the empty though still lighted shop windows. Usually during Christmas week they were crowded. Though the night was so cold there were men lounging around, as if preferring the keen air of the open to the colder atmosphere of the home. Here and there a woman went by, huddled up in her shawl, out to make some small purchase. At a windy corner he saw two children, pinched, ill-clad little things of some ten or twelve years, boy and girl. They were taking alternate bites at a thick hunk of bread, eating it wolfishly. So busy were they that they bumped against Christie. He laughed down at them.

"Dry kind of a supper, isn't it? Go into the Greek's and get something hot to go with the bread," he said, thrusting half a dollar into the lad's hand. The boy clutched the coin eagerly, mumbling hearty thanks.

"It's Christie!" the girl whispered loudly to her brother. "Give me that money." The boy tried to keep it but she wrenched it from him.

"Take your damn money!" she spat at the big chief. "We want fair play not charity." He recognized the men's slogan. The coin struck him and fell to the snowy path. Christie did not mind the hatred of men, nor, so much, that of woman, but the bitterness of the child, the hatred flashing in the little spitfire's eyes, the color that blazed in her pinched cheeks struck home to him.

"Guess you're not very hungry," he said to her.

"Indeed and I am," she replied. "Then don't be silly," he told her. "Come on and I'll stand treat. You don't think I like to see little folks hungry, do you? I was a kid like you once and know what it was to go short. Where's your coat?"

"Pop-shop," she answered. "And it's all on account of you. I'm not feared of you."

"I wouldn't like you to be," he said. "I like boys and girls. Now the money's there on the sidewalk. It doesn't belong to me, and it won't hurt you to find it. If you don't pick it up somebody else will."

HE walked on, sad at heart. It was all absurdly sentimental, but there was a deep well of that kind of sentiment in his heart. To-night he felt that all war was hell, red war or grey war, the war of the battlefield or that on the fields of industry. Men say there will always be war, that it is part and parcel of the law of progress. Christie felt this night that to believe that would

mean to doubt the existence of the divine in man and the human in God.

Near the hotel he met Edith Barnsley, walking home. She had stopped to do some shopping on her way from a meeting that had been held at the Church. He thought she looked particularly pretty as they paused under one of the street lamps. The frosty night had put color into her cheeks and her eyes had the sparkle of diamonds in them. She was burdened with several packages.

"Let me take the parcels," he said, seeking to remove them from her hands. "I'd like to walk down with you, if I may. I am company hungry to-night."

"There is no need of you to accompany me," she replied. "I often go up and down alone at later hours than this."

"I said I was company-hungry," he smiled.

"Very well," she laughed, letting him take the packages.

As they went along the snowy road he told her of the incident of the children to whom he had offered the money. She saw how deeply it had struck home to him.

"Poor little things!" she said. "I'm afraid there's a great deal of suffering in the place. No, I don't blame you. I believe you wish it ended as much as the neediest does. It's like a family quarrel, the nearer the disputants are to each other, the more bitter the quarrel is, and the harder to heal."

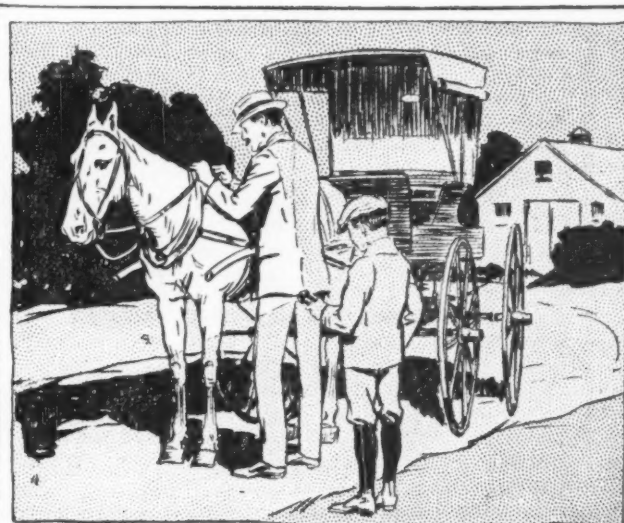
"It's not the people with whom one is kin who present the difficulty," he said. "I believe if they were let alone all the trouble could be settled in half an hour's talk, but I won't recognize the outsiders, the trouble-makers. With me that's really the only question involved. To me the foreign interlopers, who've been allowed to enter the country and who've profited vastly by their coming, are as dangerous to its interests as an alien foe in arms would be, even more so, because their warfare is more insidiously evil. Had they landed with arms the very men they are leading would stand in line against them. Equipped with their anarchistic principles they make the men believe they are their friends and saviours. If we were to yield now it would mean the triumph of everything that is equally opposed to masters and men. It's not now a fight between the company and the workers, but between the company and those whose aim is to exploit both for their own profit."

"Then is there no hope of a speedy settlement?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I hope there is. You may be sure I'll leave no stone unturned. It's possible there may be a solution that will lift the whole dispute on to firmer ground, and if there is any chance of that I'll bring the bona-fide leaders of the men into consultation, and trust to win them over. It's a fight now between the company and the aliens for the good of the men and the camp. But we won't talk any more about that now. It's very painful kind of shop. Been doing some extensive shopping, I see."

"Yes, Christmas shopping," she said. "That's one of my greatest pleasures of the year. We're very old-fashioned people at home. We have a Christmas tree, we believe firmly in Santa Claus, and there would be no real Christmas without turkey and plum pudding. From now till Christmas morning we'll all be as mysterious and secretive as conspirators, preparing our presents that have to be the most tremendous surprises. I think if there were no Christmas one would have to be invented. It seems to be a clearing-up time for everything disagreeable, and it gives a fresh, clean start for the coming year."

"If one could only have a kind of community Christmas," he replied. "If we could give the Camp a collective present, wipe out everything disagreeable and give the place a clean, fresh start, that would be wonderful. The joys of Christmas to me have always been confined to those one reads about in books. The day has always been a dull one to me, perhaps because I wasn't brought up to its traditions as most youngsters are. I never had a real home, and was reared by distant relatives who hadn't



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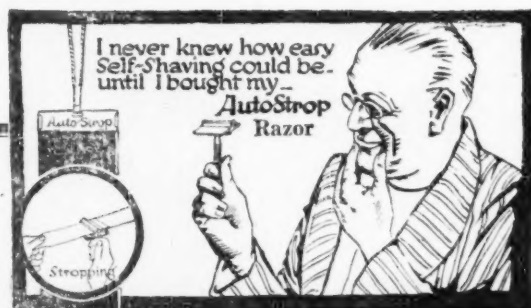
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much opinion of the pretty frills of life. I never hung up my stocking and I never saw Santa Claus."

"Then life cheated you badly," she said, sympathetically.

"I suppose it did," he agreed. "Of course it did," she insisted. "Did you never notice that the bells ring differently at Christmas than at any other time, that there is something in the very atmosphere you don't find in it on any other day, and that the people you meet are quite different? Even those you had thought most disagreeable are much pleasanter. I suppose it all springs from the thought of peace and good-will that comes to one on that day."

"I never noticed it," he confessed smilingly. "I suppose it's pleasant for children with all its make-believe and play."

"Did you never play?" she asked him. "I think I hardly ever did," he replied. "It was always hustling on the dollar hunt. An hour spent that did not bring in some money was regarded as wasted."

"You poor unfortunate creature," she laughed. "It must be like being born blind. There's so much of the pleasant side of life you've missed."

"I suppose so," he admitted. "I wonder if it is too late to sit down at the table now."

"It's never too late if the Christmas spirit is within you. You know it's the time of the return of the prodigal, the union or reunion of those who have been away from its gladness and pleasure."

THEY had come to the gate of the Barnsley home. The hour was still early—only half past eight. He had never been nearer the place than the gate. The blinds were not drawn, and through the windows Christie could see a snug, homey-looking room. Someone was playing rather well on the piano. A woman, whom he knew to be Mrs. Barnsley, was seated by the side of an open fire, busy with needlework. John Barnsley sat on the opposite side of the hearth with his newspaper.

At the table a boy was playing with a box of construction materials. The scene framed in the window was a very attractive one to Christie. He contrasted the place with his own dingy hotel quarters. Loneliness and bachelorhood might have their points, but there was another side to the question. He wished Edith would ask him in for a few minutes. He had an impulse to frame up an errand to her father, but it would look too artificial to spring it at this late moment.

The Barnsleys had never invited him to the house. That was his own fault, he knew, but it was the one house he would like to visit. They were not offering hospitality to one who had made it known that he did not care to receive it. He approved their independent side, though it robbed him of a great pleasure. Reluctantly he bade Edith farewell.

"You are late, Edie," Mrs. Barnsley remarked as her daughter came into the room after secreting her parcel upstairs. "I don't like you to come home alone on the lake road now there are so many idlers about."

"I didn't come alone. Mr. Christie met me as I was passing the hotel and insisted that he be allowed to help me carry some packages I had," Edith replied.

"Why didn't you ask him in?" said Nancy. "I don't see why he can't come here as well as go to the Chipperfields. I wonder if there's anything in the tales about him and Eleanor."

"You inveterate little gossip!" interposed her father. "Just leave the Ste. Brunhilde chatterings outside this house. Anything particular going on in town, Edith?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," she replied. "Everything at its dreariest. We had a meeting at the Church and decided to raise a fund, a Christmas fund, for the destitute people. We want to get up a Christmas dinner for the women and children, to provide a Christmas tree with presents, and send some fuel and food to the worst-off families. I'm Secretary and Treasurer."

"An excellent plan," said Mrs. Barnsley, much interested.

"Did you happen to say anything about it to Mr. Christie?" John Barnsley inquired.

"Why no," Edith answered. "I didn't think of it. But—you don't imagine he would object, surely?"

"I don't know. He has strong views about meddling. I heard him say something the other day about outsiders interfering in the struggle," he said. "He looks on aid that might extend the men's resistance as foolish interference that can only prolong the fight needlessly. Still I'm not finding fault with your taking part in the relief work. We're not chained fast to every bit of the policy of the Company's chief."

Presently the subject dropped. Nancy returned to the piano, Mrs. Barnsley and Edith busied themselves with sewing. Mr. Barnsley took up his paper again, and Jack, junior went off to bed. Before the pianist could decide what selection from her repertoire to play there came from over the lake the sound of a shot, followed by a second—clear, ominous.

"Gracious! who can be shooting to-night?" said Nancy, her book of music falling from her hands to the floor. Mr. Barnsley rose to his feet, listening, then went out to the veranda. The color fled from Edith's face. Mrs. Barnsley got up and went out to her husband. The night was still. There came no further sounds. The two came indoors again.

"Somebody amusing himself," said Barnsley, picking up his paper again. He did not read, though, and in a few minutes he went over to the telephone in the hall and called up the hotel, asking for Mr. Christie.

"He has just come in. Here he is," came the response from the clerk. Barnsley asked some unimportant question about business and got his reply.

"We heard shots just now. Nothing special happening?" he inquired further.

"No, nothing special. Some crazy idiot, likely enough, with more Christmas gin inside him than he could carry conveniently," came Christie's reply.

Edith remained in the room after her mother had gone to bed. She had noted something unusual in her father's manner when he returned from the telephone.

"What were those shots, father?" she asked, when they were alone.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Somebody out skylarking, I guess."

"Mr. Christie is not hurt?" she pursued.

"No. I was talking to him a moment or two ago. He's all right," he answered.

But both of them guessed that there had been an attempt to carry out the threats that had been launched against the Company's chief.

CHAPTER IX

IT seemed to Edith that Ewan Christie was grimmer and more silent than ever when he appeared at the office in the morning. On her way through town Edith had heard the rumor that two shots had been fired at him in the neck of the woods by the lakeside the previous night, but he said nothing of them. In the middle of the morning a deputation came up from town to interview him. He received them, and they brought a compromise proposal. Instead of a twenty-five cent a day reduction they would consent to half that, the pits and mills to be opened at once, none of the strikers to be discriminated against, and the new organization back of the men to be recognized. The negotiations split on the last item. The old-time labor union he was willing to recognize, but against this the new trouble-makers were as bitter as they were against the Company. He was willing to split the reduction difference with the men, and to accede to their other requirements, which were in full accord with his intentions, but with the alien conspirators, as he regarded them, he would have no dealings whatever. They were the common enemy, in his sight, and to confirm their influence would be nothing short of disastrous. He laid down his views firmly and the men were just as insistent on recognition of their new

organization. The discussion became heated before it terminated.

"They'll be back again before New Year's Day," he said to Edith after the deputation had departed. "They're weakening and the quitting stage is not far off. If only maudlin people inside and outside the camp will keep their hands off the dispute, and let the combatants settle their differences, the thing is as good as over. We'll have the alien riff-raff discredited."

She gave no answer, as none was required, but went on with her work.

"I notice the local paper is moralizing a bit to-day," he went on presently. "Here's a kind of lay sermon on seasonable goodwill, which the writer seems to imagine must be exclusively displayed by one side. Labor the innocent lamb, capital the ravening lion. The whole thing smells of sauerkraut. I see there is a subscription opened for relief. The best relief is to let the thing alone, then the men will need no charity. Philanthropic meddlers are the very worst mischief-makers at a time like this."

"But even in war the civilized peoples pay some regard to innocent sufferers. They don't war on women and children," she said. Her back was turned to him as she sat before her typewriter. He fancied there was protest in the set of her slim shoulders. There was hardly a single article of general policy in this strike matter on which she agreed with him, and, oddly enough, he was content that it should be so. He knew very little of women, but she conformed to his idea, an old-fashioned idea, of what a woman should be.

"I think—" she began, swinging round her chair and rising. Then she hesitated.

"Yes, what do you think?" he asked. "That if I had your power and influence and ability I would put them all to work to settle the trouble here and right-off. I wouldn't think of beating the men, for that will only make them the more bitter. I'd meet them and talk to them as if they were reasonable men, show them that I sympathized with them in their difficulties and their needs, and that I was willing to strain a point to help them, I believe I could make them my friends."

"I am sure you could, but, you see, I am not you," he laughed.

"They can't live on the short hours and low wages you offer them," she went on. "Just try to keep a wife and family on the sum they would get."

"No, I don't think I will. But I'd sooner make the experiment on that sum than on nothing."

HE remained in the office for some time after she had gone. He called up the head office over the long distance telephone and was in consultation with the President and some of the directors for a considerable period. When he had finished his talk, he left the place. On his way home he dropped in at the Chipperfield's. Supper was on the table and he accepted an invitation to join the family. Richard was full of the news of the weakening of the men. They all spoke indignantly of the shooting tale that all the town was talking about.

"They deserve to be beaten, thoroughly beaten," said Eleanor. "Any sympathy they have been entitled to before they have forfeited by their violence. I have no patience whatever with the movement to furnish relief, as it can only prolong the struggle. To-day the appeal was sent here as to all the other houses. Fuel and provisions to be bought for some of the families, a Christmas dinner, with Tree and presents to be provided. Of course you've seen the appeal?"

"No, they didn't send it to me. I'd like to have a look at it."

Eleanor fetched the printed appeal. The statement of the situation was unobjectionable. There were the names of some of the church leaders appended to the appeal, and at the foot that of Edith Barnsley as Secretary and Treasurer.

"I am surprised at Edith," said Richard. "But often the kindness of her heart gets the better of her judgment."

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"How much did they get out of you, Richard?" asked Christie, smilingly.

"Not a cent from this house, you may be sure," the other replied.

After supper Christie did not stay long. He had an out of town engagement and caught the night train. As he was leaving he called Edith up on the telephone to tell her of his absence for the next day or so.

"You needn't go up to the office while I'm away," he said. "I suppose you'll have your hands pretty full till Christmas is over. I saw your appeal for the strikers this evening."

She stood for some moments at the telephone after he had hung up. She was not in the least regretful for what she had done, but it occurred to her that she ought to have told him of it. He had been very curt in his reference to the matter on the 'phone. Possibly he was angry. Well, if he was. She dismissed the Company, and—as far as possible—Ewan Christie from her mind. Christmas day was less than forty-eight hours off and there was much to do. Money was coming in very slowly, and much hustling would have to be done inside a few hours. So far she had less than a hundred dollars.

She was going to put in a month's wages herself, and her father had promised her a liberal subscription. In the morning she was greatly cheered by a call from the Bank. Some anonymous contributor had instructed the Manager to pay two hundred dollars to her on account of the Fund. That would help mightily. She wondered who it could be. Somebody afraid of the wrath of the Company, and so concealing his name. She invoked large blessings on his unknown head as she bustled out on her money-quest.

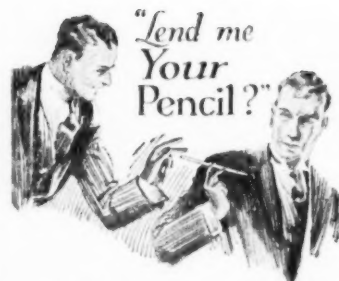
It was hard work. Most of the gifts were bestowed with earnest requests that the names of the givers be withheld, so great was the fear of rousing the wrath of the Company's big chief, Christie. He seemed to be a fearsome kind of ogre in the general esteem. Enough money finally was raised to give a big dinner to the women and children, to furnish a Christmas tree, or several of them, loaded with small presents for the youngsters, and to distribute fuel and food through the homes of the needy. The biggest hall in Ste. Brunhilde had been granted for the occasion, and an attempt was made to banish, for the time being, the gloom that had settled over the place.

EDITH was busy at work on the preparations in the afternoon, when, to her amazement, Christie entered the room. He had just come from the train and was on his way up to the office. He was very brusque with her.

No, he didn't want her at the office. Later on he'd like to have a talk with her. There was something ominous in his manner and tone. He walked round the room, as one of the women said, like the devil inspecting the preparations of a festival in Paradise. Edith courtously accompanied him, explaining just what was being done. It would do no harm to be independently diplomatic. He was told how many they expected to feed, and what they intended to give them; how the trees were to be decorated and the kinds of presents to be given, chiefly useful things; how much money had been raised and the kind of gifts that were being sent round to the houses.

He made little comment on what she told him, and presently went off. She had half hoped that he would be big enough to dip into his pocket and show that he had some kind of a heart about his person. But he didn't. As he was leaving she was bold enough to invite him to come down and see the distribution of presents at night, but he doubted if that would be possible. He was surly as a bear when he went out. Well, never mind, if he was utterly impossible she had independence enough to place her resignation in his hands. She went back to her work trying to put him out of her mind. It was impossible to understand a man who could be so grouchy over Christmas cheer for needy women and children.

An hour later she heard that another deputation was in session with Christie



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up at the mines. All kinds of rumors were flying round; the mines were going to be shut down till May; even the last offer made by the Company was withdrawn; Christie had come back from a meeting with his Directors with full power to do just what he thought should be done. So the tales flew round. Mrs. Barnsley with Nancy came up to help presently and her mother told Edith that Mr. Barnsley had been sent for and was in consultation with Christie and the men. Apparently it was a long conference.

The dinner was over before there were any signs of its breaking up. The children were forgetting their miseries in games and the expectation of the stripping of the trees. Women, for the time being, forgot the cares of the coming day. It was near the time for the presentation of the gifts, when a young man from the mines, one of the guards, entered with a note for Miss Barnsley.

"Not to be opened until the presents are distributed," was the endorsement upon it. The messenger vanished, leaving Edith in a state of agitation. Perhaps it was his way of emphasizing his displeasure. She should finish her work that had been done in defiance of the Company's interests, and then hear the sentence pronounced on herself. It was hardly believable of him, and yet she knew his strictness where the interests of the Company were affected. She thrust the letter into her pocket and went on with her work.

The hall was crowded, a great many of the men having come in to see the distribution. The services of half a dozen people had been enlisted to hand out the presents to the little ones. The last was being taken off the tree. Edith, unable to restrain her anxious curiosity any longer, tore open the envelope, eager to know the worst, she read the message in Christie's own handwriting. For a moment she leaned against the wall for support, for she felt very faint and overcome. Then she stepped upon the platform and there was silence.

"There is just one more present," she said. "It has been sent to me to give to you—to you all, this time, the men especially. Mr. Christie has sent it to me for you. He has been in consultation with the Directors of the Company, and is now in session with a deputation of the men. The offer of the men to return to work at the twenty-five cent a day reduction has been repeated, but it has not been accepted." There was an angry groan that swept over the eager throng. "Wait a minute," said Edith. "Mr. Christie has succeeded in closing up certain contracts that will clean out the accumulated stock, and he has advised the Company to open up immediately, pits and mills, at the old rate of payment. Listen!"

A hush fell upon the cheering mob that was half wild with delight and relief.

The piercing blast of the great steam siren that had been for weeks silent on the hill top seemed to split the skies, and when it at last ceased, the bells of church and convent took up the joyous theme. The clouds had lifted. There was no victor, no vanquished, but blessed work for all.

"Quite a triumph for you, Edith." And, turning round, Edith saw Eleanor Chipperfield with Richard standing near.

"I don't know," Edith replied. "It was sent to me, I suppose, because of my office position. But isn't it fine?"

"Great," agreed Richard. "I'd like to walk down home with you, Edith, if I may."

"Oh, never mind about that, Richard. I'll have lots to do, and we'll all be going down together when father comes along from the office," she replied. And he understood that this night she was not very anxious to see him.

SHE had a great deal to do, and it was late when she finished. Her father came, and drove her mother and Nancy down home. It was arranged that he should come back for her at eleven. Most of the work was done by half past ten, and by that time nearly all the workers had gone home, tired and happy. Edith resolved that she would walk home alone and save her father the

trip. It was a clear, beautiful night, and she had no fear of the lonely two miles. It would give her time to think things over. So she dressed for the street, and went out. There was a man standing a little distance away. She did not need a second glance to recognize him.

"May I walk down with you?" said Ewan Christie.

"Yes, if you wish," she replied. "I want to thank you, Mr. Christie. It was the most beautiful gift ever given to me in all my life."

She was rarely enthusiastic in speech. "Well, you were the secretary and treasurer," he said. "Who else could I send it to?"

"Why do you want to spoil it all?" she asked. "You know that wasn't the reason. You wanted to do something really nice for me, something I would appreciate, and—you did it."

"If a man must be candid, that's the truth—I did," he admitted. "I like people to get what they earn, and you earned all that, and a lot more."

"You know what I thought it was?" she asked with a laugh. "I thought it was an intimation that I was—fired."

"Well, I guess you ought to have been," he replied grimly. "It was a kind of disloyalty, in a way, and then you never told me about it. I had to find out from outsiders, who, I suppose, were glad enough to show it to me. I think I might fire you but for one reason."

"And what's that?" she laughed.

"Because I don't know that I ought to as things stand," he said. "You see, I've handed in my resignation. Practically I'm out of it now, but it doesn't take formal effect till the end of the year, one week off."

"You've resigned?" she whispered, stunned by the news.

"Guess you aren't sorry to get rid of the old grouch," he answered.

"Oh, why have they done it, why have you resigned?" she asked bewilderedly. "You've done much for the place, and could do so much more. I knew you would do the right thing by the men when the chance came, and make them your friends."

"That's about the nicest compliment ever paid to me," he replied.

"And what are you going to do? Where are you going?" she wanted to know, rather eagerly.

"Oh, I'll get another job of some kind, I guess, but I don't think I'll ever get another stenographer, typewriter, and secretary, like you, Ed—I mean Miss Barnsley. You're not deaf, don't chew gum, can spell, and—what was the other?—oh, you're not engaged to be married. Got it right, have I?" he asked.

"Yes, quite right," she laughed. And by this time they were getting near the gate. The two miles appeared to have shrunk at least two-thirds.

"I wish I could take you away with me," he said, and it was said so impetuously that she could not make out whether it was just a joke, a compliment on her ability, or—well, she couldn't make out what he meant, so she didn't say anything, waiting for him to elucidate himself. In order to do this he laid his hand on her arm, and they stopped in a sheltered little copse that kept out the wind, and let in silver arrows of moonlight.

"Edith—I mean it—terribly," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders. "I just want to take you away with me, for always and everywhere, and—everlastingly. I know I'm a bear, a grouch, a crank, but—don't you think I'm improving, and that, under proper training I might go quite a way?"

"I think you might," she answered. "There are possibilities."

"Then, will you come, Edith? I'm a clumsy kind of a lover, I guess, but I'm new at the position. This I do know, that I love you and every bit of you, everything that goes to make up the sweet woman I know you to be. I want to have you with me, I can't bear to be away from you. My wonderful little girl, my love, will you come with me?"

"Anywhere, everywhere," she answered, and his arms closed about her, and he held her tightly to him, his

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kisses raining on her face. How long they would have remained there is purely conjectural, had not Edith heard her father come out of the house, on his way to the stable. He was en route to fetch her home. She called to him, and he stood on the walk before the house waiting for her to emerge from the shadows. The two, however, did not hurry, for it was not a hurrying occasion.

"About that new position of mine, honey girl," Christie observed. "Perhaps I did not explain quite fully. I am leaving here but not getting away from the Company. In fact they've given me something of a lift. They've made me President. It's a good sort of position, with quite a respectable salary, though we won't be able to live here in Ste. Brunhilde except perhaps for the summers."

"And you are sure, Ewan, in a big position like that, you'll really want me?" she inquired.

"Want you? More than ever before. You're the indispensable. Oh, Edith, it's a wonderful time, this Christmas-tide. Got the presidency, and got my girl."

MR. BARNESLEY, now on the steps before the house, wondered what was keeping the girl. However, she appeared presently, and not alone. He walked indoors.

"You will come in, Ewan?" Edith asked, when they came to the gate, and, of course he went in. The family was very cordial in their quiet, hospitable way. Something was in the wind, everybody seemed to know, for Edith's cheeks were redder than usual and

there was a prettier light in her eyes. Then the truth came out, and the hours sped very happily. Christie did not say anything about his departure.

"You can tell them about my leaving," he said to Edith when she walked down with him to the gate. "And there's just a little bit more you can hand to your dad as a Christmas present. He's the new general manager of the company here. He was the only man thought of, and the appointment came from men who have been watching him since the day he stepped down and took a two-thirds reduction of salary. Some said a man couldn't swallow that medicine at past fifty and get over it, but he's done it. Got all the cash you wanted for to-night's feast?"

"Yes," she replied. "It was you, Ewan, who sent that two hundred anonymously?" she asked, when she recovered from the shock of the good tidings for her father.

"A man's got to back his own girl, hasn't he?" he replied. "Well, I suppose I must go. It's a terribly long time till nine in the morning. If you have a few minutes to spare just try to fix the wedding day. I might be able to wait a month, but think of me away from here, without you, just the loneliest man in the wide world."

So Ste. Brunhilde got more shocks—pleasant ones, with the coming of light. Eleanor Chipperfield observed that she wasn't very much surprised, for these little, quiet, homey girls were terribly dangerous to rough diamond men. Richard was silent. He thought, privately, that there were times when a man might overdo prudence.

THE END

His Majesty's Well Beloved

Continued from page 40

a minute or so later he bade me follow him, and together we went out of the House.

II

IT was now raining heavily, and we wrapped our Cloaks tightly round our Shoulders, speeding along as fast as we could. The Streets were almost deserted and as dreary as London Streets alone can be on a November evening. Only from the closed Windows of an occasional Tavern or Coffee-House did a few rays of bright light fall across the Street, throwing a vivid bar of Brilliance across our way and turning the hundreds of Puddles into shining Reflections like so many glimmering Stars.

For the rest, we were dependent on the Linkmen, who walked ahead of us, swinging their Lanterns for guidance on our path. Being somewhat timid by nature, I had noted with satisfaction that they both carried stout Cudgels, for of a truth there were many Marauders about on lark nights such as this. Footpads and Highway Robbers, not to mention those bands of young Rakes, who found pleasure in "scouring" the Streets of nights and molesting the belated Wayfarer.

Mr. Betterton, too, carried a weighted Stick, and he was a Man whom clean, sturdy living had rendered both athletic and powerful. We were soon, both of us, wet to the skin, but Mr. Betterton appeared quite oblivious of discomfort. He walked with a quick step, and I perforce had to keep up with him as best I could.

He had told me before we started out that he was bent for my Lady Castle-maine's House, the rear of which looks down upon the gardens of White Hall. I knew the way thither just as well as he did. Great was my astonishment, therefore, when having reached the bottom of King street, when we should have turned our Steps northwards, Mr. Betterton suddenly ordered the Linkmen to proceed through Palace Yard in the direction of Westminster Stairs.

I thought that he was suffering from a fit of absentmindedness, which was easily understandable on account of his agitated Frame of Mind; and presently

I called his Attention to his Mistake. He paid no heed to me, however, and continued to walk on until we were some way up Canon's Row.

Here he called to his Linkmen to halt, and himself paused; then caught hold of my cloak and dragged me under the shelter of a great Gateway belonging to one of those noble mansions which front the river. And he said to me, in a strange and peremptory Voice, hardly raised above a whisper:

"Do you know where we are, Honey-wood?"

"Yes," I said, not a little surprised at the question. "We are at the South End of Canon's Row. I know this part very well, having often—"

"Very well, then," he broke in, still in the same imperious manner. "You know that we are under the gateway belonging to the town Mansion of the Earl of Stour, and that the house is some twenty yards up the fore-court."

"I know the House," I replied, "now you mention it."

"Then you will go to my Lord Stour now, Honeywood," my Friend went on.

"To warn him?" I queried eagerly, for of a truth I was struck with Admiration at this excess of magnanimity on the part of an injured man.

"No," Mr. Betterton replied curtly. "You will go to my Lord Stour as my Friend and Intermediary. You will tell him that I sent you, because I desire to know if he hath changed his mind and if he is ready to give me Satisfaction for the Insult which he put upon me nigh on two months ago."

I could not restrain a gasp of surprise.

"But—" I stammered.

"You are not going to play me false, Honeywood," he said simply.

That I swore I would not do. Indeed, he knew well enough that if he commanded me to go to the outermost Ends of the Earth on his errand, or to hold parley with the Devil on his behalf, I would have been eager and ready to do it.

But I must confess that at this moment, I would sooner have parleyed with the Devil than with the Earl of Stour. The Man whom I had denounced, you understand. I felt that the shadow of Death—conjured by me, menacing and

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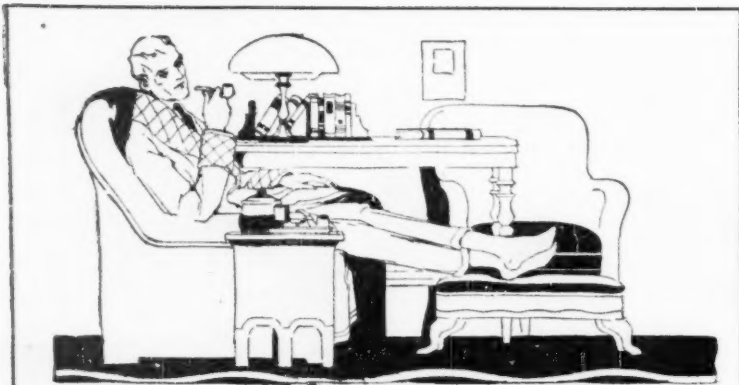
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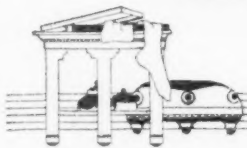
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unevasive—would perhaps lie twixt him and me whilst I spoke with him. Yet how could I demur when my Friend besought me?—my Friend, who was gravely troubled because of me.

I promised that I would do as he wished. Whereupon he gave me full instructions. Never had so strange a task been put upon a simple-minded Proletary: for these were matters pertaining to Gentlemen. I knew less than nothing of Duels, affairs of honour, or such like; yet here was I—John Honeywood, an humble Attorney's Clerk—sent to convey a Challenge for a Duel to a high and noble Lord, in the manner most approved by Tradition.

I was ready to swoon with fright; for, in truth, I am naught but a timid Rustic. In spite of the cold and the rain I felt a rush of hot Blood coursing up and down my Spine. But I learned my Lesson from end to end, and having mastered it, I did not waver.

LEAVING Mr. Betterton under the shelter of the Gateway, I boldly crossed the Fore-court and mounted the couple of Steps which led up to the front Door of the Mansion. The fore-court and the front of the House were very dark, and I was not a little afraid of night Prowlers, who they do say haunt the immediate purlieus of these stately Abodes of the Nobility, ready to fall upon any belated Visitor who might be foolish enough to venture out alone.

Indeed, everything around me was so still and seemed so desolate that an access of Fear seized me, whilst I vainly tried to grope for the Bell-handle in the darkness. I very nearly gave way to my Cowardice then and there, and would have run back to my Friend or called out to the Linkmen for their company, only that at the very moment my Hand came in contact with the iron Bell pull and fastened itself instinctively upon it.

Whereupon the clang of the Bell broke the solemn Silence which reigned around.

III

I HAD grave difficulty in obtaining access to my Lord Stour, his Servant telling me in the first instance that his Lordship was not at home, and in the second that he was in any event too busy to receive Visitors at this hour. But I have oft been told that I possess the Obstinacy of the Weak, and I was determined that, having come so far, I would not return to Mr. Betterton without having accomplished mine Errand. So, seeing that the Servant with the Officiousness and Insolence of his kind was about to slam the Door in my Face, an inspiration seized me, and taking on a haughty air, I stepped boldly across the Threshold and then commanded the Menial to go to his Lordship at once and announce the visit of Mr. Theophilus Baggs' Clerk on a matter of the utmost urgency.

I suppose that now I looked both determined and fierce, and after a good deal of hemming and hawing, the Varlet apparently felt that non-compliance with my Desire might bring contumely upon himself; so he went, leaving me most unceremoniously to cool my Heels in the Hall, and returned but a very few minutes later looking distinctly crestfallen and not a little astonished.

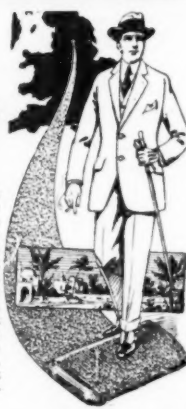
His Lordship would see me at once, he announced. Then bade me follow him up the Stairs.

To say that my Heart was beating furiously within my breast would be but a bald statement of my frame of mind. I fully expected that his Lordship, directly he knew that it was not Mr. Baggs who had sent me, would have me ignominiously turned out of the House. However, I was not given much time to indulge in my Conjectures and my Fears, for presently I was ushered into a large room, dimly lighted by a couple of wax candles and the walls of which, I noticed, were entirely lined with books.

After the menial had closed the door behind me, a voice bade me curtly to come forward and state my errand.

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Then I saw that my Lord Stour was not alone. He was sitting in a Chair in front of the fire, and opposite to him sat the beautiful Lady Barbara, whilst standing in front of the Hearth, with legs apart and hands thrust in the pockets of his breeches, was Lord Douglas Wychwoode.

What courage was left in me now went down into my shoes. I felt like a Man faced with three Enemies where he had only expected to meet one. My throat felt very dry and my tongue seemed to cleave to my palate. Nevertheless, in response to a reiterated curt Command to state mine Errand, I did so unflatteringly.

"Mr. Thomas Betterton, one of His Majesty's Well Beloved Servants," I said, "hath sent me to his Lordship the Earl of Stour."

My words were greeted with an angry Oath from Lord Douglas, an ironical laugh from my Lord Stour and a strange little gasp, half of terror, wholly of surprise, from Lady Barbara.

"Methought you came from Mr. Baggs," my Lord Stour remarked haughtily. "So at least you gave my Servant to understand, else you would not have been admitted."

"Your Lordship's Servant misunderstood me," rejoined quite quietly. "I gave my name as Clerk to Mr. Baggs; but my errand concerns Mr. Thomas Betterton, and he honours me with his friendship."

"And as Mr. Betterton's affairs do not concern me in any way—" his Lordship began coldly, and would no doubt have dismissed me then and there, but that the Lady Barbara interposed gently yet with great firmness.

"I pray you, my Lord," she said, "do not be over-hasty. We might at least listen to what Mr. Betterton's messenger has to say."

"Yes," added Lord Douglas in his habitual brusque manner. "Let us hear what the fellow wants."

THIS was not encouraging, you will admit; but, like many over-timid People, there are times when I am conscious of unwanted Calm and Determination. So even now I confronted these two supercilious Gentlemen with as much dignity as I could command, and said, addressing myself directly to the Earl of Stour:

"Mr. Betterton hath sent me to You, my Lord, to demand satisfaction for the abominable outrage which You perpetrated upon his person nigh on two months ago."

Lord Stour shrugged his shoulders and riposted coldly:

"That tune is stale, my man. Mr. —er—Betterton has had mine answer."

"Since then, my Lord," I insisted firmly, "time hath no doubt brought saner reflection. Mr. Betterton's Fame and his genius have raised him to a level far above that conferred by mere Birth."

"Have made a Gentleman of him, you mean?" Lord Stour rejoined with a sarcastic curl of the lip.

"More noble far than any Gentleman in the land," I retorted proudly. He gave a harsh laugh.

"In that case, my man," he said tartly, "you can inform your worthy Friend that two hundred years hence my Descendants might fight him on a comparatively equal footing. But until then," he added firmly and conclusively, "I must repeat for the last time what I have already told Mr. —er—Betterton: the Earl of Stour cannot cross Swords with a Mountebank."

"Take care, my Lord, take care—!"

The Exclamation had burst quite involuntarily from my lips. The next moment I felt ashamed to have uttered it, for my Lord Stour looked me up and down as he would an importunate Menial, and Lord Douglas Wychwoode strode towards me and pointed to the Door.

"Get out!" he commanded curtly.

There was nothing more to be done—nothing more to be said, if I desired to retain one last shred of Dignity both for myself and for the great Artist who

—in my person this time—had once again been so profoundly humiliated.

My wet cloak I had left down in the Hall, but I still held my hat in my Hands. I now bowed with as much grace as I could muster. Lord Douglas still pointed a peremptory finger towards the Door, making it clear that I was not going of mine own accord, like the Intermediary of any Gentleman might be, but that I was being kicked out like some insolent Varlet.

Oh! the Shame of it! The Shame! My ears were tingling, my temples throbbing. A crimson veil, thrust before mine eyes by invisible Hands, caused my footsteps to falter. Oh; if only I had had the strength, I should even then have turned upon those aristocratic Miscreants and with my hands upon their throats have forced them to eat their impious Words.

But even as I crossed the Threshold of that Room where I had suffered such bitter humiliation, I heard loud and mocking laughter behind me, and words such as: "Insolence!" "Mountebank!" "Rogue and Vagabond!" still reached mine Ears.

I suppose that the door did not close quite fully behind me, for even as I crossed the landing meseemed that I heard Lady Barbara's voice raised in a kind of terrified Appeal.

"Would to God, my dear Lord," she appeared to plead with passionate earnestness, "you had not incurred the enmity of that Man. Ever since that awful day I have felt as if you were encompassed by spirits of Hate and of Vengeance which threaten our Happiness."

Her Voice broke in a sob. And, indeed, I found it in my heart to pity her, for she seemed deeply grieved. I still could hear him—her Lover and mine Enemy, since he was the Enemy of my Friend—trying to laugh away her fears.

"Nay, sweetheart," he was saying tenderly. "A Man like that can do us no harm. Mine own Conscience is clear—my Life honourable—and to-night will see the triumph of your cause, to which I have given willing help. That Man's malice cannot touch me, any more than the snarling of a toothless cur. So do not waste these precious moments, my Beloved, by thinking of him."

After which the Door behind me was closed to, and I heard nothing more. I hurried down the Stairs, snatched up my cloak and hurried out of the House.

Never should I have believed that a human Heart could contain so much hatred as mine held for my Lord Stour at that moment.

IV

I FOUND Mr. Betterton waiting for me under the Gateway where I had left him a quarter of an hour ago.

As soon as he heard my Footsteps upon the uneven pavement of the Forecourt, he came forward to meet me, took hold of my cloak and dragged me back into shelter.

He only said the one word: "Well?" but it is not in my power, dear Mistress, to render adequately all that there was of Anxiety, Impatience and of Passion in that one brief query.

I suppose that I hesitated. Of a truth the Message which I was bringing was choking me. And he who is so sensitive, so understanding, learned everything, and at once, from my Silence.

"He hath refused?" he said simply. I nodded.

"He will not fight me?"

And my Silence gave reply. A curious, hoarse Cry, like that of a wounded Animal, escaped his throat and for a moment we were both silent—so silent that the patter of the Rain appeared like some thunderous noise and the divers sounds of the great City wrapped in the cloak of Evening came to us with sharp and eerie distinctness. Far away, a dog barked; some belated Chairman called "Make room there!"; a couple of Watchmen passed close by, clinking their Halberds against the ground, and from one of the noble Mansions nigh to us there came the sound of revelry and of laughter.

I felt like in a dream, conscious only

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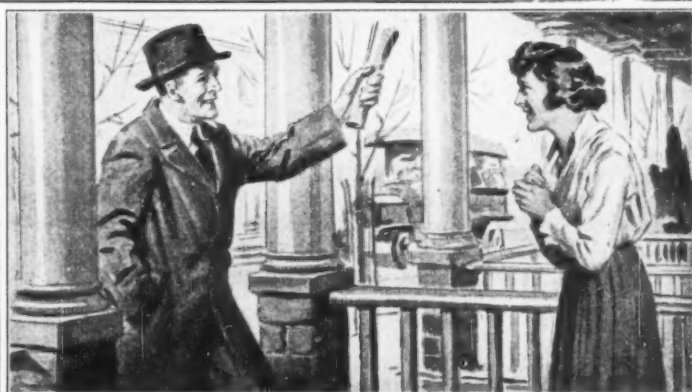
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that the Finger of Destiny was pointing to the Dial of a Clock, and that I was not here to count the seconds and the minutes until that ghostly finger had completed its task and registered the final Hour when the decrees of Fate would inevitably be fulfilled.

To be Continued

The Menace of the Alien

Continued from page 32

risked their lives on the fields of Flanders for a dollar ten a day, one Mike Stabur averaged during the month of October, 1918, at the Rosedale mine the sum of \$17.45 a day; and there were others not far behind. And yet the Mike Staburs, who had probably never made more than that in a month in the country where they came from, were not content with the miraculous good fortune that thus came their way. For five months in the spring of 1918 they had been out on strike. They were all pledged to a conspiracy to rise and seize the West as a part of Germany's last grand offensive in the early summer of 1918. The date set for this effort was July 15, and very extensive preparations were made. The story of this abortive conspiracy may be told in an early issue of MACLEAN'S. Finally, the miners went on strike at the Rosedale in March of the present year; and that ended their connection with the Rosedale mine.

Veterans Employed in Mine

FRANK MOODIE immediately began to employ returned men to take their places. He soon had a squad of about one hundred and fifty working for him, sturdy, well-trained lads, who took naturally to the work and were highly enthusiastic over the wages paid. The Rosedale mine ran along full-tilt while all about it were mines that had been forced to suspend because the foreigners had gone out.

Naturally the strikers did not take kindly to the importation of veterans and they began to picket Rosedale. The picketing was largely under the direction of a native striker whose name has escaped the writer and who therefore will be designated as Smith. This Smith had been the union check weighman at various mines and had proven himself a master troublemaker. At one place he became so obnoxious that to get rid of him—a union check man can't be fired although he goes on the pay roll—they organized a subsidiary company and offered him a job as manager. Smith resigned from the Union and took the position. When the company petered out, as it was bound to do, Smith got back into the Union by some means and became a check weighman again. In the course of time and to the intense dismay of the management, Smith had come to the Rosedale in that capacity and had been unquestionably a prime instrument in bringing about the strike.

One night a few returned men got off the train at Rosedale and walked down the track to the mine. Smith and his picket squad took after them with cries of "Scabs!" and other epithets. The returned men were mad as hornets when they reached their quarters.

"Look here, are we going to stand for this?" they demanded of the rest of the men. The answer was an emphatic, "Not on your life!"

In a few minutes Smith and his men saw a party of veterans emerge from the camp and, not being of the fighting breed themselves, they decided that it would be best to suspend the picket for the night. But they didn't get away, that is none but Smith. The latter being a good runner escaped up into the hills and spent the night in the brush. The rest were taken in hand and warned that if they did not leave the district, they would be thrown into the river on sight. They protested vigorously that they were through and got away just as soon as they could. Most of them kept their word. They were thoroughly



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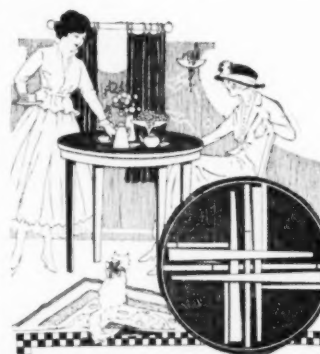
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frightened. There was no more picketing after that.

In the meantime a few veterans had obtained work in the mines right at Drumheller which are some miles from the Rosedale. One night they were hustled about by a crowd of foreign strikers and a telephone message was sent to Rosedale for help. It so happened that Mr. Moodie was away that night, so the boys got together and talked the situation over among themselves.

"They'll not bother us any more," said one man, "but they're holding up these other mines. Let's settle this thing once for all. These wops can't run this country to suit themselves."

There was a chorus of assent and the boys rapidly organized themselves for action. They gathered up clubs, pieces of pipe, in fact any kind of weapon that offered, and piled into rigs and automobiles. They were the most gleeful lot imaginable. A fight was right in their line, especially when they believed it to be in a mighty good cause.

Trained Men Clean Out Strikers

THERE were probably four hundred foreign strikers around the streets of Drumheller and some of them were armed. They were in an ugly mood. There had been loud talk of raids on the stores and residences of the place and of a seizure of the mines. But the situation changed as soon as the first load of veterans arrived.

"We've come to settle this little business," cried the returned men, as they piled out of the car. And they started right in. At first the foreigners showed a tendency to fight but, as more car loads of determined veterans arrived, they melted away. It was almost a bloodless victory.

Then the ex-soldiers made the rounds of the camp and routed out the leaders of the strike, all of whom were openly and aggressively I.W.W. Some of them were in bed. They were ordered to dress. Then they were taken out on the trail and turned loose.

"Start going and keep going!" they were instructed. "If any of you ever come back to this part of the country, we'll kill you. We mean business."

In the meantime, the veterans had rounded up groups of the strikers and were talking to them straight from the shoulder. They demanded the nationality of each man.

"I'm a Scotchman, me," quavered an old Austrian, his hands in the proper kamrad attitude. "I work again, you let me."

Another man, the swift intake of his pipe denoting that he was mentally perturbed, acknowledged that he was English. "You're the worst of the lot because you ought to know better," they told him. "You better cut out this Bolshevik stuff and go back to work or we'll know how to deal with you."

The raid continued well into the night. Some of the veterans remained in Drumheller until the morning but the biggest number returned to Rosedale to get some sleep.

"What have you fellows been up to?" demanded Mr. Moodie, when he arrived next morning.

"Well," they told him, "we decided the only way to get this revolutionary crowd settled was to take things into our own hands. We're going to see it through now."

"We'd have settled it last night for good and all if the other fellows hadn't held me back," said a six foot five youth of twenty-three years or so.

"Big Alex wanted to clean them up trench style," said one of the others. "Beating these bohunks wasn't half the job we had keeping him from mopping them up."

Next night the work was satisfactorily completed. The strikers reorganized and proceeded to hustle the few soldiers who were still in Drumheller out of town. Rosedale went over promptly in a body and again the superior numbers of the strikers failed to withstand the onslaught of the young Canadians. There were a few shots fired but no one was hurt and the foreigners submitted to being rounded up more or less peacefully. A large body of them were taken to a public hall and there several of the

veterans addressed them on the folly of letting the professional agitators stir them up by wild dreams of labor seizing control of the country. It was most significant that at the finish, when all who were willing to go back to work were asked to stand up, only three remained sitting. Two of these were commercial travelers who had wandered in as spectators and the third was a cross-grained old Welshman.

The foreigners had been effectually awed into compliance. Next day, they actually returned to work. At time of writing, they are still working and the One Big Union leaders, who had been so unceremoniously ejected, had not returned to Drumheller.

Frank Moodie's Solution

BUT the most significant phase of the whole situation is this. The Rosedale mine is now manned almost exclusively by native Canadians, the bulk of whom are young men just back from the front. They are an intelligent lot and are for the most part boys who were employed in other kinds of work before they responded to the call of duty and went overseas. One was a lawyer, several were bankers, and a score or more were office hands. Their experience at the front, however, fitted them physically for the work of the mine and they all say that they like it. Also they like the high wages they are earning. The pay roll runs all the way from a minimum of \$5.00 a day to \$12.00 and \$15.00. They are making more money than they ever did before and they intend to stick. What's more, their daily average of coal mined is only a fraction below the average of the more experienced foreigners who had been years on the job and knew every turn. The claim so often heard that a native-born Canadian could not do such work as well as a foreigner is dispelled by the Rosedale figures.

In what has occurred at Rosedale there is a deep significance. It demonstrates that, after all, the foreign born can be handled. Out of many years' experience in handling the bitter problems of foreign help, Frank Moodie expresses it as his opinion that the solution of the trouble can be summed up in two words—counter propaganda.

"We've got to supply them with leadership," he says. "The O. B. U. men got them into line by putting ideas into their heads. We've got to prevent this by making it our business to put the right kind of ideas into their heads. They can be taught anything—either good or evil. It's our duty to-day to begin teaching them the good things."

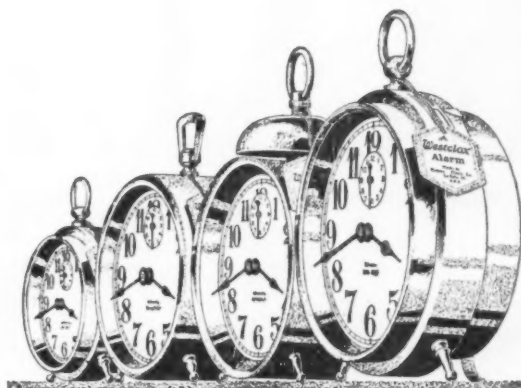
The Foreign Born Settler

THE problem of the foreigner on the land is a different one. For the most part the alien people who have homesteaded on the prairies are a substantial lot, fully capable of developing the country. They are good farmers—thrifty, industrious, ambitious. In time they will become good citizens although it may take a couple of generations. In the meantime, however, their presence is in many ways a serious inconvenience to the English-speaking settlers.

The writer rode from Saskatoon to Edmonton with a farmer who had taken up land in the Peace River country after doing well for a number of years in Central Saskatchewan. He was a raw-boned man of about forty-five with very decided opinions on almost every subject and a willingness to expound them. Naturally, in the course of the conversation he got around to what was apparently a sore subject with him, his reason for leaving Saskatchewan.

"I had a nice place down there, good rolling land with plenty of water," he said. "I never had a real failure the whole eight years I was there and most years I cleaned up nice. I'd built a comfortable house and the best barns for fifty miles any direction. My idea was to stay there right to the end of the piece; nothing would ever suit me better. But I had to move just the same."

"It was the neighbors," he went on. "The people around us were all Ruthenians, after my nearest neighbor left. He'd gone in about the time I did and he aimed to stick it out but it got too



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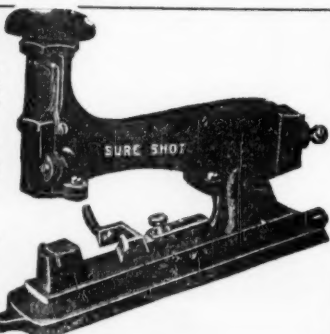
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much for him so he sold out—to a Ruthenian—for \$19,000. Got it in cash too. After that we had no one to be sociable with at all. They were all right in their way. These Ruthenians never bothered me and they tried to be friendly too. But when I meet a neighbor I like to hear him say 'Good day' or 'How are ye,' not *Szczu bilshe* or *Yaka riznytzia*. My wife and I both have a liking for the social side of life—tea meetings and parties and such. But these people think a shine means eating for a whole day and dancing with shawls over their heads and wearing outlandish crazy quilt clothes. And then our children had to go to a school where all the others were Ruthenians and we didn't reckon that was good. So we sold out and left. I haven't a word to say against these Ruthenians except that they're not my kind of folks."

And then in an outburst almost of fury, he added:

"I was the first to break land up in the part where I am now. Who do you suppose came along next? A fellow from some European country I'd never heard of and I can't even get his name right!"

Time will bring the solution to this problem. The children of alien parents rapidly assimilate the new ideas, even where the old folks stick to their own customs and tongues. The grandchildren, especially if there is a certain amount of intermarrying—as there is bound to be—will be hard to tell from the native stock.

The Assimilation of the Alien

THERE is encouraging evidence of assimilation to be found on every hand. Premier Martin of Saskatchewan told the writer of a visit that he paid to a point in the north-western section of that province where the population was almost exclusively foreign. A picnic was held while he was there and there were fully seven hundred children present. He did not hear a single child of all that large number speak anything but English. Most of the men, who stood around in groups and discussed the crops, as men always do on such occasions, talked English also. Some of the women still wore the gala dress of their home lands.

Most significant are the statistics with reference to the education of the Mennonites in the province of Saskatchewan. The Mennonites do not believe in education other than their own particular brand and they invariably vote down bylaws for the building of public schools. The Government of Saskatchewan, determined to overcome this opposition, created the necessary machinery a few years ago, to build schools in districts where the bylaws had been defeated and to charge the cost against the taxpayers willy nilly. There was one district, a very stronghold of the Mennonite faith, where the school bylaw was turned down hard. The Government proceeded to build a proper school there and a teacher was installed, all at the expense of the land owners of the district. On the first day the school was opened, there were four pupils in attendance out of a possible forty-five. Later the number was increased to six. This occurred, however, in a section where the old faith was still closely adhered to.

In another section a school was built after the bylaw had been rejected and out of a possible forty the attendance the first day ran twenty-five. This district was almost exclusively Mennonite but it had been showing signs of a gradual break from the rigid tenets of the faith, in other words of assimilation. There is proof in these figures that even the most difficult of the aliens can be brought around.

Whole volumes could be written on the progress that is being made toward the assimilation of the alien. The writer visited a town where a grain growers' conference was in progress—a town of one hundred and twenty souls, two elevators, two stores and one hotel—and saw thirty-four automobiles parked along the main, in fact the only, street of the town. Pretty nearly every popular make of car was represented there. Thirty-one of them belonged to Ruthenians who had driven in for the

meeting. They were, for the most part, pretty good-looking business men too, talking English and smoking cigars of an expensive variety.

Such instances could be told by the score. The lesson to be drawn is that the alien on the land can be assimilated, that time only is needed to effect this much-to-be-desired consummation. But, sure as he is of this, the average Westerner devoutly feels that he wants to accomplish the Canadianization of those

he now has on his hands before he lets the bars down for more.

At the recent industrial congress in Calgary it was shown that there were still 225,000,000 acres of good land available for settlers in the prairie provinces. But when one of the speakers asserted with the fervor of deep conviction that the West desired none but English-speaking settlers in future, there was a loud chorus of whole-hearted acclaim.

The Airy Prince

Continued from page 30

noticed the rapid approach of morning's light, and, turning to the west, he set his course by the compass and made for the lonely mill-house of Picardy.

VI

FROM a meadow at the top of a hill a girl watched the horizon of the east as the first glow of daylight heralded the arrival of Aurora's chariot. The hurried walk from the mill-house and the climbing of the hill had set her pulses throbbing with vitality, and as she watched the dull gray give way with the promise of dawn, a wild, unthinking spirit of exaltation seized her. Like the Pippa of Browning's song, she felt her spirit rise with the triumph of nature.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim

Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another,
curled,

Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then
overflowed the world.

But he had not come—her Prince with the solemn face and the laughing eyes. Day after day, through the long winter, she had lived for this hour, thrilling over it, picturing it, dreaming of it—both awake and asleep. . . . And he had not come.

Supposing—supposing—
Her heart leaped painfully. She had heard a sound, like the humming of an insect—faint—then more clear. The hum became a drone, and in sheer intoxication she reached her hands towards the east as the sun, well above the horizon, illumined the sky with gold-red flames. Blinded by its brilliancy, she turned away; but her ear heard the cessation of the engine as the pilot brought his machine towards the earth. She knew that he must be approaching her; yet she kept her face averted, on some caprice of sixteen years, until she heard his voice calling, a few yards off.

He bowed very low as, with lowered eyes, she gave him her hand; then, indicating a coat on his arm, he leant towards her, with some effort making his voice heard above the impatient throbbing of the aeroplane's engine.

"Take off your hat," he cried, noticing with quick approval the pretty costume she wore (for how poor she may be, no French girl is without one becoming frock), "and slip your curls into this helmet. It's the largest I could find."

She did as she was bidden, laughing delightedly.

"Now then, youngster, climb into this."

HE wrapped her in a fur-lined leather coat, and after buttoning it securely lingered for a moment over the amusing and dainty picture she presented. Then, picking her up in his arms, he carried her over to the machine and deposited her in the observer's seat, fastening the belt. He was just about to climb into his place in front, when, changing his mind, he leant over to her and placed both hands on her shoulders.

"Frightened?" he smiled, speaking so close to her ear that a truant curl brushed against his cheek.

She shook her head decisively—for a considerable period she had been beyond the power of speech.

He looked into her eyes, which seemed to have borrowed something of the sunlight, and patted her reassuringly on the shoulder. . . . And Mademoiselle Pippa, niece of the absent miller, would have gone straight to the moon with him had it been his wish and in his power.

She watched him wonderingly as he lifted a heavy sand-bag, used as ballast, and dropped it on the ground. The next moment he was in the pilot's seat, there was the crescendo of the engine, a waddling sensation as the aeroplane went forward, the sudden development of the crescendo, the burst of speed, and The earth was receding!

She caught her breath, and hid her face in her hands to stifle a cry and keep the sight from her eyes. She had been afraid that she would faint with dizziness, and for a full minute sat, terror-stricken, until, gaining courage, she tremblingly parted two fingers and cast a timorous glance below. A cry escaped from her—but it was not one of fear.

Beneath her, though she was not conscious of height, the countryside spread, a great masterpiece of color, the light brown of ploughed fields standing out vividly against the green of meadows where sheep (she laughed out at the thought) were huddled in little groups like peanuts; roads had become paths, and cottages were dwarfed to miniature dwellings for the tiniest dolls.

But—she felt no height.
Only, the landscape, refreshed after its long winter repose, kept closing in—closing in, displaying new beauties every minute, as though she were in real truth a Fairy Princess summoning villages and rivers and farms into one vast tapestry of nature.

And this was France! As far as the eye could see, it was France, the mother of greatness. For the first time she pictured the wide, charred plains where the Hun had been, and scalding tears hid everything from her sight.

Several times her cavalier of the clouds had turned around to see that she was not frightened, and, as often as he did so, she nodded excitedly, and waved both hands after the manner of an orchestral conductor calling for a fortissimo. Once he shut off the engines, and they seemed to lie in the wind, a becalmed ship of the air.

"All right?" he queried inelegantly. She tried to think of some word to summarize her emotions, but, failing utterly, raised her goggles and thanked him with her eyes. A woman's methods are not affected by altitude.

IT seemed to her that they had flown for an hour, when, in her tapestry of landscape, she found the gradual inclusion of the steeples and the roof-tops of a city, the streets of which gave the impression of having been drawn with a brown crayon with the aid of a ruler. The aeroplane appeared to be turning with the wind, and she grasped the side of the fuselage, when the whole scene was obliterated by a sea of billowy foam that left her cheek wet. She laughed with delight, and reached out with her hands, as though she would grasp the foam and compress it like snow in her fingers. She sang and clapped her hands in sheer joyousness. She



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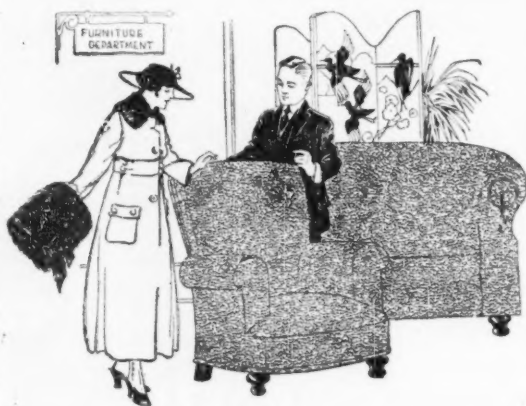
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was alone with the Prince in a world of dreams. The billows of foam grew less dense, became a mist through which light gleamed, and they emerged once more. Beneath them lay the Channel, shimmering in the April sun. The magic wand drew the Straits to her gaze as it had done the fields of France. Suddenly there was no throbbing of the engine, and they seemed to float, motionless, in space.

He turned around and pointed to a border of white that lay against the blue of the water.

"Enfin!" he cried. "England!"

VII

THERE was a knock at the door of "The Plough and Crown," which, in spite of its similarity to the title of a treatise, is the name of an exceedingly cosy little inn less than twenty miles from the outskirts of London. The landlady answered in person, presenting just the stout, apple-cheeked, buxom appearance that any one would expect from the owner of so cheery a hostelry.

"Good-morning to you, sir—and to you, miss," said the estimable woman, as the unlocked door revealed an airman of solemn mien, and a blushing young lady whose hair had been blown into utter and captivating disorder.

A very small dog appeared, irritably, from some subterranean passage, and, taking in the sight of strangers, proceeded to bark with such energy that, with each effort, he was shunted several inches to the rear, like a gun recoiling after discharge, until from very ill-temper he barked himself completely off the scene and out of this history.

"Good-morning, madam," said the aviator. "This young lady and myself would like to have breakfast at your house."

The girl glanced furtively at him. It was the first time she had heard him speak in English.

"Bless your baby faces!" cried the good woman. "Come in out of the chilly morning, though what you be doing at this hour is beyond the likes o' me to fathomate" (a word which performed its function by being thoroughly understood).

She led them into the coffee-room, where he removed his coat and helmet, and threw them, together with the girl's flying costume, over a chair. A sleepy-eyed and doleful young woman-of-all-work appeared on the scene and proceeded to build a wood fire in the grate, while the landlady, after the manner of her kind, bustled about, shifting chairs, colliding with the fire-making girl, removing glasses from the bar to the table, from the table to the shelf, and back to the bar again, all the while talking incessantly, or making comfortable noises when words failed her (which was very seldom), and, in short, giving that feeling of hospitable activity handed down from the good old days when passengers used to arrive by coach at "The Plough and Crown."

"Madam," said the flying-man, seizing a moment when a more than usually severe jolt against her assistant had deprived the good woman of breath, "I must telephone the aerodrome at Hounslow to send for my machine, so I shall stroll to the post-office down the road. In the meantime—this young lady speaks no English!"

"Bless her heart! What heathen country?"

"—speaks no English," he persisted, "and has traveled a long distance in the air."

"Well, I've often said that!"

"In the air," he repeated, stifling her philosophy in its birth, "and I shall be grateful if you will give her any attentions that your kind heart may suggest. She is cold, and I suppose she wants to make herself look pretty."

"Leave her to me, the sweet innocent. If she were my own daughter, me not having any, but"

"When I return, may we have breakfast?"

"A simple breakfast 'twill have to be," said the hostess, emitting the words with a forcefulness reminiscent of a geyser that has been supporting on its chest a mountain which has obligingly shifted its position. "Things is awful

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bad, and the Government don't trust no one these days. But I'll see what I can get for you two children, for you're an officer gentleman, and my own good man's in the army—London Scottish he is, though he aint any more Scottish than the Pope of Rome; but he always had a fine figure, had my man—Jacob Wilson is his name, for thirty year owner of 'The Plough and Crown,' which always is welcome to them as wants a pint o' bitter or a bed for the night, and always will be as long as Jacob Wilson or me is to be found in the taproom when opening-time arrives."

AFTER this announcement of the past and future policy of "The Plough and Crown," the worthy woman seized a chair that was innocently gazing out of the window, and placed it directly opposite a highly colored picture of a young lady in pink, talking to a blue young gentleman, while a yellow horse, in proportion a little larger than the horse of Troy, looked soulfully at them over a hedge.

Having done this, she rested her hands on her hips and sighed like a woman who knows she is overworked but is resigned to her fate.

"Excuse me," said the airman politely, then turned to his companion, who had been staring in wide-eyed bewilderment at the activities of Mrs. Jacob Wilson. . . . Frowning heavily at his young passenger, he inserted his pipe into his mouth, and left the inn without another word, sauntering along the roadway, where hedges and meadow-larks and cosy thatched cottages were combining in the merriest of madrigals on the beauty of Old England.

Upstairs, in "The Plough and Crown," Pippa's toilet was being superintended by the estimable proprietress, whose hospitality, surmounting the difficulty of language, poured out in a stream of garrulity.

She described to her little guest how Mr. Jacob Wilson first appeared in kilts, causing her (Mrs. Jacob Wilson) to throw her apron over her face and bid her lord and master go upstairs and clothe himself in propriety. She further confessed that he was a poor correspondent (though a man of deep intellect, for he was given to long spasms of silence); but every time he wrote from the trenches, which was once a month (though one month he had written twice, but in September—or was it October?—he had not written at all)—at any rate he always said that he had a cold in his head and would she send his medicine, which he had used for eight-and-twenty years, and which had never failed to cure him.

After this testimony to Mr. Jacob Wilson's recuperative powers, despite his susceptibility to colds, his wife became confidential, and told the girl of the adoration showered on her during her honeymoon by the aforesaid absent gentleman, together with other and romantic details which, being told in the strictest confidence, naturally have no place in these pages.

AND the little girl from the Picardy mill-house listened. She may have understood that somewhere in the landlady's bountiful breast a noble heart was beating; that behind her cheerfulness lay the shadow of the trenches; and that any moment "The Plough and Crown" might be robbed of the good man who had marched away with the London Scottish.

She may have understood less than that—or more. Who knows?

Half-an-hour later the Airy Prince returned, and they sat down together to a breakfast served to the tune of chortling fowls and the neighing of a near-by horse, while the fire chuckled and crackled in enjoyment of some joke of its own.

"Well, Pippa," said the Black Cat, seizing a moment when Mrs. Jacob Wilson had absented herself from the room, "and what do you think of the English?"

The girl of the mill-house pictured the only two she had met.

"I think," she said timidly, "that you are—how say you it?—great talkers, yes?"

"Bless my soul," said he, cutting a loaf of bread with the melancholy of an executioner beheading an esteemed relative, "aren't we?"

VIII

THE train for London came round the bend and drew up, panting, beside the platform. The airman and his little companion glanced into four compartments which were completely filled, and, hearing the admonition of the guard, were forced to enter a first-class carriage containing five occupants, who glared at the intruders with that triumph of rudeness found only on an English railroad.

"Sorry," murmured the airman, and added something unintelligible about the train being full. A fierce-looking gentleman looked up from the *Morning Post* and lowered the window to its fullest extent. An anemic woman opposite sneezed and fixed a devastating stare on the fierce gentleman. A very young officer of the Guards felt his lip, and stroked that portion of it which was pregnant with promise of moustache, while his mind wandered into the future. Would he cut Lady Dazzrymple's beastly dance, and content himself with only three that evening? Or, dash it all, should he go the whole works? What a bore! . . . A young woman with a face of deep intensity read the *New Statesman*, every now and then looking up from its pages (as a horse, drinking at a trough, will raise its head between draughts), apparently defying any one to challenge her on anything.

With his hands lazily in his coat-pockets, an Australian captain leant back in his corner and took in the freshness and winsomeness of the French girl, with an admiring frankness that inspired sudden doubt in the airman's mind whether it was really desirable to maintain a huge empire.

For ten minutes, in a funeral silence, the train hurried towards the Metropolis, while the temperature of the compartment, both actually and temperamentally, dropped to freezing-point. Once, as an unusually pretty meadow met her eye (and where are there such meadows as one sees in England?), Pippa emitted an exclamation of delight and clapped her hands.

A look of horror from the fierce gentleman caromed off the *Morning Post* to the face of the offender. The anemic woman stopped blowing her nose, and concentrated all her energies on a disdainful sniff. The very young guardsman brought his eyes out of the future, and stared right through the girl—rotten form, what? The intense young woman frowned and made a mental note that she would write an article on "The Girl of To-day"—or, perhaps, a letter to the *New Statesman* would be more effective. . . . One never knew, these degenerate times, if an author was writing from conviction or merely writing for a living.

The Australian smiled generously, and burrowed his hands deeper into his capacious pockets.

VERY timidly the erring daughter of France shifted closer to her protector, and her hand reached appealingly for his, which caused all eyes but the Australian's to disappear like the legs of a troupe of Japanese acrobats from a cross-bar.

"Your Majesty"—she said.

"Hush, Pippa; you must call me just 'Monsieur.'"

"But why?"

"Well—you see a Prince is very important, and"—

"Then that is why these people are so solemn? They know you are a Prince, yes?"

The airman tapped the bridge of his nose meditatively. "N-not exactly," he said.

"But they are so sad."

"They are," he agreed; "but my countrymen sink to their greatest melancholy when they travel."

"But why, monsieur?"

"That," he said, "I cannot tell you. Perhaps travelling on a train reminds them of the brief journey of life itself. At any rate, all really well-bred people who travel resent others doing the same thing."



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"What are well-bred people?"

He gazed at an advertisement for pyjamas.

"Well-bred people," he said sententiously, "are those who base their superiority on such intangible things that they leave nothing on which one can contest it. Do you understand me?"

"No," said Pippa, frankly; "but I like your voice."

"Thank you, little one. It was one of the first things I learned at Harrow—to say something well rather than something worth hearing."

"I wonder if Louis had his breakfast," said she, at a tangent.

"I think so," he said, with a man's vagueness towards domestic economy; "but to finish my definition of well-bred people—"

"Louis will be angry at my leaving him," she said musingly.

"Pippa, you must listen to me," he said gravely.

"But may I not talk as well?"

"Really charming women only listen." "Tiens! What a droll country. Do these people understand what we say?"

"I don't think so, youngster. Most Britishers look on foreign languages as immoral."

THE fierce gentleman, who had been growing bluer with cold every minute, suddenly endeavored to suppress a sneeze by smothering his face in a large handkerchief, with the result that he produced a combative cohesion of sounds, which caused a gurgle of delight from the miller's niece. Violently blowing his nose, the irate one resumed his newspaper, first turning his coat-collar about his ears as the bracing April air blew full against him, and looking as genuinely bad-tempered as his somewhat immobile features would permit.

"But he is amusing, is he not?" cried the little French girl, then shrank back as the New Statesmanist fixed her with a look of ineffable and disapproving intellectuality. "Monsieur, why it is she looks at me so?"

The aviator transferred his scrutiny from pyjamas to a picture of Canterbury Cathedral.

"She is the New Woman," he said; "and all New Women resent the Old."

"I am old?—but no!"

He lowered his eyes from the cathedral to her happy, flushed face.

"Pippa," he said, "you are as old as Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra. How many years has she?"

"Oh, about two thousand."

She pretended to be offended, and ended by looking such a thoroughly engaging little figure, with her dark hair and innocently intriguing eyes, that the airman resumed his study of architecture from sheer self-defence, and the Australian contemplated the odds against his knocking the student of cathedrals on the head, and, à la caveman of old, eloping forcibly with the damsel.

Chimney-pots! Hundreds of them—thousands of them.


Chimney-pots! Standing like regiments in stiff and orderly array, awaiting for a review that never took place.

Chimney-pots! Short ones, stout ones, crumpling ones; gray, blue, and indigo ones; pots of no color at all, and just as little character.

Chimney-pots! Racing by, mile after mile; industrious fellows, some of them, puffing out black smoke as though the mist over London were their private and personal concern.

Chimney-pots!

"Waterloo!" yelled a dozen voices, and the bewildered Pippa heard a stamping of feet, a rattling of trucks, the din of two porters in a semi-religious discussion concerning the right of way, the din being aided and abetted by a young gentleman possessed of a voice which had recently broken, who howled, alternately in a deep bass and a shrill treble (giving the general effect of a Swiss yodler running amok) that, in exchange for coin of the realm, he was willing to barter light refreshment—very light refreshment indeed—in the shape of small biscuits or popular magazines. A slim girl porter, far too weak for her task, dragged a trunk from the van for a vigorous indispensable, who stood by with sixpence in his hand. A sailor



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kissed a rosy-cheeked woman with moist heartiness. . . . A taxi-driver, outside the station, took a sudden and violent dislike to a horse-cabby, casting loud aspersions on the latter's respectability, and hinting at a doubtful pedigree; to which the other replied simultaneously, his remarks being quite unintelligible, but apparently giving himself the greatest personal satisfaction. Down the road a street-piano burst forth into "The Lost Chord."

"Pippa," said the airman, opening the door, "we have arrived. The Prince with the Golden Key welcomes you to London."

"Mon Dieu," said that young person, "what a noise!"

IX

IT was nearing the middle of the afternoon when the airman succeeded, after some difficulty, in piloting his little companion across Piccadilly Circus to Regent Street. It is something to be noticed in that most cosmopolitan of districts, but more than one turned to watch the solemn officer of the formidable stride and the French girl, whose wealth of hair and length of dress (barely revealing her ankles) made her seem a vignette from some past century novel.

It had been, for her, a day of wonders. From her lonely little world, peopled with make-believe inhabitants, she had been transported through the air to the centre of reality. London, the "Bagdad of the West," huge, monotonous, garish, beautiful—what term is there in language that could not be applied to that great gathering of human souls?—London sprawled before her gaze in a yellow sunlight which played such tricks with its tired buildings that age-old stone looked bright and cheerful, and the very dust seemed like the coating of frost when a thaw succeeds a freezing night.

Before her eyes the pageant of passions passed in endless array. Poverty and hypocrisy rubbed shoulders with ostentation, greed, and lust. Streets, crowded with a suffocating similarity of stodgy dwelling-places, gave way to parks, fragrant with the atmosphere of romance. Vice stalked unashamed through the thronged streets, and dull, tired faces, leaving monotony in their trail, passed their next of kin without a glance, those to whom discouragement had come as some incurable disease. Sinister, sensuous eyes looked into hers, and children pure in mind as snowflakes laughed as they walked beside their nurses.

For the sun was in the heavens . . . and the same warmth that brings the beauty of a narcissus into being gives life to the noisome, crawling things that feed on decay.

LONDON'S costume drama was at its height; uniformed men and girls paraded in their thousands. There were loose-limbed Colonials, slyly-smart British Tommies, amazingly serious Americans—bes-girls, land-girls, girls on motor-cycles, and girls driving ambulances—graceful French officers, swarthy Italians, impassive Japanese, and ruddy-faced British sailors seeking a day's diversion from the sentry-go of the sea.

From the great, throbbing city a babel of voices rose, like the sound from a gigantic mart; hurrying, restless vehicles worried their way through the maze of traffic; Youth with its carelessness of years elbowed Age, waiting with weakening tread the call of the Reaper to whom all men's lives are but sands that run their brief course. Over the whole city brooded the Past.

Take all the comedies of the centuries; gather the tragedies of history; piece them together with all the fancies of a madman's brain—and what could they offer in the play of human emotions that would compare with one hour of London's life?

They had gone a little way down Regent Street when an exclamation of delight escaped from the girl.

"Tiens!" She caught the airman by the arm. "Papa Joffre!"

A one-legged man with outstretched cap was seated on the pavement, and be-

side him were five colored drawings vaguely suggesting men of the times. "But he is wonderful," cried the girl. "See—it is Papa Joffre himself. Monsieur, you will give him a little present?"

The airman presented the art-exhibitor with half-a-crown, receiving a gin-and-watery blessing in return, as they strolled on their way.

"She's the first one," muttered the cripple, preparing to close business for the day, "as 'as recognized that there dial of Juff's this last four month. It were a rotten drawing and no mistake. Blime, I'll give that cove this 'arf-crown to draw me a picter of this 'ere General Fush as what is getting hisself talked abaht."

He saw a shadow on the pavement and held out his cap. A Jewish rabbi, with sallow brow and spiritual face, passed without a glance, his flowing robes oddly reminiscent of the Levite in that Past to which the age of London is mere immaturity.

The wanderers turned into Pall Mall, and, traversing it, reached the Strand, where the meeting of human currents forms a whirlpool. Threading their way with difficulty, he felt the restraining hand on his arm, as he had done two hundred times that day. The girl had stopped opposite a hollow-eyed old woman offering violets, from her seat on a box, to the thousands who cared as little for her flowers as for her.

Once more he produced the inevitable coin and again received a blessing, as trembling, unlovely fingers clutched it. He was about to turn away, when something almost attractive in the wrinkled face held his attention. The woman had looked searchingly at the girl, then into his eyes, and, touched by sudden sympathy, there was a faded echo of comeliness in her features that came and went, like a glow caused by a breath of air on ashes that seemed dead.

"What is it, mother?" he asked, holding the girl's arm. "Business bad?"

"Yes—yes," answered the woman in a low, weak voice; "but it's her I'm thinking of. Take care of her, laddie, won't you?"

The girl unable to understand them, leaned over and smiled into the wrinkled face. With a little air of embarrassment Pippa picked half-a-dozen violets from her cluster, holding them out to the woman, who took them with strangely twitching features, just as an encircling current of the Strand caught them in its grip and carried them away.

ALTHOUGH they had rested at noon in a quiet hostelry in Oxford Street, near that part of the park where the delightful statue of Peter Pan pleads for belief in fairies, it was obvious that the strain of countless impressions was beginning to bring fatigue to his charge. Accordingly the airman paused in the doorway of a theatre and drew her away from the traffic turmoil.

"It is three-thirty," he said, "and there is a performance inside."

Her eyes, which still held their tenderness for the woman of the flowers, sparkled happily.

"That is delightful, monsieur. Is it a play as I read in my books?"

"Alas, Pippa, there are no more plays—only revues!"

"But there is music?"

"There is an orchestra."

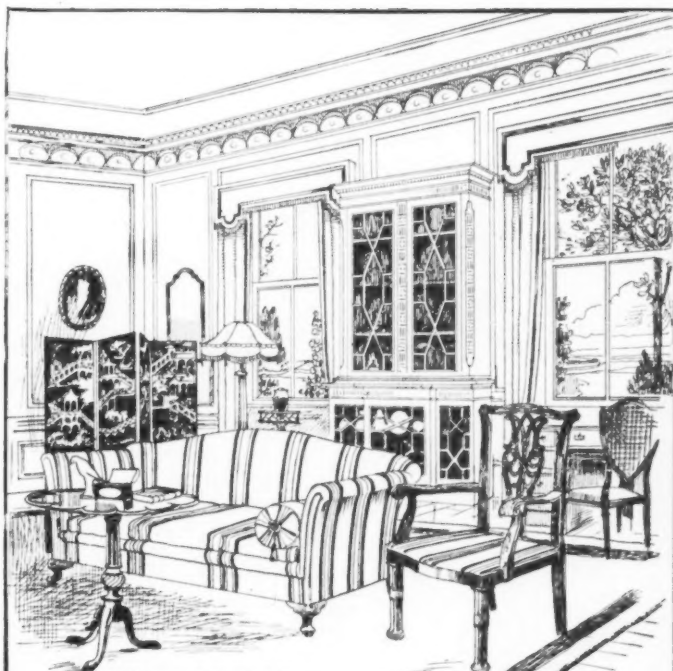
"It will be droll, monsieur?"

"I doubt it, little one; but we shall see."

Purchasing tickets from a lordly being in a cage, they entered the theatre, where a huge audience was rocking with laughter at the three hundred and sixteenth performance of "Oh Aunt!" They took their seats, just in time to hear the best of a scene between two comedians who, lest the subtlety of their wit be lost, were talking at the top of their lung-power, pulling chairs from underneath one another, colliding frequently, and every now and then, to emphasize some point, kicking each other.

Several minutes passed, and wonderingly the French girl gazed at the pair, while the melancholy of her escort's face reached an intensity that threatened tears.

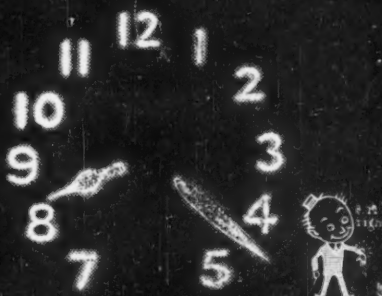
"Monsieur." He inclined his face towards hers. "Monsieur—they are?"—She did



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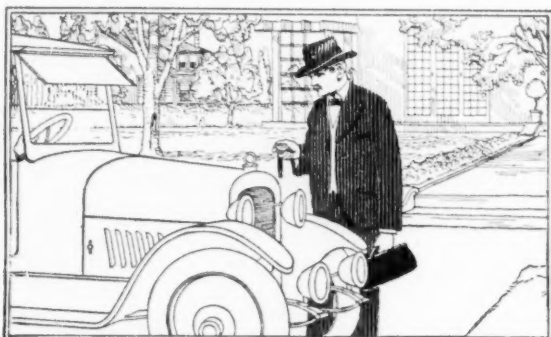
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not complete the sentence, but her shoulders conveyed her meaning.

He smiled sadly. "They are," he said.

She sighed sympathetically. "Poor gentlemen!" she murmured.

AFTER that the comedians sang a duet, the words of which dealt with marital infidelity, that screamingly funny subject on which the stage of to-day builds its humorous efforts. Once the verse ended with an innuendo so crude that a gathering of navvies might have resented it.

There was a laugh and a gasp from the audience—then wild applause; the song could not go on for the riot of appreciation. One of the comedians (who had sung it only three hundred and fifteen times) tried to commence the next verse, but was suddenly overcome with laughter himself. The guffaws became a barrage—then, as the other singer turned abruptly about, his shoulders heaving convulsively, the din grew to drum-fire and was deafening. How richly humorous! It was really too much! People held their sides and gasped for breath—"Have you seen 'Oh Aunt!'?" My dear, it is *too* killing for words."

Up in the gallery one man sat with an unsmiling face. He was a wounded Tommy who had been blown from a ditch to the top of a barn, and from the barn to another ditch. He had had his fill of slapstick comedy.

When the song was over there were shrieks of forced, girlish laughter, and nearly forty young women in various stages of deshabille rushed on the stage, exhibiting to a critical audience the charms and the defects of their forty individual forms. The producer had been both daring and sparing. He was a second-rate burlesque manager in New York, but London, the great haven for American mediocrity, recognized his genius and gave him a chance. He knew the value of a chorus and how to get the best out of them—oh, he knew!

"Monsieur."

The officer turned slowly and looked at the girl beside him. Her face was flushed and her eyes stared at the ground.

"Yes, little one?"

"Please take me away."

Without questioning her further, he reached for his cap, and amid the wondering glances of the people around, they left the theatre. He paused in the foyer and put on his gloves.

"I am sorry, Pippa," he said gravely.

Her hand stole soothingly into his arm, both of them, unknown to each other, experienced a feeling that he was the younger of the two. After all, every woman is a potential mother, and men are only boys grown serious, and she comforted him with the touch of her hand, and—perhaps it was the natural contraction in putting on the glove—his arm pressed hers tight to his side.

And though he was a man, he understood. It is not precept or preaching that teaches it. Modesty in a girl is instinctive; and the little lady from the mill-house had known no other teacher than instinct.

Outside the theatre an attendant was changing the performance number of "Oh Aunt!" from 316 to 317.

X

TWENTY minutes later, in the large tea-rooms of a fashionable hotel just off the Strand, there was a murmur of interest as a flying-officer, quizzically dejected of countenance, entered with a young lady, who glanced shyly about, and whose fingers held his, timidly but confidently.

He secured a table and ordered tea from a pleasant waitress. This accomplished, he said something to his companion, who was sitting bolt upright, keeping a steady gaze on her hands crossed on her lap. Smiling a little, she slowly raised her face and looked into his. A young Canadian subaltern, seated at a table with a woman whose over-powdered, meaningless beauty was only too eloquent, stopped in some remark he was making. Something in the French girl's face had sent his mind, smitten with loneliness, speeding across the Atlantic to a home

whence a mother and a sister had sent the finest thing they had across the seas.

Near them, two girls, fresh of face, tittered and posed, challenging the eyes of every man who entered, with a brazen immodesty strangely at variance with their appearance of decent breeding. At a further table a young woman, with a beauty that was marred by too hard a mouth, sat with her mother and listened to that woman's urging that she should marry a wealthy Jew who had asked for her hand. Was it not her duty to herself and to her mother? Besides, even if that young fellow did come back uncrippled from the trenches, which was unlikely, he would have to begin all over again. Alone, a good-looking artist, discharged from the army with wounds, sat with an insouciant, mocking eye, searching for types and adventure. round him women of all ages, some of them with inen, smoked, while their chatter mixed discordantly with the orchestra playing some negroid ragtime piece, and with the sound of rattling tea-cups.

"Your Majesty," said the miller's niece, relapsing into her former style of address, "there is so much I cannot understand."

"Such as what, youngster?"

"These ladies here.—Some are so pretty and so nice.—Others are pretty and . . ." Again she shrugged her shoulders as only a French woman can. "I am so young, it is true—but see that lady there."

"With the young Canadian, yes?"

"Somehow, monsieur, she frightens me. I did not know that women ever looked that way—like Louis when he catches a mouse."

"The simile is very apt, Pippa."

"But then"—her brows puckered with a first endeavor to harness language to her psychology—"you can see that nice girl there, so fair and pink."

"I prefer them dark," said he seriously; "but what of her?"

THE expounder of philosophy breathed deeply, but stuck to her task.

"I think," she said, "that the fair girl is nice, but this one is . . ." (shrug) . . . "Then why, monsieur, does the nice one try to look just like the other?—*Regardez-moi ça*—see her now."

He poured out the tea which had just arrived.

"Shall I tell you a story?" he asked.

She sighed happily. "Tell me a true story," she said with that insistence of the young on making all things believable. He sipped his tea and frowned meditatively.

"Not long ago, my dear, there lived a stupid king."

"Your father?"

"In any one but you, Pippa, that would be pert. No, he was not my father."

"I wonder if Louis"—she began, but he checked her with a portentous frown.

"Once," he began again, "there lived a stupid king named Convention."

"What a silly name!"

"Pippa!" he admonished her with a warning finger. She tried to look serious, but ended by laughing mischievously.

"There was a stupid king with a silly name?" she said encouragingly.

"This king," he said, "was very wise in some things and often kind, but his courtiers were a poor lot—Hypocrisy, Snobbery, Good and Bad Form, and a lot of others. Now the king used to favor the men among his subjects."

"You mean, he liked men?"

"Yes."

"So do I," she said in an outburst of frankness. "They are so droll." He poured some fresh tea into the cups.

"This King Convention," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "said that men could do a lot of things that women could not, which made the women very angry. Now the king had a jester named Shaw."

"What is a jester?"

"A man who makes jokes that people may laugh."

"Why do they laugh at jokes?"

"Well, in England—especially on the stage—it is from the pleasure of meet-

ing old friends. As a race, we are rather sentimental about our jests, and don't take kindly to new ones."

She sipped some tea, holding the cup in both hands, but with considerable daintiness.

"Tell me an English joke," she said.

He stroked his faded little moustache. "The House of Lords," he ventured, after some thought.

"*Hé! Is that funny?*"

"Very."

"I do not laugh. Tell me another."

He broke a corner off a piece of toast.

"One of the richest bits of humor in England," he said, "is the idea that children born into wealthy or titled families are superior clay to their fellows."

Pippa thought tremendously.

"I think, monsieur, I know why you look so sad. It is because of what you have to laugh at in your country. . . . But please go on and tell me what happened to—how say you it?—the jester."

"Ah yes. Well, G. B. Shaw"—

"What is this—G. B.?"

"Those are his names—Gor' Blime Shaw."

Pippa sighed. It was very difficult to become interested in people of such strange nomenclature.

"What did he, then, this Gor Shaw?" she asked, feeling that the story must end some time.

"Well, as a matter of fact, he was rather a poor jester, because his only joke was to stand on his head. At first everyone laughed, but after a while they thought that it was his natural position and paid no attention to him. It was really pretty hard on the poor chap, because he was too old to learn any new tricks, and he used to become dizzy from being upside down so much. Finally he grew furious at the king for not laughing, and urged all the women who did not like Convention to murder him. When the war came along, they saw their chance. The men went away, and the real women of England were too busy helping them to bother about anything else. You see, Pippa, in our country we have the noisy, chattering, selfish women who do good by limelight and find their reward in the illustrated journals. But there are also those, the unrecognized and unthanked ones, who share others' griefs but suffer alone. It is the unseen, unheard women of Britain who are really wonderful."

THE girl said nothing, but her face, so suggestive of color in its elusive change of expression, softened to a tender mood that left her eyes very dark and sombre, and her lips curved slightly into a smile that was full of sympathy.

The young Canadian subaltern looked directly at her and compressed his lower lip with his teeth.

"What's the matter, dearie?" croaked the woman beside him; but he returned no answer.

The two tittering girls stopped their staccato giggling for a moment, then resumed with a steadfastness of purpose that somewhat robbed the effect of spontaneity. The young woman with the over-firm mouth took in the tableau of the airman and his little charge, and turned to her mother with some sarcastic comment that was strangely belied by the look of hunger in her eyes. The artist, still with his air of graceful insouciance, sat with half-closed eyelids and visualized Pippa as a subject for canvas. "What a Psyche she would make!" he muttered. The orchestra was just going to play, when the leader, who had been idly gazing at the throng of guests, made a gesture of dissent.

"We shall not do 'Oh that Opium Rag,'" he said. "You see that girl there, with the dark curls and the sweet little face? For her let us play Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.'"

Quite unaware of their interested audience, the flying-man and his companion continued their excursion into the realm of fables, while untouched toast and half-emptied cups stood by in neglected array.

"That is practically all the story," he said. "When the war came on, they murdered poor old Convention."

"Oh!"

"Slaughtered him," he said gloomily,

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sentimental nonchalance, and falling asleep, dreamed that the statue of Peter Pan in the park had changed to that of the Airy Prince (who, she thought, was ever so much more handsome), and that she was sitting on the grass admiring him, while rabbits played about his feet. She was awakened from this delightful dream by a sensation similar to that of falling off a ladder in one's sleep; but such is the penalty of those who travel at night by air.

And applying the laws of logic to the case, when a young gentleman sees dark eyes and curved lips in a compass, and a young woman dreams that the citizens of London have erected a monument to a young gentleman with a long face and glow-worm eyebrows, it is reasonable to suppose that they have fallen in love with each other.

But strange things happen in the month of April.

XII

SHE had just fallen asleep for the second time, when the cessation of the engines woke her, and a few moments later they had descended in a field adjoining his aerodrome.

He jumped from the pilot's seat and lifted her out. "Quick, Pippa," he said. "They'll be here in a few minutes for the machine. I had to land her because that light was my only guide. Do you see that heavy tree over there by the road? Wait by it until I return with a motor-cycle. Hurry, youngster; they're coming."

Ten minutes later she heard him coming with a motor-cycle, to which a side-car was attached. She took her seat in the car, and he fastened the rubber cover over her knees. Then, opening the throttle, they sped through the night towards her home.

It was just twenty minutes to twelve when they reached the mill. Hurrying across the foot-bridge which spanned the chute, she entered the cottage and lit the lamp.

"Louis!" she cried. "Louis!"

That patient feline awoke from slumber and stretched in the most blasé manner; but his little mistress, gathering him in her arms, pressed her cheek against his head, asking a dozen questions at once, to which he deigned no reply other than blinking into space and licking his chops, as though the ways of women were beyond him, but 'twere best to let them have their own way.

The airman followed her in. . . . The prevaricating clock continued its dilatory march of time. Marshal Joffre was, if anything, more paternal than before, and the geranium-colored table-cover lent its unobtrusive glow to the scene.

"Good-bye, Pippa," he said.

THE girl stood motionless, and there was a quick stab in her heart. She had known that this moment would come, but had kept her thoughts from it . . . and now . . . he was going. . . . Once more she would have only her little world of make-believe. She released the cat from her arms and turned her eyes away.

"You have been very kind, monsieur," she said.

He fingered his helmet absent-mindedly. "Did you enjoy it?" he asked aimlessly.

"It was wonderful," she said quietly, still looking into distance; "I have seen so much. This morning I was just a little girl, but now"—

His fingers ceased turning the helmet, and he frowned at it intently. "We do not grow old with years but by moments," he said. "For a long time one is a child; then there comes an instant of suffering, or of love. . . . and one is no longer a child. That is all."

She slowly sank into a chair by the table, and, folding her hands, appeared engrossed in the table-cover. "Your Majesty," she said, "do you remember the poor lady with the violets?"

"Yes, Pippa."

"What did she say to you?"

He smiled awkwardly. "It—it is rather hard to explain, little one. She told me to—to take care of you."

"Why did she say that?" she asked,

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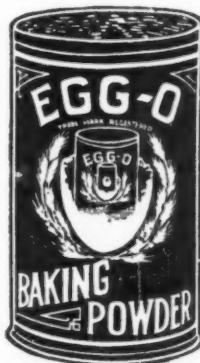
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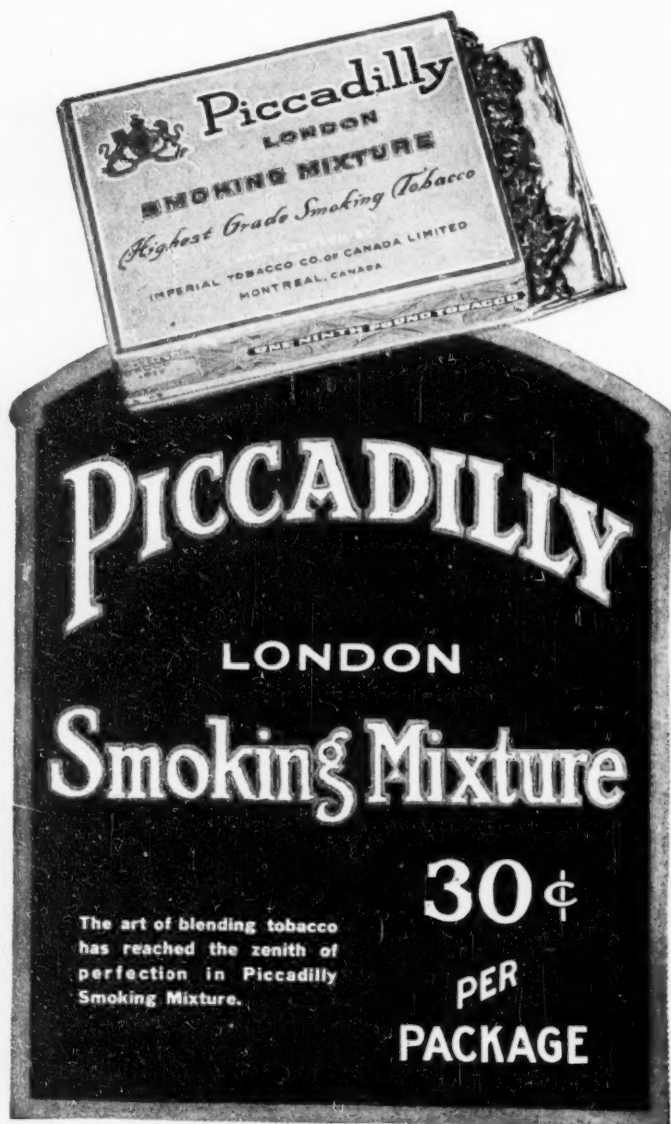
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without removing her eyes for a moment from the table.

"Well—perhaps you do not know this—but men are often very unkind to women."

"I know, monsieur. Simon Barit, he often beats his wife."

He sat down on a chair opposite her. "There are many more ways of being cruel than that," he said. "Sometimes a kiss, or the gift of a flower, is worse than a blow. Often, Pippa, men play with women's hearts as—well, as Louis does with a spool."

A shadow fell on her face. "I think I understand, monsieur. That poor lady was afraid I should fall in love with you, but that you would not love me."

"That is partly what she meant."

Pippa rose and walked to the window. "To-night I think," she said, after a minute's silence, "that women have the most sorrow in life."

"They do, little one."

"But also the most joy, monsieur."

He rested his chin on his hand, but said nothing.

"All to-day," resumed the girl, "when men seemed happiest it was because they were with women. Also when they looked most cruel—you perhaps know what I mean—there were women there too with the faces that frightened me. And all those lovely children playing in the park—always they seemed so merry because their mothers were near them. But also, you remember the poor soldier in the chair?—no legs and but one arm. His face was so sad until once the lady with him—a nurse, you said—spoke to him and he looked at her and smiled. It was lovely, monsieur. I think I wept a little."

He made no comment, but his left hand ran slow arpeggios on the table. From the window she could see the water of the chute, all silvery in the moonlight.

"So to-night, monsieur," she went on, "I am not the same as this morning. Then I thought that we who are women are the happiest; but now I think, in the real world, it is we who give pleasure or unhappiness. Perhaps, monsieur—she turned around and faced him—"perhaps a woman finds joy only when she gives it to others."

He looked at her, and his eyebrows were raised in wonder. When he had said we grow old by moments, was it more than just a well-turned phrase?

She returned to her chair by the table.

"When Louis and I are alone," she murmured, "I shall not dream the same as before. Then we had only young people, brave and handsome, but now I shall pretend that there are many old and sad ones, who perhaps will be glad if I am with them. And"—

"Pippa, my dear"—he looked into her eyes that met his without timidity, and there was a pleading note in his voice—"you may be lonely here, but you saw to-day how many discouraged, unhappy people there are—how much sickness and unkindness there is. Keep to your little world here with its Fairy Princes and the music of the wind. It is better, Pippa. . . . Perhaps it is even more real than the other."

She smiled, patiently, and, for the second time that day, felt a motherly pity for his youthfulness.

"Your Majesty," she said, "in my book, *The Fairy Prince*, the girl sings a song about love, and she asks her mother, '*Est-ce plaisir, est-ce tourment?*' I know now that it is both. Ah! I think it is too wonderful to be a woman; for some day, perhaps yes, perhaps no, I shall have my own children and a husband and friends. And sometimes, when my husband, he is much discouraged if the mill makes no money, though he work so hard, or if my children are perhaps sick and cry—then it is I who smile and say: '*Mes enfants*'—for he, too, will be only a big child—'*Mes enfants*, can you see the sunshine? Do you hear the birds? Can you smell these flowers?—So!' *Et alors*—perhaps they smile too. So I sing a pretty song and say to my husband, '*Courage, mon ami!* Have you not your little wife?' And after that we are all happy. . . . And now, that is why I think it is so wonderful to be a woman."

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The clock hiccupped, and struck eight.

The airman looked at his watch. "By Jove, it is midnight!" he said. "Pippa, our day is over!"

Tears sprang to her eyes, and her hands groped for his. "But no, monsieur," she cried, "you must not go. It will be so lonely."

He leaned over and covered her little hands with his large, tanned ones. "It will be lonely for me as well," he said. "But you will come back, Your Majesty? Perhaps—next Easter?"

He gently stroked her hand. "On my honor," he said, "I will come on the Tuesday at dawn. You will be there?"

He released her hands as she slowly rose and crossed once more to the window.

"At daybreak," she said very quietly, gazing at the steady brilliance of the running water, "I will watch from the hill. And if you do not come, though I shall weep a little, I shall say 'He is fighting, and could not leave for little Pippa. Next year he will come.'"

"And supposing, little one, he does not come the next year either?"

She leaned her arm against the window-pane and rested her cheek on it. "I shall watch again at dawn, monsieur"—the words were spoken very slowly—"and I shall say, 'He is not coming. . . He has gone to be with his brothers who went out into the sunlight, smiling so bravely'!"

Her words ended in a half-sob, and she pressed her face with both hands.

"But every Easter," she said, her voice very soft and trembling, "on the Tuesday I will watch the dawn from the hill, and perhaps, monsieur, you will see me."

He stood motionless for a moment, slowly reached for his leather coat and helmet, and placed them over his arm. "Good-bye, Pippa," he said, and he held out his hands.

Timidly, and with cheeks that went all white, then crimson, she came towards him and raised her face for him to kiss. For a moment he held her in his arms, which quivered oddly. . . . Then, stooping, he gently kissed her—not on the upturned, trembling lips, but on the cheek, just beside her mouth.

Without a word he gently released her from his arms, flung the door open and went out into the night.

Motionless, with the burning memory of his hot lips upon her cheek, she stood until the sound of his footsteps was lost in the song of the chute. Slowly her hands dropped to her sides and she sank into the chair by the table. The cat looked up from the task of licking his paws, and sprang upon her lap.

"Louis!" she cried, smothering him in an embrace that threatened to snuff out his nine lives prematurely, while tears from her eyes fell glistening on his fur. "Louis!"

Fifty Years in the West

Continued from page 24

indeed. He was president of the Board of Trade and fought vigorously and successfully against high freight rates. In 1907 he was elected Mayor of the city and undertook this onerous task with all his characteristic thoroughness and energy. It was a time of crisis not only in the affairs of Winnipeg but of many other cities of America and national governments as well. The financial stringency that suddenly affected Europe and America on account of the Balkan crisis made a policy of retrenchment and economy everywhere imperative. In 1908 he was re-elected by ac-

clamation and proceeded to reorganize the municipal government on an efficient and economical basis.

To-day, Mr. Ashdown is in his seventy-sixth year, but he is not accepting the "slipped case" that is regarded as the reward of a long and successful career. He is still very much in the saddle. Every day sees him at his office and he still takes an interest in public affairs. Unquestionably, he is one of the outstanding figures of the West, and will, it is hoped, continue such for many years to come.

Spanish Doubloons

Continued from page 19

askin'. Now you can go along with the rest. This here ship has got her course set for Frisco, pickin' up Leeward Island on the way, and anybody that aint goin' in that direction is welcome to jump overboard."

That is how I happened to go to Leeward Island.

II

THE Rufus Smith, tramp freighter, had been chartered to convey the Harding-Browne expedition to Leeward Island, which lies about three hundred miles west of Panama, and could be picked up by the freighter in her course. She was a little dingy boat with such small accommodation that I cannot imagine where the majority of her passengers stowed themselves away. My aunt and Miss Browne had a stateroom between them the size of a packing-box, and somebody turned out and resigned another to me. I retired there to dress for dinner after several dismal hours spent in attendance on Aunt Jane, who had passed from great imaginary suffering into the quite genuine anguish of seasickness. In the haste of my departure from San Francisco I had not brought a trunk, so the best I was able to produce in the way of a crusher for Miss Higlesby-Browne and her fellow-passengers was a cool little white gown, which would shine at least by contrast with Miss Browne's severely utilitarian costume. White is becoming to my hair, which narrow-minded persons term red, but which has been known to cause the more discriminating to draw heavily on the dictionary for adjectives.

My face is small and heart-shaped, with features strictly for use and not for ornament, but fortunately inconspicuous. As for my eyes, I think tawny quite the nicest word, though Aunt Jane calls them hazel and I have even heard whispers of green.

Five minutes after the gong sounded I walked into the cabin. Miss Browne, the captain, and a half a dozen men were already at the table. I slid unobtrusively into the one vacant place, fortunately remote from the captain, who glared at me savagely, as though still embittered by the recollections of my aunt's fits.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Browne in icy tones, "Miss Virginia Harding."

Two of the men rose, the others stared and ducked. Except for Miss Browne and the captain, I had received on coming aboard only the most blurred impression of my fellow-voyagers. I remembered them merely as a composite of khaki and cork helmets and astounded staring faces. But I felt that as the abettors of Miss Browne's hostile and sinister atmosphere enveloped them all.

Being thus in the camp of the enemy, I sat down in silence and devoted myself to my soup. The majority of my companions did likewise—audibly. But presently I heard a voice at my left:

"I say, what a jolly good sailor you seem to be—pity your aunt's not!"

I looked up and saw Apollo sitting beside me. Or rather, shall I say a young man who might have walked straight out of an advertisement for a ready-made clothing house, so ideal and impossible was his beauty. He was very

Secrets that Suddenly Made Me a Star Salesman

The Simple Recipe Used by a Man Who Rose from a \$26 Clerkship to a \$10,000 Job as Salesman Almost Overnight

By JAMES F. SPENCER

IN a recent issue of American Magazine I told you how I got my start in selling. I related how a friend of mine popped in on me one day, all dressed up like a "bloomin' bloated millionaire" and told me an amazing story of ups and downs; and how he finally turned to the selling game and made good.

I related how Joe's first selling job lasted three weeks—his second, six weeks—his third, less than two months—and then how he learned the secrets of selling that suddenly boosted his earnings to \$10,000 a year.

I told how I had been struggling along for years, making a bare living, never getting ahead very far, and how it seemed that I was up against a stone wall so far as any real increase in my earnings was concerned.

Then I explained how Joe's story inspired me to try my hand at selling, how I got Joe's secret of learning to sell, and how I finally jumped to earnings of \$192.30 per week as against \$26 a week formerly.

Right here I want to mention a few of the reasons back of Joe's success and of mine.

First let me say that any man who is dissatisfied with his lot—who is tired of being held down to a salary which can grow only very slowly—who wants more "elbow room" for developing his natural powers, can do no wiser thing than getting a line on possibilities in selling. No work that I know of is better paid or more enjoyable.

Salesmanship is the kind of work that is productive. The man who gets the orders is the man who gets the money. Other lines of work are what are termed "non-productive" and if an employer hates to pay for anything, it is for non-productive work. Every time a little increase in salary is given, it simply adds that much to the expense. In selling it is different. The salesman gets orders and every time he gets an order, it means a profit to his firm.

In salesmanship a man's value is determined absolutely by himself. It does not depend on another man's whim. If the salesman is successful, he has got to be paid big money, or some other concern will grab him, and an employer is always anxious to keep a star salesman, because star salesmen are scarce.

One of the things that I learned about salesmanship was, that as soon as a man knows how to sell he can go out and sell anything. He has a profession—a trade. The secrets of selling are fundamental. The man who can sell hardware or groceries, or any of the staple lines, can go out and sell stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate, or any of the special lines, because the same principles that apply in selling groceries also apply in selling insurance or anything else.

The same motives that induce a man to buy one thing will induce another man to buy another thing. We have got to make certain appeals either to the customer's love of profit—to the customer's vanity—to the customer's desire for comfort, and to many other motives. As soon as you have learned the human motives and the kind of sales talk that impels action, you have learned the fundamental secrets of selling.

The trouble with most salesmen is that they go about it blindly. They think a knowledge of merchandise is

about all they need. Yet a number of men who have been with concerns all their lives are failures at selling, simply because they do not know the basic, underlying reasons that produce the sales reaction in the customer's mind.

For example, there are certain ways to get an audience—certain ways to open a sales talk in order to get a man's undivided interest—certain ways to make a man eager to know just

what your story is without seeming to force yourself upon him—certain ways to act to get a man to act at once instead of putting you off—certain ways of knowing when to stop talking, and certain definite principles of overcoming every possible objection that may arise in the process of making a sale.

Many salesmen after years of experience learn some of these principles by instinct. Some salesmen go along for years and never learn these principles. The most successful salesmen in the country, however, observe these principles whether they realize it or not. How much better it is to begin right at the start with a full knowledge of these rules and principles! That is what I did and that is why I was successful right from the start. Joe did not do it from the beginning and was a failure. As soon as he acquired a knowledge of these selling secrets he became a success.

Joe and I went to headquarters where we wanted to learn how to sell. We took the Course in Salesmanship issued by the National Salesmen's Training Association, and we have them to thank for our success. We might have floundered around for years without getting anywhere if it had not been for the sales instruction they gave us. The course is based on the experience of many of the biggest and most highly-paid salesmen in the country and is boiled down, classified and arranged, so that it is easy to understand and easy to get the most out of. The course is given entirely by mail, so that you can study it in your spare time in your own home. The free employment division of the Association is at your disposal in helping you to find a position, either as a city or travelling salesman, to your liking—they have constantly on file more applications for positions than they can possibly fill.

I suggest that you write to the National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 60R, Chicago, Ill., for the same information that Joe and I got when we wrote. There never was a time in the history of the country that salesmen could make as much money as now. People have more money than ever before. They are buying more things than ever before, and a salesman's job is easier to-day than ever before if he knows how to sell. It is not necessary to write a letter. Just mail the coupon below or a post card to-day. This one move may change the whole course of your life. I am making this statement in further appreciation of what the Association did for me. Do not put this important matter off, but write to-day.

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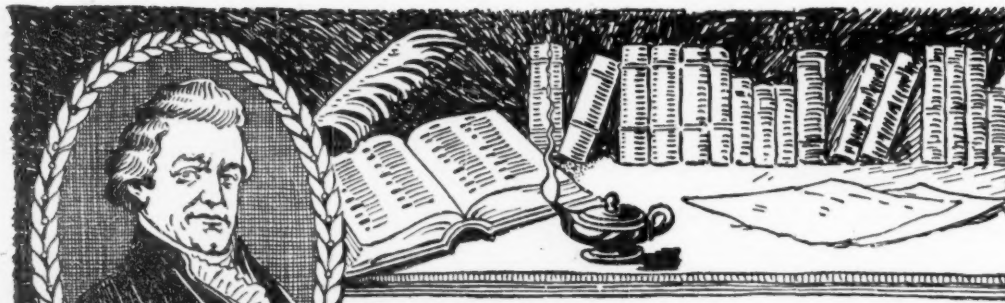
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Webster On "Morale"

MORALE (Mo-ral) *n.* (F. See Moral, *a*) the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.



THAT is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the commonplace happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was their private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

The Gillette Safety Razor enters as much into the morale of every-day life as it did into that of the trenches. It helped our soldiers to maintain their confidence and bearing. It will do the same for you. The Gillette Safety Razor makes the daily shave come easy—there is no pulling or scraping—no honing, or stropping—just five minutes of perfect shaving comfort. And, afterwards, a chin that tells of morale and self-respect. Sold at most stores catering to men's needs.



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tall—I had to tilt my chin quite painfully to look up at him—and from the loose collar of his silk shirt his throat rose like a column. His skin was a beautiful clear pink and white just tinged with tan—like a meringue that has been in the oven for two minutes exactly. He had a straight, chiseled profile and his hair was thick and chestnut and wavy and he had clear sea-gray eyes. To give him at once his full name and titles, he was the Honorable Cuthbert Patrick Ruthmore Vane, of High Staunton Manor, Kent, England. But as I was ignorant of this, I can truthfully say that his looks stunned me purely on their own merits.

Outwardly calm, I replied, "Yes, it's too bad, but then who ever dreamed that Aunt Jane would go adventuring at her time of life? I thought nobody over the age of thirteen, and then boys, ever went treasure hunting."

"Ah, but lads of thirteen couldn't well come such a distance on their own, you know," returned Apollo, with the kindest air of making allowance for the female intellect.

I hurriedly turned the subject.

"I really can't imagine Aunt Jane on a desert island. You should see her behave on the mere suspicion of a mouse! What will she do if she meets a cannibal and he tries to eat her?"

"Oh, really, now," argued the paragon earnestly, "I'm quite sure there's no danger of that, don't you know? I believe there are no natives at all on the island, or else quite tame ones, I forget which, and here are four of us chaps, with no end of revolvers and things—shooting-irons, as you call them in America. Mr. Shaw—sitting opposite Miss Browne, you know—is rather running things, so if you feel nervous you should talk to him. Was with the South Polar Expedition and all that—knows no end about this sort of thing—wouldn't for a moment think of letting ladies run the risk of being eaten. Really I hope you aren't in a funk about the cannibals—especially as with so many missionary Johnnies about they are most likely all converted."

"It's so comforting to think of it in that light!" I said fervently. At the same time I peeped around Apollo for a glimpse of the experienced Mr. Shaw. I saw a strong-featured, weather-beaten profile, the face of a man somewhere in his thirties, and looking, from this side view at least, not only stern but grim. He was talking quietly to the captain, whose manner toward him was almost civil.

I made up my mind at once that the backbone of the party, and inevitably the leader in its projected villainies, whatever they might be, was this rugged-looking Mr. Shaw. You couldn't fancy him as a misled follower of anybody, even the terrific Violet.

As it seemed an unpropitious moment for taking counsel with Mr. Shaw about cannibals, I tried another tack with the beautiful youth at my side.

"How did you like Panama? I fancy the old town is very picturesque."

"Oh, rather!" assented Mr. Vane. "At least, that is what those painter chaps call it—met a couple of 'em at the hotel. Beastly little narrow streets and houses in a shocking state and all that. I like to see property kept up, myself."

"I am afraid," I said severely, "that you are a Philistine!"

He blinked a little. "Ah—quite so!" he murmured, recovering himself gallantly. "One of those chaps that backed Goliath against David, what?"

From this conversational impasse we were rescued by the interposition of the gentleman opposite, whose small twinkling eyes had been taking me in with intentness.

"I did some flittin' about that little old burg on my own hook," he informed us, "and what I got to say is, it needs wakin' up. Yes, sir, a bunch of live ones from the U.S.A. would shake up that little old graveyard so you wouldn't know it. I might have took a hand in it myself, if I hadn't have met up with Miss Browne and your a'nt. Yes, sir, I had a slick little proposition or two up my sleeve. Backed by some of the big-

gest capital in the U.S.A.—in fact, there's a bunch of fellers up there in God's country that's pretty sore on old H. H. for passin' things up this way. Kep' the wires hummin' for two-three days, till they seen I wasn't to be switched, and then the Old Man himself—no use mentionin' names, but I guess you know who I mean—Wall Street would quick enough, anyway—the Old Man himself threatened to put his yacht in commission and come down to find out what sort of little game H. H. was playin' on him. But I had done like Br'er Rabbit—jes lay low. Hamilton H. Tubbs knows a good thing when he sees it about as quick as the next one—and he knows enough to keep mum about it too!"

"None can appreciate more profoundly than myself your ability to maintain that reserve so necessary to the success of this expedition," remarked Miss Browne weightily from the far end of the table. "It is to be wished that other members of our party, though tenderly esteemed, and never more than now when weakness of body temporarily overpowers strength of soul, had shared your powers of secrecy!"

This shaft was aimed quite obviously at me, and as at the moment I could think of nothing in reply short of hurling a plate I sank into a silence which seemed to be contagious, for it spread throughout the table. Three or four rough-looking men, of whom one, a certain Captain Magnus, belonged to our party and the rest to the ship, continued vigorously to hack their way through the meal with clattering knives and forks. Of other sounds there were none. Such gloom weighed heavily on the genial spirit of Mr. Tubbs, and he lightened it by rising to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to her now unfortunately laid low by the pangs of mal de mer—our friend and boney dear, Miss Harding!"

This was bewildering, for neither by friends nor foe could Aunt Jane be called boney. Later, in the light of Mr. Tubbs's passion for classical allusion, I decided to translate it *bona dea*, and consider the family complimented. At the moment I sat stunned, but Miss Browne, with greater self-possession, majestically inclined her head and said: "In the name of our absent friend, I thank you."

In spite of wistful looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the allurements of a tropic moon, I remained constant to duty and Aunt Jane, and immersed myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enlivening evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I mentioned Cuthbert Vane, and raised her head to murmur that he was Honorable and she understood though not the heir still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence—

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman broke his neck in an obliging manner riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

III

I was fortunate that I slept well in my narrow berth on board the Rufus Smith, for the next day was one of trial. Aunt Jane had recovered what Mr. Tubbs, with deprecating coughs behind his hand, alluded to as her sea-legs, and staggered forth wanly, leaning on the arm of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Yes, of Miss Browne, while I, Aunt Jane's own niece, trotted meekly in the rear with a cushion. Already I had begun to realize how fatally I had underrated the lady of the hyphen, in imagining I had only to come and see and conquer Aunt Jane. The grim and boney one had made hay while the sun shone—while I was idling in California, and those criminally supine cousins were allowing Aunt Jane to run about New York at her own wild will. Miss Higglesby-Browne had her own collar and tag on Aunt Jane now, while she, so complete was her perversion, fairly hugged her slavery and called it freedom. Yes, she talked about her Eman-

cipation and her Soul-force and her Individuality, prattling away like a child that has learned its lesson well.

"Mercy, aunty, what long words!" I tried gaily, sitting down beside her and patting her hand. Usually I can do anything with her when I pet her up a bit. But the eye of Miss Higglesby-Browne was on her—and Aunt Jane actually drew a little away.

"Really, Virginia," she said, feebly endeavoring to rise to the occasion as she knew Miss Browne would have her rise, "really, while it's very nice to see you and all that, still I hope you realize that I have had a—n deep Soul-experience, and that I am no longer to be—trifled with and—treated as if I were—amusing. I am really at a loss to imagine why you came. I wrote you that I was in the company of *trusted friends*."

"Friends?" I echoed aggrievedly. "Friends are all very well, of course, but when you and I have just each other, aunty, I think it is unkind of you to expect me to stay thousands of miles away from you all by myself."

"But it was you who sent me to New York and insisted on my staying there!" she cried. Evidently she had been living over her wrongs.

"Yes—but how different!" I interrupted hastily. "There were the cousins—of course I have to spare you sometimes to the rest of the family!" Aunt Jane is strong on family feeling, and frequently reproaches me with my lack of it.

But in expecting Aunt Jane to soften at this I reckoned without Miss Higglesby-Browne. A dart from the cold gray eyes galvanized my aunt into a sudden rigid erectness.

"My dear Virginia," she said with quavering security, "let me remind you that there are ties even dearer than those of blood—soul-affinities, you know, and—and, in short, in my dear friend Miss Higglesby-Browne I have met for the first time in my life with a—*Sympathetic Intelligence* that understands me!"

So that was Violet's line! I surveyed the *Sympathetic Intelligence* with a smiling interest.

"Really, how nice! And of course you feel quite sure that on your side you thoroughly understand—Miss Higglesby-Browne?"

Miss Browne's hair was rather like a clothes-brush in her mildest moods. In her rising wrath it seemed to quiver like a lion's mane.

"Miss Harding," she said, in the chest-tones she reserved for critical moments, "has a nature impossible to deceive, because itself incapable of deception. Miss Harding and I first met—on this present plane—in an atmosphere unusually favorable to soul-revelation. I knew at once that here was the appointed comrade, while in Miss Harding there was the immediate recognition of a complementary spiritual force."

"It's perfectly true, Virginia," exclaimed Aunt Jane, beginning to cry. "You and Susan and everybody have always treated me as if I were a child and didn't know what I wanted, when the fact is I always have known *perfectly well*!" The last words issued in a wail from the depths of her handkerchief.

"You mean, I suppose," I exploded, "that what you have always wanted was to go off on this perfectly crazy chase after imaginary treasure!" There, now I had gone and done it. Of course it was my red hair.

"Jane," uttered Miss Higglesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "do you or do you not realize how strangely prophetic were the warnings I gave you from the first—that if you revealed our plans malignant Influences would be brought to bear? Be strong, Jane—cling to the Dynamic Thought!"

"I'm clinging!" sniffed Aunt Jane, dabbing away her tears. I never saw anyone get so pink about the eyes and nose at the smallest sign of weeping, and yet she is always doing it. "Really, Virginia," she broke out in a whimper, "it is not kind to say, I suppose, but I would just as soon you hadn't come! Just when I was learning

Continued on page 110

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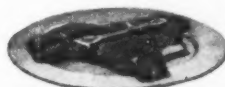
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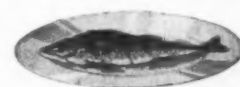
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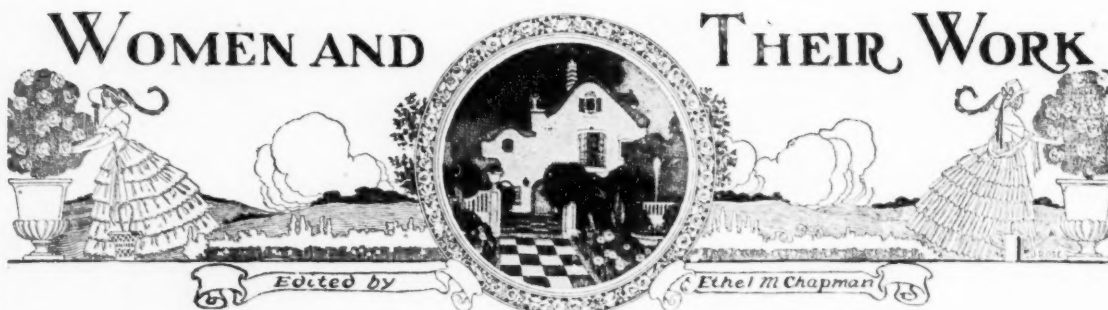
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What Next?



THE AUTHOR OF ANNE

THERE is one heroine of Canadian fiction who will never be criticized as exotic or lacking in inspiration—the winsome, gingery, red-headed girl who grew up through "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne of the Island" and blossomed into full womanhood two years ago in "Anne's House of Dreams." As an ideal for the young womanhood of the country she has a place all her own, this girl of imagination and wit and dreams, strangely combined with practical common sense, to whom the blossoming cherry-tree outside her window was a "Snow Queen" and the pond across the flats "The Lake of Shining Waters," who found in the woods of silver birches a realm of "kindred spirits" and who could keep house and teach school and help most efficiently in the bringing up of two very human waifs of children. No wonder mothers want their daughters to read the Anne books.

From the first appearance of "Anne of Green Gables" the books "caught on." This winter Anne is going to appear in the movies. The scenario rights to the four books, "Ann of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Chronicles of Avonlea," and "Anne of the Island" have been bought by the Famous Play-



L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Chronicles of the Orchard," "The Golden Road," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Rainbow Valley," etc.

ers—Lasky Corporation. A Canadian movie with the quaint and beautiful setting of the farms and orchards of Prince Edward Island, written by a Canadian author! We have been waiting for this for a long time. But the author herself, now the wife of Rev. Macdonald, the Presbyterian minister at Leaskdale and the mother of two sturdy, quick-brained little boys, doesn't seem to consider it an event of more

importance than the next church christening.

IT has been said that in the first two Anne books, Miss Montgomery drew from the experiences of her own life. Certainly Anne got her imagination from no one else, but it is not the author's own story. "My places are real places," she says, "but my people are imaginary." They have certain points in common, however. Miss Montgomery's mother died before she was two years old and she went to live with her grandmother, which no doubt gave her her sympathetic understanding of Anne's little problems in a home with only elderly people. What she lacked in the way of companionship with other children, however, seems to have been more than made up by a natural environment uniquely fitted to inspire the imagination.

Her home was on a farm near Cavendish on the north shore of the Island and she says "Tourists who travel by train through the Island have no idea of the beauty of its scenery because they do not see the north shore." She has in her home several striking pictures of the rocks and beaches along this coast, one of particular interest being a painting of the sand dunes along a favorite bathing beach—one of the finest bath-



"Lover's Lane," which is featured in all the Anne books, and which is really the place where Miss Montgomery wandered off in the evenings to "think out" her stories.

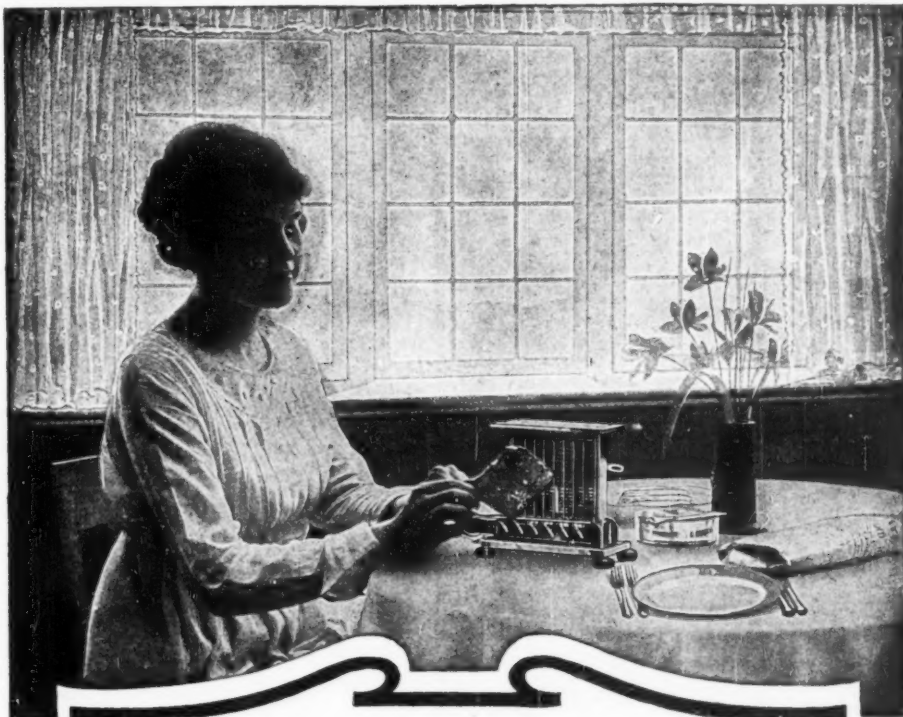
Above at the right is her grandfather's farm home, where she spent her childhood and girlhood.



The Macdonald boys are sturdy, quick-brained boys, growing up in as natural an outdoor life as fostered their mother's imagination and wholesomeness.

Below at the left is the old Presbyterian Church at Cavendish, which Miss Montgomery attended in her girlhood, and where she met the Rev. Macdonald.

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ing beaches in the world, by the way—where the winds had cupped out a hollow that, as children, they used for a dressing-room.

It is not surprising that she loves the sea. "When I was a child," she says, "I practically lived at the shore during the mackerel fishing season. My grandfather, like all the other farmers around, had a fishing-boat, and from the time the mackerel came in till the end of the season, the men would get up at four o'clock in the morning and go down to the sea. At seven o'clock we children would take their breakfast to them. If the fishing was particularly good they would sometimes stay all day and we would bring all their meals and spend the intervals between wading in the surf and climbing over the rocks. . . I get homesick for the sea sometimes yet."

YET with all her fondness for the outdoors we gather that little Maud must have been "a dark and eerie child," wandering off by herself to commune with imaginary people or revelling in whatever books were available and already creating her own little stories. "I can imagine," she says, "what it would be to be a drunkard for reading. Fortunately my English grandmother saw to it that I did the practical things as well. There were no lending libraries on the Island at that time and our library at home was a rather unusual collection to satisfy the reading tastes of a child. We had full sets of Dickens, Scott and all the poets; Pilgrim's Progress and Paradise Lost, which I was allowed to read on Sundays; E. P. Roe's stories, admitted because of their religious setting, and the Pansy books. Personally I was fond of boys' books, adventure and anything dramatic. I don't think I would have liked the kind of books I write."

But neither her early reading nor her picturesque surroundings can be wholly responsible for her literary gifts. Dreamers and writers are born as well as made, and it is not surprising that she is a direct descendant of one of the lesser Scottish poets, the Hector MacNeill who wrote "Come Under My Plaidie," "Saw Ye My Wee Thing, Saw Ye My Ain Thing?" and "I Lo'e Ne'er a Laddie But Oae." She also had a great-uncle—one of the undiscovered poets who composed verse which those who remember it appreciate now as real poetry. Unfortunately he never put his compositions on paper. He created

them as he worked about his little Prince Edward Island farm, and at night recited them to the children while



Left centre—Rev. Macdonald and his boys are good pals.

Right centre—Mrs. Macdonald with a little P.E.I. girl chum.

Top—A North Shore scene, P.E.I. The centre picture shows the end view of the old home with the gable window, where Miss Montgomery's first four books were written.

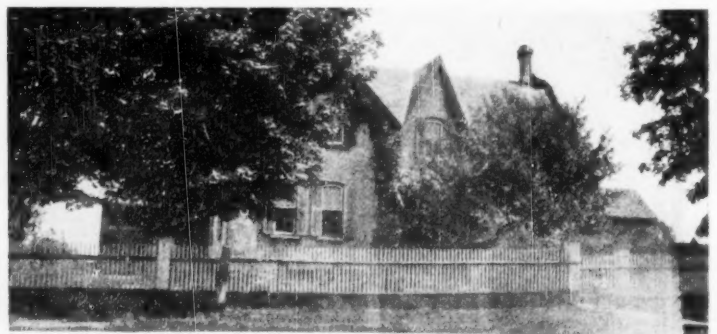
Below is a backyard scene from the old farmstead.

they sat around a sugar kettle hung over a fire in the yard where he boiled potatoes for his pigs.

When she grew up, Miss Montgomery taught school for three years. She was already writing stories and this was probably when she did her hardest work, getting up at five o'clock in the morning and writing till seven. "And on winter mornings before the fire had warmed the farm house through, it was some chore," she admits. Later she spent one winter at newspaper work in Halifax, but at the death of her grandfather she went home to be with her grandmother. Perhaps this was a fortunate thing as it led her to give all her time to story writing.

"The first story I was ever paid for," she says, "was published in 'Golden Days,' a Philadelphia magazine which has since gone under. I don't know whether my stories killed it or not. They gave me five dollars and I have never been so rich in my life. I had had stories published before this and had received subscriptions to the magazines. It was while I was making my living writing short stories that I sneaked in time to do 'Anne of Green Gables' just to please myself. I believe that was the reason for its spontaneity. Five times I sent it out and five times it was

Continued on page 106



The Manse at Leaskdale, Mrs. Macdonald's present home.

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Your Daughter's Vocation

Household Science—The Oldest Profession for Women

The first of a series of articles on choosing a girl's vocation.

THERE are certain common questions in the mind of every girl who looks forward to what we used to call a "career," or to even a year or two of wage-earning between school and marriage. Concerning the choice of a vocation, she asks: "Am I suited to it?" "Can I do it well and will I be happy doing it?"—for no thinking girl is satisfied with a calling that does not occupy her heart as well as her head and her hands. "What technical preparation is required and how much will it cost?"



By
ETHEL CHAPMAN

"Is it overcrowded or is there any chance of advancement?" "Does it afford opportunities for self-development and is it of service to the community?" For the girl who considers a vocation seriously usually has a social conscience. And if she thinks a little further she will also ask: "If I am married, will it make me a better homemaker and wife and mother?" This last isn't so limiting as it sounds, because whatever makes a girl a broader, finer woman will make her a better homemaker and a better wife and mother.

It was, of course, with the idea of training girls for home life that household science was given a place on the curriculum of girls' schools and colleges. During the last few years, however, the growing demand from a hundred outside sources for women so trained, has given this oldest occupation for women a professional importance beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic of technical educationists. Hospitals are calling for qualified dietitians; public institutions and residence colleges want housekeepers with a scientific understanding of their work; high-class hotels and restaurants are offering alluring salaries for supervisors and buyers; commercial firms, manufacturers of food products are asking for household science graduates for demonstrators and for laboratory work; people want to have their girls taught domestic science from the public school up, so there is a growing demand for teachers for schools, girls' colleges and for special short courses in outlying places. And while these positions are being filled steadily, each year has among its graduates some girl who goes out and tries some new trail, for the alluring thing about a household science training is that it gives the girl of initiative and imagination a key to an endless variety of new fields.

NOT all the girls who take the Household Science Teacher's training, expecting to teach straight domestic science in a public school, go back to the public school, though there is perhaps no phase of the work more worth while than guiding the rank and file of the girls of the country, some of whom will never have any other training in housekeeping before they go into homes of their own, into some skill in housework and some understanding and love of homemaking. The public school household science teacher sees returns for her work in every trig new home beaming forth on the streets of the suburbs, in every marriage announcement in the daily papers, and thanks to the progressive instincts of Canadians, the demand for household science in public schools is growing in every

province. Other graduates are teaching in technical schools and private schools and colleges for girls, in the agricultural schools of Alberta, in Normal schools and agricultural colleges. Some of these teacher graduates are not only teaching household science but are heads of Home Economics departments in the agricultural colleges. The province of Saskatchewan has a woman superintendent of Household Science in its Department of Education. It is a household science teacher

who is superintendent of Home Economics for the Soldiers' Settlement Board; the same woman was formerly principal of a ladies' college. A number of girls are doing extension work for the agricultural colleges and Departments of Agriculture of the different provinces, taking their charts and cooking kits and traveling to the farthest villages of the district, to demonstrate bread-making and canning and balanced meals and infant feeding and what-not that the woman who has never had household science included in her education might want to know.

Only the university girl who takes her H.Sc. degree can teach in a university or in some of the colleges. A two-year course or the one-year professional teacher's course given at the colleges affiliated with a university gives the standing required for any of the other positions mentioned. A great many graduates from these one and two year courses later take post graduate work and get their degrees.

Salaries for Household Science teachers in Canada run from six hundred dollars for the easiest of public school work to eighteen hundred dollars for the more responsible positions, and the cost of the training is not prohibitive. At one of the best residence colleges of Household Economics in the Dominion the books, fees, board and everything for the two-years' course could be covered by five hundred dollars.

VERY often, however, the girl with the best endowments and foundation training for household science, homemaking and all the related arts and crafts and 'osophies has not the necessary academic education to enter the teachers' class. Neither does she want to teach housekeeping; she wants to do it and to make her living thereby. She has had practical experience in housework and managing a home in her own family. Perhaps it has been necessary for her to do this when she otherwise would have been learning a vocation of her own and at twenty-five or over circumstances have just made it possible for her to do something for herself; perhaps she has "played around" when she might have been in training and has just awakened to the necessity or desire to do something. For this girl the same residence college, the Macdonald Institute, offers a most attractive and practical Housekeeper Course—a two-year course which can also be covered for the reasonable sum of five hundred dollars, and the Superintendent says: "If a woman has personality, and social experience, with some culture, home experience and a fair education, it would pay her to borrow the money. We can place that type

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MONTREAL



of woman as fast as we can get her." In fact this college wasn't able to fill half the calls that came in for housekeepers and dietitians this year.

The Housekeeper Course tends especially to fit a woman for institutional housekeeping and dietitian work. Graduates are now employed as housekeeper and dietitians in general hospitals, military hospitals and soldiers' convalescent homes, though the numbers that have married from these latter institutions during the last three years has thinned the ranks considerably.

Miss McAdams, M.P.P., the soldiers' representative in Alberta, was a housekeeper graduate who went overseas as a dietitian. They are also in steady demand for matron housekeeper, "house mother" or whatever the woman may be called who makes a home of a college residence, a Y.W.C.A. or other girls' boarding house, a House of Refuge, a Boys' Home or a Woman's Club. The matron in one Canadian asylum for the insane gets a salary of two thousand dollars and her living. One graduate is employed as matron in the woman's residence in connection with a large factory in Ontario. Another is secretary and manager of a Toronto Ladies' Club. The same girl, before the war, went to England and conducted a training school for girls who were coming to Canada to go into domestic service. Another is managing a Community Canning Kitchen. Several are working as Y.W.C.A. Secretaries. A number are employed steadily or temporarily as demonstration-lecturers in the extension work of the Department of Agriculture or the agricultural colleges of the various provinces. The commercial field has taken a few in such lines as flour testing for the great milling companies, buying for hotels and restaurants, or running tea-rooms and cafeterias. Occupational therapy work in military hospitals and social service work have appealed to others. Her college training is of course as invaluable as it is indispensable in any of these lines, but the fact that she is trained gives the girl a standing which admits her to places where she could never go without it. Housekeeper graduates are possibly a little better

paid than teachers, the salaries running from five hundred dollars with living, to as high as two thousand.

For the girl with a gift for leadership, a zeal for the good of humanity, and the right executive ability, a household science training opens the way to some most interesting and valuable social service work. This field has not been very largely developed in Canada yet, but it has already attracted notice and should have a glorious future ahead. A household science graduate is superintendent of a settlement in a foreign district of a Western city. When the 'flu epidemic broke out last fall, she organized the whole district, superintended the equipping of a hospital and the operation of a soup kitchen, and the settlement house became the place of refuge for the whole community. The city hasn't forgotten it yet. In a less spectacular way girls who teach during the day are giving real Christian service in going to the down-town mothers' meetings and girls' clubs at night, trying to show how best to make the scant family income cope with the swelling food prices, how to make a stew and cut out a dress and feed a baby.

As for what a Household Science education will do for the girl herself, it is one of the few professions of which the criticism cannot be made that it "leads away from the home." The girl who likes homemaking well enough to take it up as a profession, will be all the more enthusiastic afterwards over the making and keeping of her own home. She won't find the cooking of meals monotonous because she will know that it is the work of a dietitian, a chemist and an artist—a work worth while because it means the intelligent physical building of human beings. She won't find housekeeping a work of drudgery because she will know how to apply to the commonest tasks the science and mechanics and the architectural wisdom that belong to every other dignified craft. And she will be proud of her cooking, the management of her nursery, the simple, artistic beauty of her house. As a training for living Household Science is the safest risk in the list of girls' vocations.

The second article of the series will be "If She Wants to Be a Doctor."

The Author of Anne

Continued from page 104

returned. The last publisher wrote: "Our reader has found some merit in it but not enough to warrant publication." This 'damning with faint praise' was the last straw. I put the story away and left it for a while. One day at housecleaning time I brought it out again and looked it over. As girl's stuff, I thought, that's not too bad, and I tried again. I had an alphabetical list of publishers, had tried everything that seemed possible down to the P's, so I sent it to Page and it was accepted.

"Kilmeny of the Orchard" had been written before this and published as a serial in the American Housekeeper, another defunct magazine. When it appeared in book form one critic wrote that it was obviously a product of the pride of authorship hurriedly gotten out to sell on the merits of the other.

Two years later "Anne of Avonlea" was published. It was about this time that Miss Montgomery was married to the Rev. Macdonald, and came to the manse at Leaskdale. Mr. Macdonald had formerly been the minister in her home church at Cavendish. "Chronicles of Avonlea" had been written before her marriage but was not published until after. Since coming to Ontario she has written "The Golden Road," "Anne of the Island," "Anne's House of Dreams," and her latest book "Rainbow Valley" went on the book stands in August.

"I think I'll always write of the Island," she says. And one only needs to hear her talk of the Island, and to see the relics from the Island that she treasures in her Ontario home, to know that her first love has left a lasting impression. She has paintings of "The Lake of Shining Waters" and "The Lover's Lane," which figures especially in "Anne of Avonlea," and which was really the place where the author used to wander out in the evenings to

"think out" her stories ready for writing the next morning.

But we prophesy that some day Mrs. Macdonald will write a shore story with an individuality and color quite an appealing as that of the Anne books. She has a wealth of legend and story of the coast life, for the quiet little island has had its sea tragedies as well as its romances by land. There was "the great American storm of 1851," and she says "If you, have ever seen a storm in the Gulf you'll never forget it. It has a bite and a tang that no land storm could possibly have. At this time American fishing vessels used to come into the gulf for mackerel. This particular storm drove hundreds of these vessels onto the north coast, and for weeks afterwards the men of the Island gathered the bodies from the shore and buried them in the Cavendish churchyard. Many of the graves are there to this day, nameless and unknown."

The author of Anne does not devote herself entirely to the making of books. She is a woman of personal charm and winsomeness, as broad-minded and practical as she is imaginative, with a keen sense of humor, happy in the keeping of her home and the interests of the parish. She is a mother who mothers her children personally; they have always been considered better than her books. When she has efficient help in the house she locks herself in her room and writes for two hours every morning; at other times she does her own housekeeping with the skill and despatch of a woman trained to it. She even takes her knitting with her on her pastoral visits; it was soldiers' socks during the war, and since then she has nearly completed a bed spread of the kind you expect to find in some old mahogany, lavender-scented spare bedroom. She is just about what you would expect the author of Anne to be.

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W. K. Kellogg

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SPANISH DOUBLOONS

Continued from page 101

to expand my individuality—and then you come and somehow make it seem so much more difficult!"

I rose. "Very well, Aunt Jane," I said coldly. "Expand all you like. When you get to the bursting point I'll do my best to save the pieces. For the present I suppose I had better leave you to company so much more favorable to your soul development!" And I walked away with my head in the air.

It was so much in the air, and the deck of the Rufus Smith was so unstable, that I fell over a coil of rope and fetched up in the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Fortunately this occurred around the corner of the deck-house, out of sight of my aunt and Miss Browne, so the latter was unable to shed the lurid light on the episode which she doubtless would if she had seen it. Mr. Vane stood the shock well and promptly set me on my feet.

"I say!" he exclaimed sympathetically, "not hurt, are you? Beastly nuisance, you know, these ropes lying about—regular man-traps, I call 'em."

"Thanks, I'm quite all right," I said, and as I spoke two large genuine tears welled up into my eyes. I hadn't realized till I felt them smarting on my eyelids how deeply hurt I was at the unnatural behavior of Aunt Jane.

"Ah—I'm afraid you are really not quite all right!" returned the Honorable Cuthbert with profound concern. "Tell me what's the matter—please do!"

I shook my head. "It's nothing—you couldn't help me. It's just—Aunt Jane."

"Your aunt? Has she been kicking up a bit? I thought she looked rather a mild sort."

"Oh—mild! That's just it—so mild that she has let this awful Higgleby-Browne person get possession of her, body and soul."

"Oh, I say, aren't you a bit rough on Miss Browne? Thought she was rather remarkable old party—goes in strong for intellect and all that, you know."

"That's just what fooled Aunt Jane so—but I thought a man would know better." My feathers were ruffled again.

"Well, fact is, I'm not so much up in that sort of thing myself," he admitted modestly. "Rather took her word for it and all that, you know. There's Shaw, though—cleverest chap going, I assure you. I rather fancy Miss Browne couldn't pull the wool over his eyes much."

"She evidently did, though," I said snappishly, "since he's let her rope him in for such a wild goose chase as this!" In my heart I felt convinced that the clever Mr. Shaw was merely Miss Browne's partner in imposture.

"Oh, really, now, Miss Harding, you don't think it's that—that the thing's all moonshine?" He stared at me in grieved surprise.

"Why, what else can it be?" I demanded, driven by my wrongs to the cruelty of shattering his illusions. "Who ever heard of a pirate's treasure that wasn't moonshine? The moment I had read Aunt Jane's letter telling of the perfectly absurd business she was setting out on I rushed down by the first boat. Of course I meant to take her back with me, to put a stop to all this madness; but I was too late—and you're glad of it, I dare say!"

"I can't help being glad, you know," he replied, the color rising to his ingenuous cheeks. "It's so frightfully jolly having you along. Only I'm sorry you came against your will. Rather fancy you had it in your head that we were a band of cut-throats, eh? Well, the fact is I don't know much about the two chaps Miss Browne picked up, though I expect they are a very decent sort. That odd fish, Captain Magnus, now—he was quite Miss Browne's own find, I assure you. And as to old H. H. Tubbs, you know, Miss Browne met up with him on the boat coming down. The rum old chap got on her soft side somehow, and first thing she had appointed him secretary and treasurer—as though

we were a meeting or something. Shaw was quite a bit upset about it. He and I were a week later in arriving—came straight on from England with the supplies, while Miss Browne fixed things up with the little black-and-tan country that owns the island. I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw no end when you know him—he's such a wonderfully clever chap!"

I had no wish to blight his faith in the superlative Mr. Shaw, and said nothing. This evidently pained him, and as we stood leaning on the rail in the shadow of the deck-house, watching the

blue water slide by, he continued to sound the praises of his idol. It seemed that as soon as Miss Browne had beguiled Aunt Jane into financing her scheme—a feat equivalent to robbing an infant-class scholar of his Sunday school nickel—she had cast about for a worthy leader for the forthcoming Harding-Browne expedition. All the winds of fame were bearing abroad just then the name of a certain young explorer who had lately added another continent or two to the British Empire. Linked with his were other names, those of his fellow adventurers, which shone

only less brightly than that of their chief. One Dugald Shaw had been among the great man's most trusted lieutenants, but now, on the organizing of the second expedition, he was left behind in London, only half recovered of a wound received in the Antarctic. The look of a block and tackle had caught him, ripped his forehead open from cheek to temple, and for a time threatened the sight of the eye. Slowly, under the care of the London surgeons, he had recovered, and the eye was saved. Meanwhile his old companions had taken again the path of glory, and were

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See page 109
far on their way back to the ice-fields of the South Pole. Only Dugald Shaw was left behind.

"And so," the even voice flowed on, "when I ran on to him in London he was feeling fearfully low, I do assure you. A chap of his sort naturally hates to think he's on the shelf. I had known him since I was a little 'un, when we used to go to Scotland for our holiday, and he would be home from sea and staying with his cousin at the manse. He'd make us boats and spin all sorts of yarns, and we thought him a bigger man than the admiral of the fleet.

"Well, old Shaw was fancying there was nothing for it but to go back to his place with the P. & O., which seemed a

bit flat after what he'd been having, and meant he would never get beyond being the captain of a liner, and not that for a good many years to come, when a cable came from this Miss Higglesby-Browne offering him command of this expedition. As neither of us had ever heard of Miss Higglesby-Browne, we were both a bit floored for a time. But Shaw smoked a pipe on it, and then he said 'Old chap, if they'll give me my figure, I'm their man.' And I said, 'Quite so, old chap, and I'll go along, too.'

"I had to argue quite a bit, but in the end the dear old boy let me come—after wiring the pater and what not. And I do assure you, Miss Harding, it strikes me as no end of a lark—besides ex-

pecting it to put old Shaw on his feet and give us hatfuls of money all round."

Well, it was a plausible story, and I had no doubt, so far as the Honorable Cuthbert was concerned, an absolutely truthful one. The beautiful youth was manifestly as guileless as a small boy playing pirate with a wooden sword. But as to Mr. Shaw, who could tell that it hadn't after all been a trumped-up affair between Miss Browne and him—that his surprise at the message was not assumed to throw dust in the eyes of his young and trusting friends? Are even the most valiant adventurers invariably honest? Left behind by his companions because of his injury, his chance of an enduring fame

cut off, with no prospects but those of an officer on an ocean liner, might he not lend a willing ear to a scheme for plucking a fat and willing pigeon? So great was my faith in Aunt Jane's gullibility, so dark my distrust of Miss Browne, that all connected with the enterprise lay under the cloud of my suspicion. The Honorable Mr. Vane I had already so far exculpated as to wonder if he were not in some way being victimized too; but Mr. Shaw, after even a casual glimpse of him, one couldn't picture as a victim. I felt that he must have gone into the enterprise with his eyes open to its absurdity, and fully aware that the only gold to be won by anybody must come out of the pocket of Aunt Jane.

As these reflections passed through my mind I looked up and saw the subject of them approaching. He lifted his helmet, but met my eyes unsmilingly, with a sort of sober scrutiny. He had the tanned skin of a sailor, and brown hair cropped close and showing a trace of gray. This and a certain dour grim look he had made me at first consider him quite middle-aged, though I knew later that he was not yet thirty-five. As to the grimness, perhaps I unwillingly conceded, part of it was due to the scar which seamed the right temple to the eyebrow, in a straight livid line. But it was a grim face anyway, strong-jawed, with piercing steel-blue eyes.

He was welcomed by Mr. Vane with a joyous thump on the shoulder-blade. "I say, old man, Miss Harding has turned out to be the most fearful doubting Thomas—thinks whole scheme quite mad and all that sort of thing. I'm far too great a duffer to convert her, but perhaps you might, don't you know?"

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own.

"And indeed it is too bad," he said coolly, "that the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking." The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on which side of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty manner, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard of out of a story-book." Harsher terms had sprung first to my lips, but had somehow failed to get beyond them.

"Ah—yet the world would be the poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning-flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me a little under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him!" Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly. There was a kind of still force about this mastered anger of the dour Scot, like the brooding of black clouds that at any moment may send forth their devastating fire. Yet I myself was not endowed with red hair for nothing.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said."

My head went up.

"Bitter, perhaps," I flung back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

To be continued



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PROMINENT SPEAKERS—LIVE SUBJECTS

In advance of the definitive programme in the form in which it will be issued at the time of the Conference, the Convening Committee announces that the following items are definitely assured:

- 1—Salutatory Addresses—By His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and His Worship C. F. Gray, Winnipeg.
- 2—"The Lessons of the War for Canadian Education," Hon. Dr. Cody, Minister of Education, Ontario.
- 3—"The School and the Development of Moral Purpose," Dr. Theodore Soares, Professor of Religious Education, University of Chicago.
- 4—"The Development of a National Character Through Education," Sir Robert Falconer, President University of Toronto.
- 5—"The Essential Factors of Education," Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Ontario Department of Education.
- 6—"The Boy Scout Movement as an Auxiliary to the School in Moral Training," Dr. James W. Robertson, Dominion Commissioner of the Boy Scouts.
- 7—"Methods and Ideals of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training Groups," Taylor Statten, National Secretary Boys' Work Department of the Y.M.C.A.
- 8—"The Function of the Public School in Character Formation," Dr. J. F. White, Principal Ottawa Normal School.
- 9—"Education and Reconstruction," Peter Wright, British Seaman's Union.
- 10—"The Basis of Moral Teaching," Michael O'Brien, Toronto, Ont.
- 11—"The School and Industrial Relationships," Dr. Suzzallo, President University of Washington.
- 12—"The School and Democracy," President John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, Albany, N.Y.
- 13—"The School and the Newer Citizens of Canada," Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, Director of Education among New Canadians, Regina, Sask.
- 14—"The Interest of the State in Character Education," Dr. Milton Fairchild, Washington, D.C.

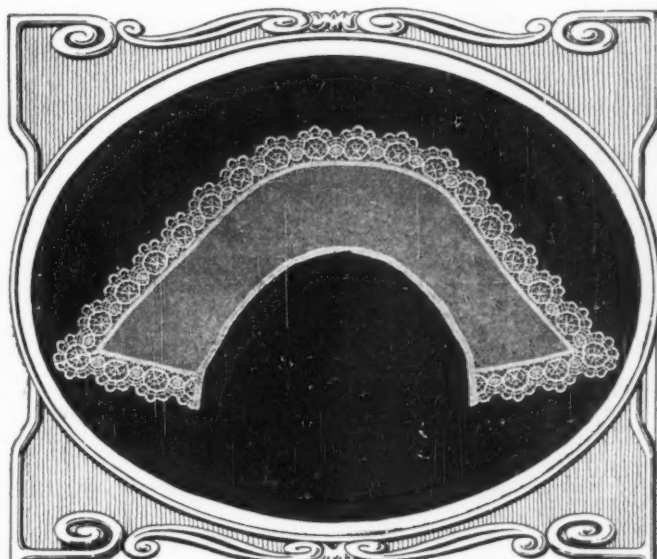
The task of initiating discussions has been assigned to persons representative of all parts of Canada. Among those definitely secured at this date in this connection are:

Dr. Clarence McKinnon, Principal Pine Hill College, Halifax, N.S.; Prof. H. T. J. Coleman, Dean of Faculty of Education, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; J. J. Tompkins, Esq., Vice-President University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N.S.; Very Rev. Dean Lywdd, All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax, N.S.; Dr. H. P. Whidden, M.P., Brandon, Man.; Prof. Iva E. Martin, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.; Prof. W. H. Alexander, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.; Dr. G. W. Parmelee, Deputy Minister of Education, Quebec; R. W. Craig, K.C., President Winnipeg Canadian Club and Chairman Winnipeg School Board; Dr. John MacKay, Westminster Hall, Vancouver, B.C.; R. L. Torrance, Manager Royal Bank, Guelph, Ont.; W. A. Buchanan, M.P., Lethbridge, Alta.; W. McL. Davidson, M.P.P., Editor, Calgary Albertan, Calgary, Alta.; W. G. Raymond, Esq., Postmaster, Brantford, Ont.; Prof. C. B. Sissons, Victoria University, Toronto, Ont.; W. J. Sisler, Principal Strathcona School, Winnipeg.

Delegates to the Conference should make their hotel reservations immediately. The following committees are at your service: Reception, Entertainment, Transportation, Hotel Accommodation.

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The Why? of Another Victory Loan

WHEN, on the morning of November 11th, 1918, the guns were hushed and glad tidings flashed across the world, there followed with the Nation's Prayer of Thanksgiving, one yearning query, which found echo in the faster beating hearts of wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts. That query was, "How soon will our boy be home?" And, from France and Flanders, from Italy and Egypt, from Palestine and from far-off Siberia, there came an answering echo, "How soon, how soon, may we go home?"

CANADA caught the spirit of these longings, and at once resolved to satisfy them. It was an appalling task. Shipping was tragically scarce. The composition of the Army of Occupation had not then been settled. And other parts of the Empire as well as Canada were looking for the speedy return of their men.

THE problem was this. The half-million men that Canada had overseas had taken more than four years to transport to the field of battle. To bring them home in a few months was a gigantic undertaking—one to tax all Canada's ingenuity and resources. Canada solved the problem, but it meant crowding into a few short months an expense for demobilization which it was impossible to foresee.

THEN, too, besides the sentimental aspect of the necessity for bringing the men home quickly the economic side could not be overlooked. That was, to transform efficiently and speedily the nation's army of fighters into a national army of workers.

Need Divides Itself in Two Parts

Obligations to Soldiers

The payment of all soldiers still undemobilized. This includes more than 20,000 sick and wounded who are still in hospital, and who of course remain on the Army payroll till discharged.

The upkeep of hospitals, and their medical and nursing staffs, until the need for them is ended.

These three items alone will use up at least \$200,000,000 of the Victory Loan of 1919.

Gratuities

There is also the gratuity which has been authorized, and has been and is being paid to assist soldiers to tide over the period between discharge and their re-adjustment to civil life. For this purpose alone, \$61,000,000 must be provided out of the Victory Loan 1919, in addition to the \$59,000,000 already paid out of the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918.

Land Settlement

Furthermore, soldiers who desire to become farmers may, under the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act, be loaned money by Canada with which to purchase land, stock and implements. The money so advanced will be paid back; meantime each loan is secured by a first mortgage. Up to August 15th, 29,495 soldiers had applied for land under the terms of this Act; and 22,281 applications had been investigated, and the qualifications of the applicant approved. For this purpose Canada this year requires \$24,000,000.

Vocational Training

For this work which, with the Vocational Training and Soldiers' Service Department, embraces the major activities of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, an appropriation of \$57,000,000 is necessary.

The answer to the question "Why does Canada need another Victory Loan?" divides itself into two parts. (a) To finish paying the expenses of demobilization, and the obligations we still owe to our soldiers. (b) To provide national working capital.

The obligations to soldiers include: That already incurred cost of bringing home troops from overseas.

These national expenditures are war expenses. They will be accepted readily by every citizen who gives thought to the task which Canada faced following the Armistice, and to the success with which she has met it.

National Working Capital

You may ask "Why sell to them if they can't pay cash?" The answer is, "Their orders are absolutely essential to the continuance of our agricultural and industrial prosperity."

The magnitude of these orders and the amount of employment thus created, will depend upon the success of the Victory Loan 1919.

The "Why" of Credit Loans

Farmers and manufacturers (and that includes the workers on these orders) must be paid cash for their products. Therefore, Canada must borrow money from her citizens to give credit, temporarily, to Great Britain and our Allies. Actually, no money will pass out of Canada. If Canada does not give credit, other countries will; and they will get the trade, and have the employment that should be ours, to distribute amongst their workers. And remember, we absolutely need these orders to maintain employment. If we don't finance them business will feel the depression, employment will not be as plentiful, and conditions everywhere will be adversely affected.

For Transportation

Money must also be available to carry on the nation's shipbuilding programme, and other transportation development work.

For loans to Provincial Housing Commissions who are building moderate priced houses.

These, then, are some of the things for which Canada needs national working capital. She is in the position of a great trading company, and her citizens who buy Victory Bonds are the shareholders.

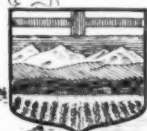
Those who give thought to our outstanding obligations to soldiers, and to our need for national working capital, cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute necessity for the

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We are actual pioneers in the West. We came to Winnipeg ahead of steel, establishing originally before the transcontinental railway was built.

We attribute our remarkable progress to several factors, chief of which being:—Our unflinching confidence in Canada which prompted us in many instances and notably in the WEST to become pioneers in the development of the banking field and in the development of the community. And to our policy of assistance and service to our customers.

33 years ago we commenced business in Alberta, winning the distinction of being the first bank to establish in the Province. It was at once an expression of our confidence in Alberta's future, a confidence that has been borne out by our rapidly expanding system in an effort to extend the fullest possible measure of banking accommodation.

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dew When all na-ture's at rest, That's the time I love best For

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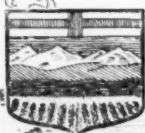
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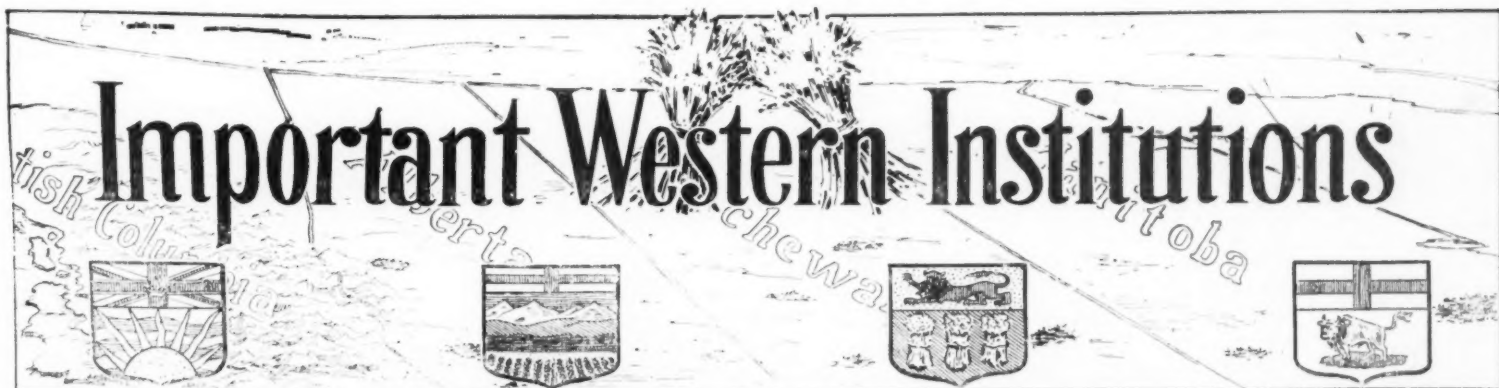
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Maltum Stout	Ginger Stout	Crene De Menthe	Ginger Beer	Dry Ginger Ale	Grape Juice	Lime Juice Cordial
Tomato Nectar	Oyster Cocktails	Grapeine Squash	Tripure Water	Dry Lemon	Raspberry Vinegar	Lime Juice
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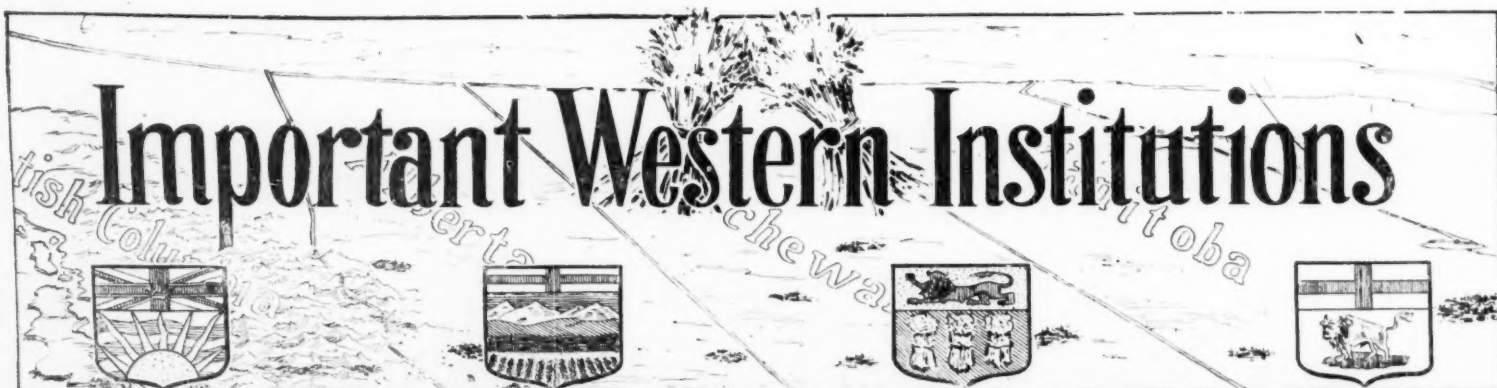
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Maltum Stout	Ginger Stout	Creme De Menthe	Ginger Beer	Dry Ginger Ale	Grape Juice	Lime Juice Cordial
Tomato Nectar	Oyster Cocktails	Grapeine Squash	Tripure Water	Dry Lemon	Raspberry Vinegar	Lime Juice
Imperial Beef Cordial	Fruit Wines	Grape Juice	Natura Water	John Collins	Syrups—Extra Heavy	Ciders Lemon Beer

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**The
J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co.**
LIMITED

Calgary Winnipeg Saskatoon

Important Western Institutions



"Some Overalls!"



Recommended
Specially
for Farm
Wear

"Some Overalls"

That one apt phrase sums up the Westerner's approval of "Master Mechanic" work clothes.

The phrase is well earned!

MASTER MECHANIC OVERALLS

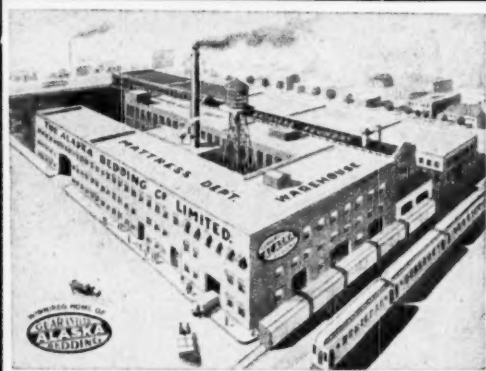
are "some overalls"—natty in appearance and excellently tailored from the highest grade denim on the market.

Every man who labors—on the farm, on the "road" or in the shop—if he wears "Master Mechanic", will find his clothing expense cut and his personal efficiency greatly increased.

Each overall and jacket is plainly labeled and carries our absolute guarantee.

Western King Manufacturing Co., Limited
Winnipeg

GUARANTEED
ALASKA
BEDDING



A Service to Canada

OURS is a service to Canada, to Canadians, and by Canadians. The Alaska Bedding Co., Limited, through its factories in the five principal distributing centres in Canada, has forged a strong link in the chain of Canada's industrial enterprises. This is a service to Canada in her nation-building period.

Our Service to the Consumer of Canada is in producing beds and bedding of a quality and beauty of design, together with a price that is equal to the service rendered the consumer in the United States. The Alaska Bedding Co., Ltd., products are backed up by a wide and complete guarantee of value. Take the "Ostermoor" mattress, for instance. This is a mattress of recognized superiority, which we have been manufacturing for 20 years, selling to the consumer in Canada at the same price that the American consumer pays, only we issue a better and more complete guarantee. This constitutes our service. A genuine effort backed by 1,000 Canadians in our factories.

The service of our organization is reflected in the service of our dealers who are selected because of the service they can render the consumer.

The Alaska Bedding Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG

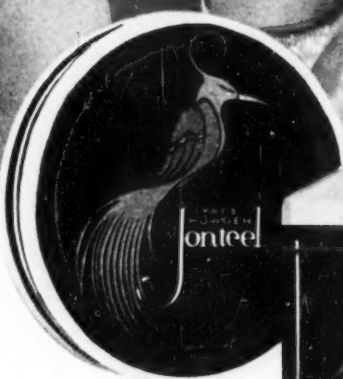
Montreal Calgary Regina Vancouver

GUARANTEED
ALASKA
BEDDING

FACE POWDER Jonteel 75^c.



Posed by
Helene Chadwick
Pathe Film Star



Face Powder Jonteel 75c. Flesh, White, Brunette. Send 10c. for generous sample. State tint desired. United Drug Co., Limited, 78 Broadview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.
Combination Cream Jonteel, 60c. Will not grow hair.
Take Jonteel, White or Flesh 35c.

Face Powder Jonteel Compact—50c. Flesh, White, Brunette and a new natural shade called "OUTDOOR," a perfect match for the complexion of outdoor enthusiasts—an exclusive Jonteel tint. Rouge Jonteel, Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers

CLINGING INVISIBLE

YOU who have longed for a face powder which would remove the shine, yet would not plaster the skin. A face powder delicate and natural in tint, a powder which would last long on the skin without brushing or rubbing off. To you we recommend this new face powder, fragrant with the wonderful new odor, Jonteel.

Take home a box today. Try it—compare it with your favorite face powder.

The 8000 Rexall Drug Stores

throughout Canada, United States and Great Britain have been given exclusive sale of Jonteel, because they are linked together into one great International service-giving organization. Rexall stores are found in every town and city that has a modern drug store.

Columbia Grafonola

A MAGICAL VOICE OF MUSIC

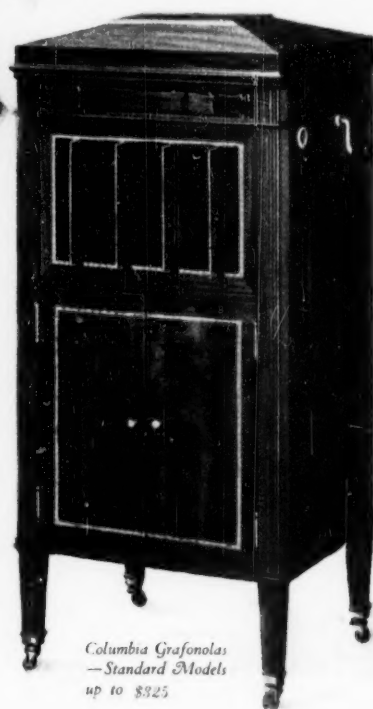
The Columbia Grafonola is greater than any artist or any musical instrument. For it is all artists and all instruments in one magical voice of music. It is the supreme artistry of the Columbia Grafonola that, once its golden voice has sounded, you forget instrument, record, and artist alike — only the soul of immortal music thrills you.

*To make a good record great,
play it on the Columbia Grafonola*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, Toronto
54-56 Wellington Street West.



Maria Barrientos,
Hipolito Lazaro,
José Mardones —
exclusive Columbia
artists in "Faust"



Columbia Grafonolas
—Standard Models
up to \$325

